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DECEMBER 20, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

WILL COLLIERS PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIERS—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.



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You Bet there's *National Unity* in the Gift We Want This Christmas

Parker—the Jewels of Pendom

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Every one of these seven features is a vital reason to ask for the Parker by NAME. Due to heavy demand, you may not see it otherwise. If you want friends to write you—give the Jewels of Pendom. *Don't forget their Parkers and they won't forget you!* COPIR. 1943, THE PARKER PEN CO.

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UGLY SCALES?

TELL-TALE FLAKES?



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Don't delay. Every day you wait, your condition may get worse, and before long you may have a stubborn infection.

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Those ugly, embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching and inflammation are relieved. Your scalp feels fresher, healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

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THIS WEEK

DECEMBER 20, 1941

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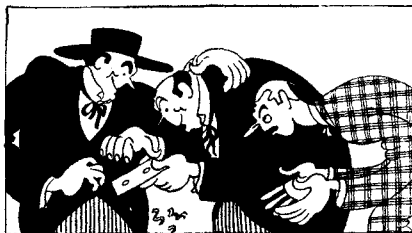
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COVER

LAWSON WOOD

ANY WEEK

IN TIMES like this we deplore a certain distrust in our rulers that is noticeable here and there. We are in possession of two examples. A Missouri citizen, seeking enlightening entertainment, turned on his radio after supper just in time to hear the announcer say that the Missourian's representative in Congress was about to speak on National Unity. For fifteen long minutes the gentleman from Missouri implored all listeners to unite, to set aside prejudices, to banish suspicion, to give, give, give and give. When he had finished exhorting, his constituent turned off the radio and wrote the congressman a brief letter: "I just heard you talk," wrote he. "I heard what you said. What you said about banishing suspicion and getting together behind you and the rest of you makes me want to know by return mail what the hell you have been doing now that you want that I should banish suspicion and get together behind you."



THE second is a letter to The American Wild Life Institute in Washington, D. C. A citizen in Bay City, Michigan, wrote in for a twenty-cent pamphlet. With his letter was a bit of cardboard on which he had written: "There are two dimes buried in this cardboard. If you can't dig them out let me know and I will give you the names of some congressmen who won't have any trouble, but stand close to them while they are doing it."

THIS distrust of those who are guiding us with almost supernatural skill through the rapids of disaster toward the calm waters of peace and security is a matter of deep regret in Washington. Amid such cynicism the Administration is finding it more and more difficult to sell England and Russia to the masses. We know this because, so desperate has the situation become, even we have been invited to attend an official inflammatorium and to mingle our wits with others in a slogan sling. We are reminded by those inviting us of the power of the shibboleth in past crises—Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death, Don't Tread on Me, Fifty-four Forty or Fight, Remember the Alamo, Remember the Maine, Make the World Safe for Democracy. We've been walking around in a profound daze ever since receiving the invitation. Suddenly it came to us—by mail. We have nominated for the inflammatorium's most comfortable chair

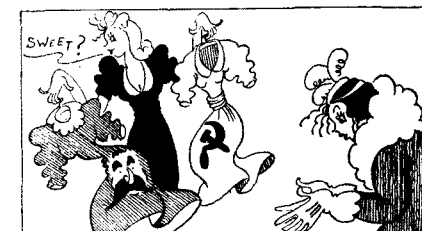
Mr. Herb Drake of Hollywood, California. Mr. Drake's current job is to remind humanity at frequent intervals of how unbearable life would be without Mr. Orson Welles. Mr. Drake has coined a slogan which, in our opinion, makes unnecessary any further worry in Washington: Anything Worth Doing Is Worth Doing At All.

REMINDE us some time to tell you the story of the West Virginia mountaineer and how he would stop the war. It's the kind of story that we'd like to publish here—and would were it not for a tinge of prudery in the office of the Postmaster General. In the meantime we are wishing that a minimum of success may crown the efforts of the F.B.I. and other police agencies in their quest for an old friend of ours, Mr. Louis Flatwork of New Orleans. Mr. Flatwork, better known, and for reasons unknown to us, as Lobby Lulu, is an opportunist and we're very fond of him. We met him one evening on Canal Street, New Orleans. "Mister," said he, "would you contribute a dollar to a guy who wants to go see his sick wife?" We said yes—and gave him ten cents. "Where is your sick wife?" we asked. "She's home," he said, "about three blocks from here. Say, Mister, you couldn't make that dime two bits, could you?" We said something indignant about his wanting money for a three-block trip, and he replied: "What do you want me to do; walk in on my sick wife cold sober?" We are advised now by Mr. James G. Dustman of St. Louis, Missouri, that Mr. Flatwork has been making a nice couple of dollars selling a pamphlet—Hitler's Secret Love Letters, By Countess *****—and telling possible purchasers that the proceeds will be devoted to "paying the expenses of worthy American boys to England to help lick Hitler." When asked recently how many worthy American boys he had financed, Mr. Flatwork replied: "The English army has asked me not to say nothing."

RECENTLY we published a stirring piece about football—Rational Defense, by Benny Friedman and Bill Davidson. We have received quite a number of letters about it. The Messrs. Friedman and Davidson, the former a former Michigan star quarterback and coach and the latter an upper-brackets sports writer, got so enthusiastic that before concluding they had built up a 5-3-2-2-1 defense strategy which, they agreed, was downright effective. "I don't know why more coaches don't use it," sighs Mr. Walter Dunbar of Brockton, Massachusetts. "Maybe it's because the poor moss-grown saps are under the impression that they can use only eleven men at once." Also Mr. Aage (The Block) Starngaard of St. Paul, Minnesota, speaks on the subject. Mr. Starngaard explains that the Messrs. Friedman and Davidson have

merely been caught up by the British influence. "In England," says he "whole towns, townships, shires, counties, rotten boroughs and ridings get into the game, whole populations playing each other, sometimes as many as two or three hundred on a side. It is good fun although occasionally rough and everybody—male, female, great and small—gets into the game. Friedman and Davidson are to be commended. I have just worked out a 7-6-5-4-3-2-1 defense, calling it my Victory formation." And Mr. John J. Ducey of New York City has just been in to demand that an investigation be launched to find out how many men Pittsburgh used against Fordham. We hope to have other pieces, after the present emergency, by the Messrs. Friedman and Davidson, explaining an even later development—the use of several footballs on the offense.

OUR style note of the week comes from Miss Daphne Bell of New York City. Miss Bell, shopping for a few new dresses, was shown a red which was going to be difficult to do without. "Ah, that," said the salesperson. "That's something really new—Stalin red, we call it. A great many defense-minded people are going crazy about it." Miss Bell bought it and then, casting her eye about, she came upon a creation in a new and compelling shade of blue. "That, too," said the salesperson, "is very patriotic—Soviet blue. Aren't the Russians sweet?" Miss Bell bought that also, the news from Moscow being quite optimistic that day. She reports, incidentally, that some better shops are offering red, white and blue nightgowns with the Union Jack in prominent and, we hope, appropriate positions.



AND our sociological item comes from Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas. The colonel reports that a tenant farmer approached his owner on the subject of clothing. The owner of the land had generously agreed to clothe the tenant in addition to letting the latter have twenty-five per cent of the profits of his acres. The owner read down the list of the tenant's requirements. The last item was "one pair shoes." At this the owner became somewhat indignant. "What the hell have you done with the shoes I gave you last fall—been wearing them, I suppose."

THE ingrate. . .

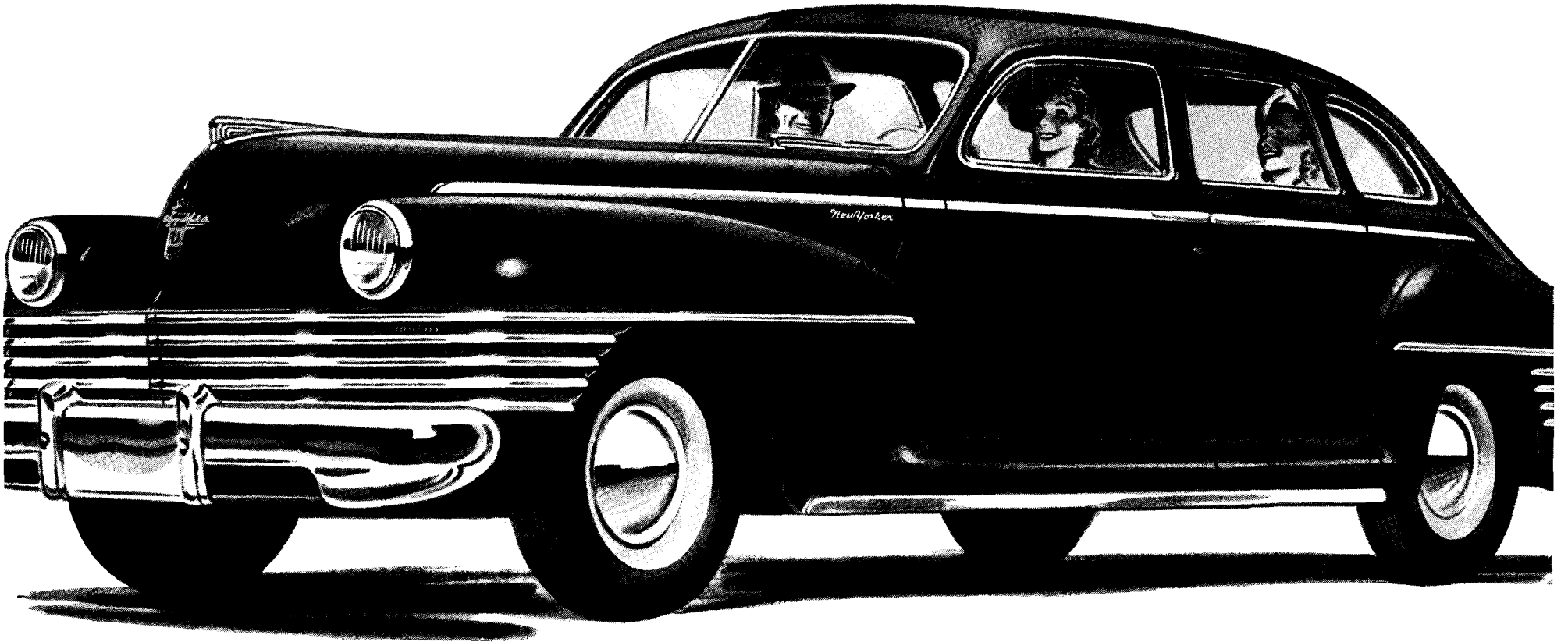
W. D.

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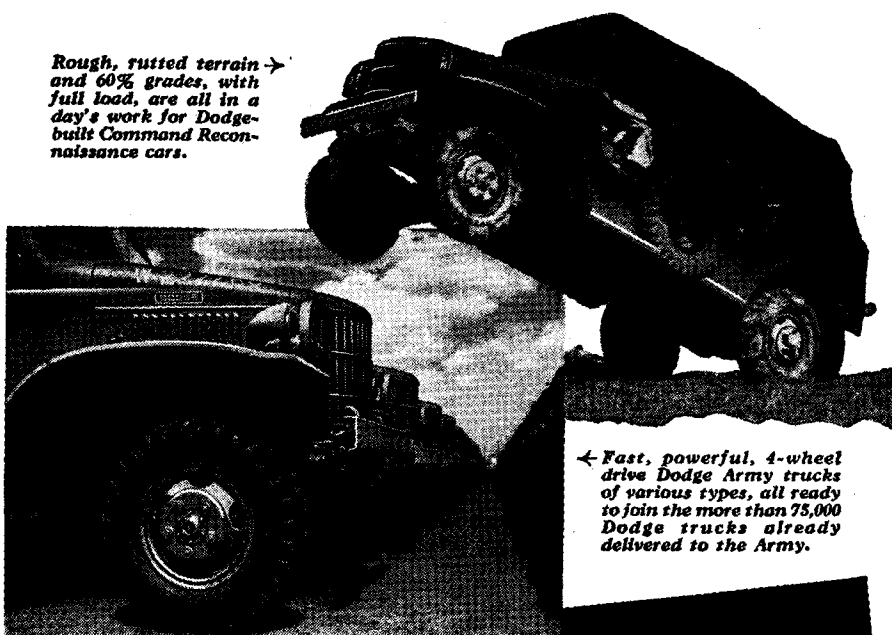
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Fluid Drive and Vacamatic Transmission
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THE ARMY AND THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY
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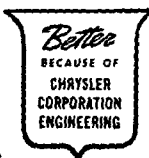
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Plenty of power to haul your loads through the "long pull" ahead! *Job-Rated*, too—which means that every unit, from engine to rear axle, is "sized" to fit the job. That's why you can depend on the right Dodge *Job-Rated* truck to deliver your goods more dependably, more quickly, more economically, and for a long, long time. Today—your Dodge dealer can serve you well. See him . . . NOW!

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WING TALK



C.A.A.'s intensive campaign has resulted so far in 13,000 new air markings like the one above on a Bristol, Conn., foundry

NOW, more than ever, there is a need for complete air-marking of the entire country because of the tremendous increase in flying training of all kinds. This is the driving force behind the C.A.A.'s continuous air-marking campaign. This campaign is under the direction of Mrs. Blanche Noyes of the C.A.A., one of the five women pilots who originally started the national air-marking work back in 1935.

The program has resulted in the marking of 13,000 places. Some states, such as North Carolina, South Carolina and Alabama, keep air-marking crews in action all the time. Others do it through co-operation with their State Aeronautic Commissions and the WPA. Ohio has a law requiring cities and towns to be air-marked. California, New Mexico, Oregon and Utah are being marked by an oil company. Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee and Virginia are all actively engaged in air-marking work now. Other states have new projects that will start as soon as weather permits. Mrs. Noyes cannot visit each of the 48 at the same time, but she usually sells her important bill of goods.

Mrs. Noyes will tell you that we need markings for the guidance of the thousands of students in training and that these markers will never aid an enemy invader because overnight they can be easily painted out. Those in existence are saving lives by keeping the boys on course.

JUST about the first thing an instructor pounds into the head of his student, be he Army, Navy or civilian, in preparation for the great day when the solo flight is to be made, is that if the engine cuts out on the take-off, keep flying speed and land straight ahead. It is such a simple rule and so easy to remember it shouldn't need emphasis. But human nature and instinct rebel against it more than against any other axiom of aviation, as the accident records show. Most of the pilots, new or old, want to turn and get back into the field. And when they do, invariably they stall and fall off into a spin. Of course, there is not always sufficient landing area ahead, but the argument still holds that it's better to come in horizontally than on your nose.

Test pilots with brand-new airplanes of high value that have not yet gone into production find it particularly difficult to obey the rule. A Navy test pilot friend of ours, with the one and only model of a new bomber, found himself 100 feet in the air with a sputtering engine. Fortunately for him, a river was

underneath. So into the water he put it, climbed up on a wing and waited for the crash boat to arrive. Although that particular model never flew again, both the Navy and the manufacturer had the airplane and could go on from there.

VARIOUS figures have been placed on the life of a type of airplane—not to be confused with the actual operational life. A little help on this matter, which might be worrying people, comes from the C.A.A. It has just taken some official action indicating that the certificate of airworthiness held by the manufacturer will be limited to a period of five years. While this is largely to keep from cluttering up the files with old-type certificates of models which the manufacturers long ago have abandoned in favor of newer ones, it also gives an indication as to how long a model will survive in competition.

However, what with the war and priorities, this may not become a hard and fast rule because manufacturers of civil planes will not be able to go into new models with the freedom of the past. Take the well-known Douglas DC-3 and the Lockheed Lodestar, for example. They're going to be turned out again for airline replacement just about the same as they were in the past. These companies, plus Boeing and Curtiss-Wright, have some new stuff in existence and on paper but they'll have to wait. The Douglas DC-4 and DC-6, the Lockheed Constellation, and the Curtiss-Wright transport, along with the Boeing four-engine Stratoliner, would be much further along and in much greater quantities if bombers and troop carriers and fighters were not more important at the moment.

AS MUCH as we like to believe that all airmen are strong, clear-eyed, courageous and law-abiding, we've got to admit that a bad egg creeps into a good dozen every so often. Publicity about these nonconformists helps to cut down violations that eventually lead to fatal accidents. The Department of Commerce aeronautical inspectors recently turned in the following charge on a commercial pilot whose livelihood comes from the license he holds:

"Navigated aircraft on civil airway at altitude of 100 feet. Carried passenger while performing acrobatics as low as 10 feet above an airport; not equipped with parachutes; continued flight after sunset without lights; pilot was under influence of intoxicating liquor; did not have pilot certificate in his personal possession and flew closer than 500 feet to another aircraft in flight."

Sure his license was revoked. F. R. N.

When the cold waves start...



You'll start with a DELCO

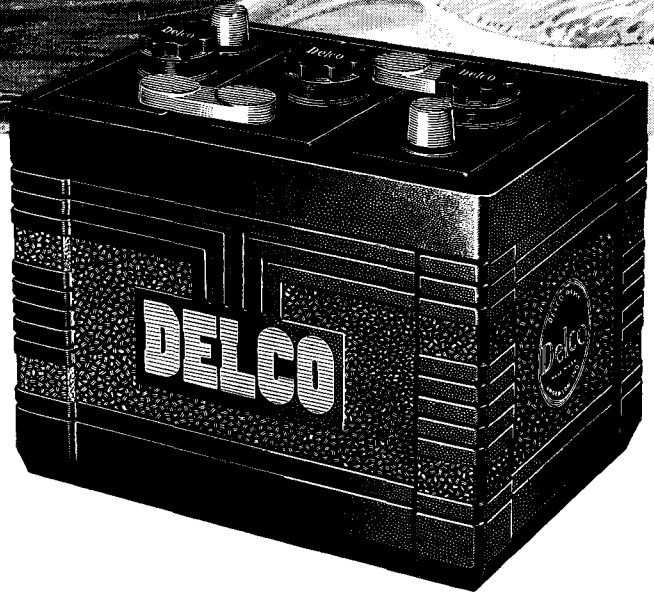
Extra starting ability in cold weather is a particularly outstanding characteristic of all Delco batteries.

It is a characteristic that has been demonstrated in laboratory tests, where batteries are compared under the severest starting conditions. It has been proved in actual service by millions of car owners—on sub-zero days.

With the coming of winter,

extra starting power is the one thing you really want—and need—in a battery.

Delco batteries are starting more than six million cars, trucks and buses every day... they are used as original equipment in more than 43 per cent of all new cars sold. Your Delco battery dealer will show you one that is the right size and type, whatever the make or model of your car.



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1. Take pictures of your home and family this Christmas, pictures that will bring back the holidays all year! You can use your own camera, your own floor lamps, and your Agfa Ansco dealer will let you have reflectors for small change. It's simple, not expensive, and swell fun!



2. Use the film news photographers use: Agfa Superpan Press. It's super-sensitive...the right film for those indoor party pictures and candid shots. Remember: Only Agfa guarantees: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

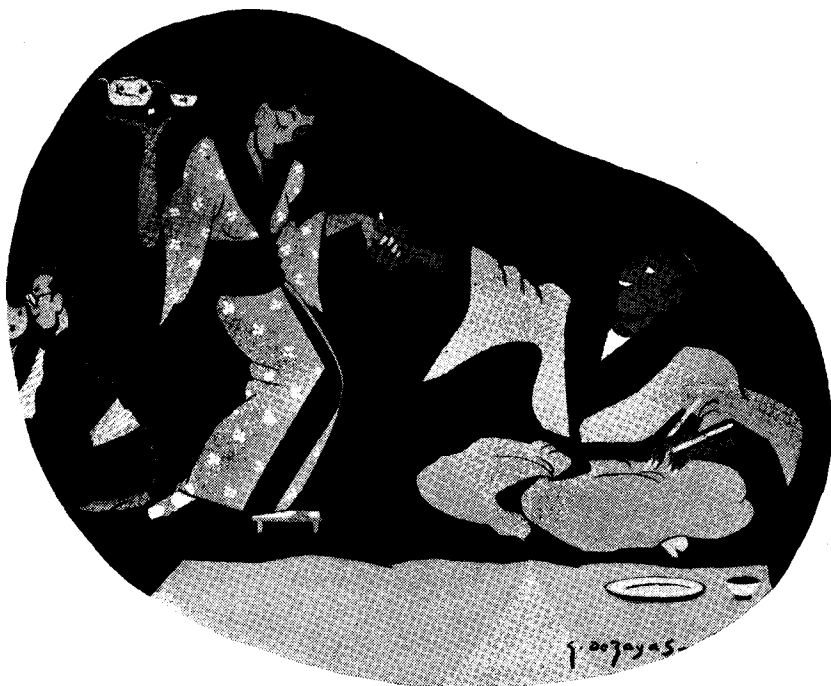


3. There's a wonderful—a fascinating picture world waiting for the person who loads his camera with Agfa Superpan Press Film. Why not you? Make it your inexpensive hobby to take pictures this simple, sure way. See your dealer soon. Today! Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.



Agfa Ansco Film

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In many restaurants in Japan, a man patron may, for a small extra charge, have the waitress sit with him while he eats his meal. For a slightly higher sum, he may choose his favorite waitress or, for a still higher fee, have her remain at the table while another girl waits upon him.

A theatrical history of 43,127 living actors and actresses, authors, directors, stage managers, chorus girls and boys, orchestras, vaudeville performers and night-club entertainers, the most comprehensive file of its kind in America, is owned by a New Yorker and used by producers, talent scouts and casting directors.—By Walter Ryan Colahan, New York, New York.

Now and then tuna fishermen, working off the coast of southern California, find a whale shark badly entangled in their net. As they cannot afford to lose the net, which costs about \$6,000, or take the time to kill the fish and remove it piece by piece, a man climbs onto its head and, with a knife attached to a pole, cuts the net open so the shark can swim free.

Between 1750 and 1815 in England, it was a popular custom for a young man to carve a sentimental message on a flat piece of whalebone or wood and present it to his beloved. In appreciation, she would wear it next to her heart—as a stay in her corset. One such inscription on a busk in a British museum today reads: "The gift is small but love is all. Marey Oran 1788."—By Jerry Leichter, Astoria, New York.

The most profitable play on record is Charley's Aunt. Through having been translated into eighteen languages, including Icelandic and Esperanto, and presented continuously in one part of the world or another for the past forty-nine years, it has earned approximately \$25,000,000 in royalties for its author, Brandon Thomas, and his heirs.—By Jerome M. Beach, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Under American horse-racing laws, thoroughbreds having the same sires but different dams are not half brothers or half sisters. Only those having the same dams are considered to be related.

On a moonless night, the earth receives more light from the stars that cannot be seen by the unaided eye than from those that are visible.—By Dorothy Oshlog, New Rochelle, New York.

John Philip Sousa's two most famous marches brought him the smallest and largest sums of all his many compositions. The Washington Post March, in an outright sale, yielded only \$35, while the Stars and Stripes Forever, sold on a royalty basis, earned more than \$300,000.

To make a flag consisting of three stripes that appear to be of equal size, colored red, white and blue, the red one has to be twenty-one per cent wider than the white and the white has to be ten per cent wider than the blue.

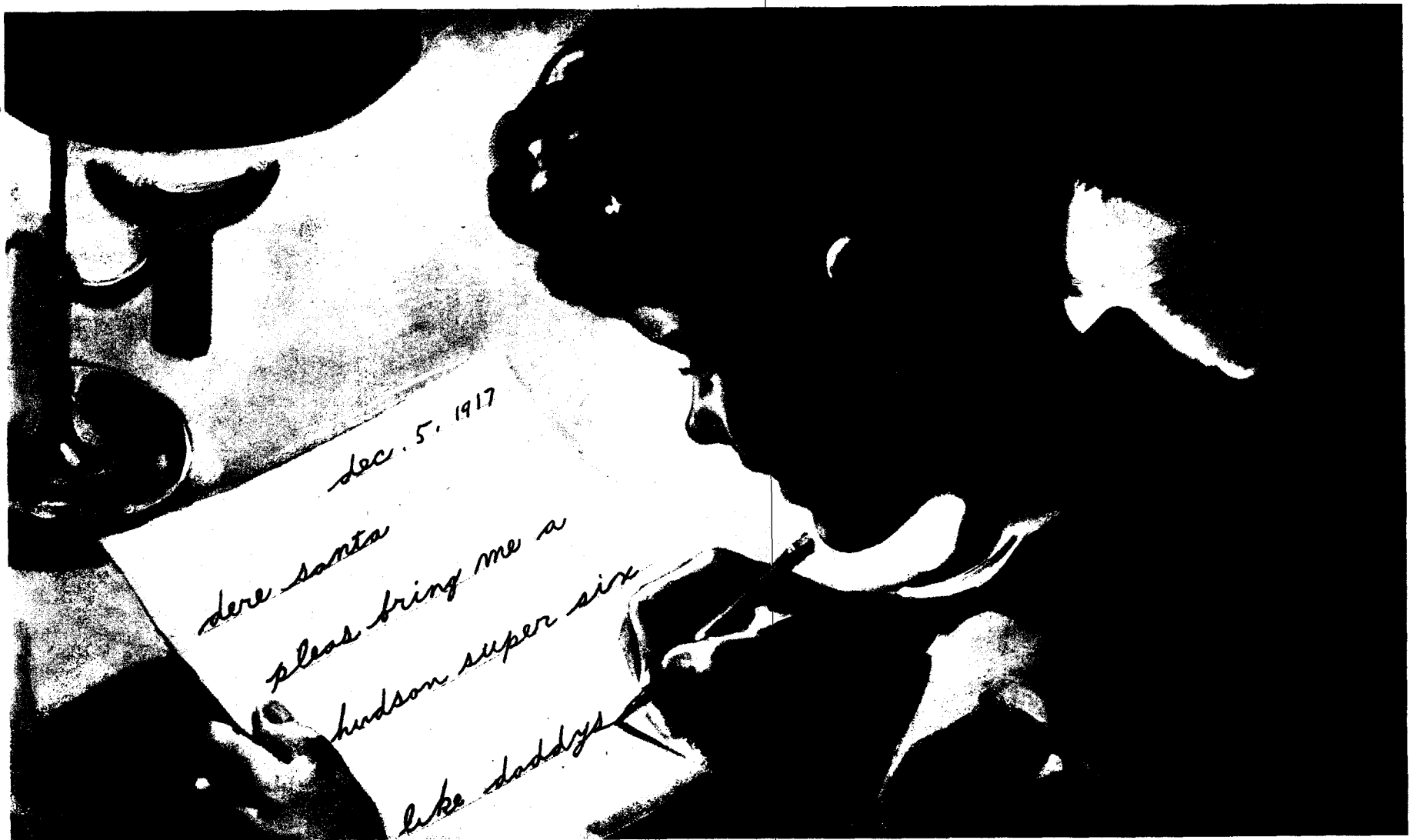
In forests, the exterior temperature of the trees is always lower than the temperature of the air, day and night, summer and winter.

According to authenticated medical records, a girl as young as six years and a woman as old as sixty-two have become mothers, while a boy as young as thirteen and a man as old as one hundred have become fathers.—By Mary Wood, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Several South American earthquakes have created ocean waves so huge and powerful that they traveled ten thousand miles across the Pacific Ocean and were recorded in Japan.—By Roger Brindle, Westerly, Rhode Island.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

My letter to Santa was dated "1917"



Today that Christmas Wish Came True with a New 1942 HUDSON SUPER-SIX



Many and many a youngster a quarter-century ago—perhaps you were one—dreamed of owning a Super-Six some day. And, with the passing years, boy after boy, girl after girl, has grown up and seen that wish come true.

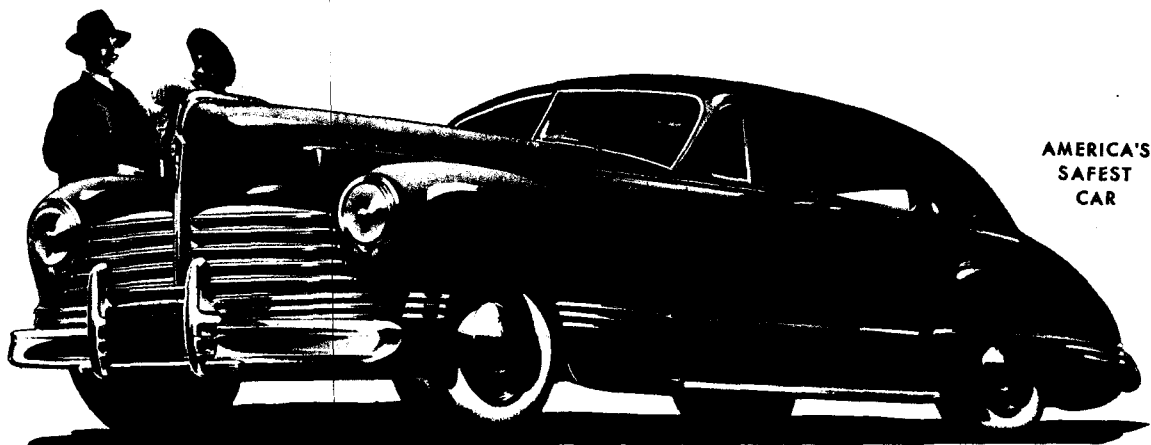
Thus it is no accident that the name "Super-Six" arouses an affectionate loyalty that few, if any, other automobiles have ever enjoyed.

Through the years, "Super-Six" has come to mean the thrill of spirited yet economical performance, combined with complete confidence in the quality and lasting dependability of the car.

In inviting you to examine and drive the 25th Anniversary Model of the original Super-Six, Hudson dealers ask you to consider well the conditions today which make it wise to exercise more than usual care in selecting a new car.

With production already sharply curtailed, you may have to drive your next car much longer and farther than usual. That puts a premium on Super-Six ruggedness and dependability. And, while important defense work in which Hudson is extensively engaged limits the *quantity* of all 1942 Hudson cars, *quality* standards were never so high in all of Hudson's 32 years of engineering leadership.

With the need to conserve supplies of all kinds, Super-Six economy of gas and oil takes on new importance. Your natural desire to make a good investment will add to your appreciation of the advanced features that help to assure high



AMERICA'S
SAFEST
CAR

trade-in value—such as Hudson's new Drive-Master—Double-Safe Brakes—conditioned air heating and ventilating—concealed safety-type running boards—foot-controlled radio—and many more.

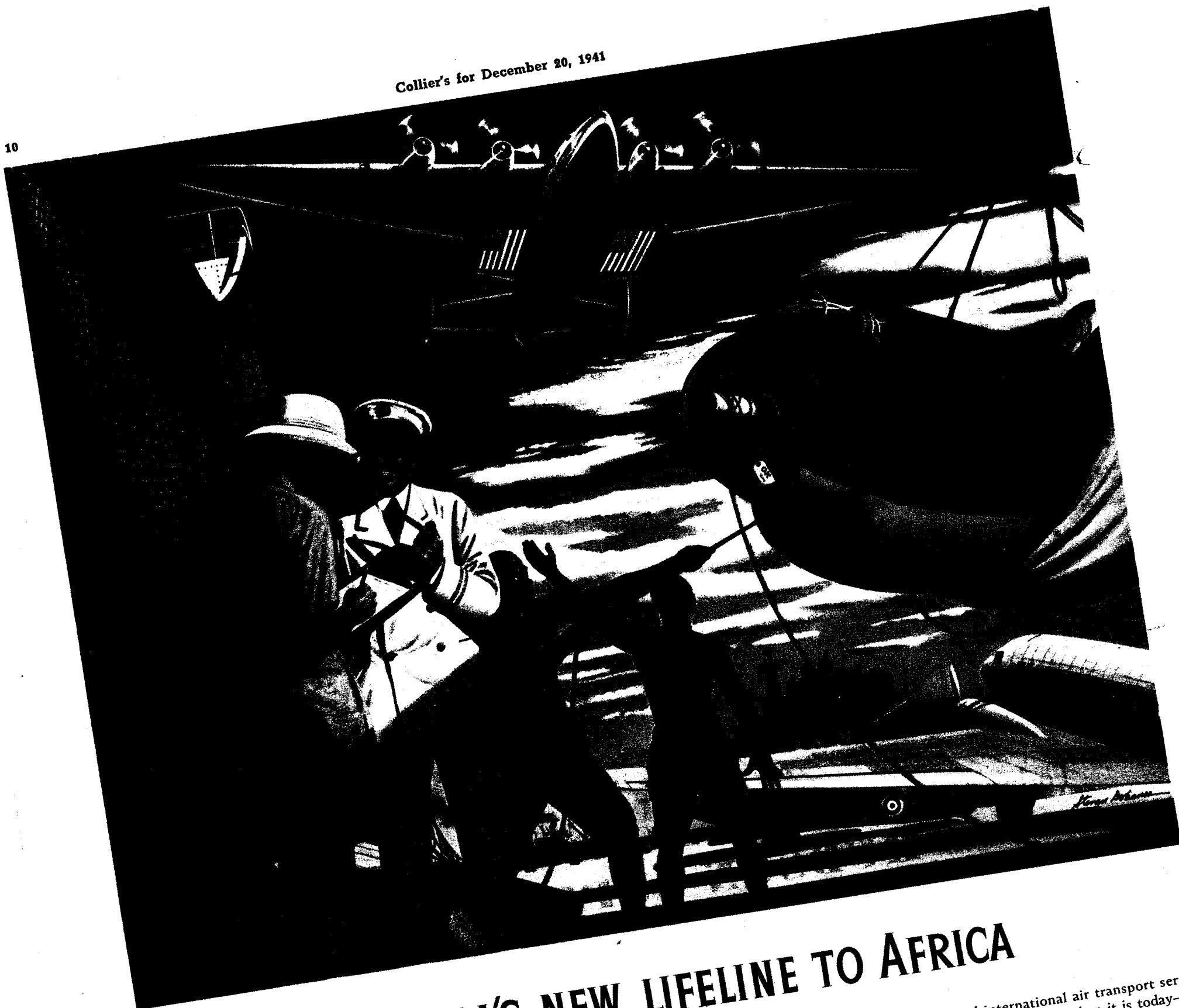
**NEW 1942
HUDSON**

Built to Serve Better • Last Longer
Cost Less to Run

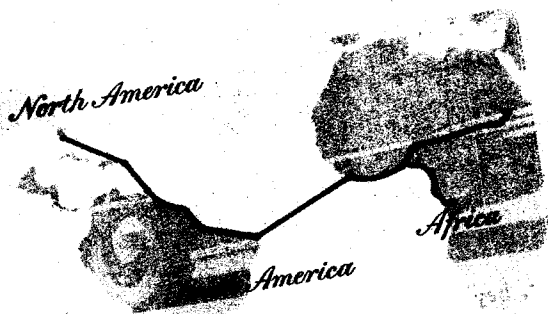
But, beyond all this, you will find lasting pleasure in owning this 25th Anniversary Super-Six. Your first pride in its good looks will continue, as will the enjoyment you get in driving it. As the miles mount up, so will your satisfaction—and savings.

And a final pleasant surprise will be the low price of this and the other 1942 Hudsons—the new Hudson Six, priced among 1942's lowest, and the new Commodore Six and Eight, finest of all Hudsons. Let our nearest dealer show you how easily you can arrange to have a new Hudson delivered to your door Christmas morning—or before if you prefer.

Don't decide ANYTHING about ANY 1942 car until you have tried the new Hudson DRIVE-MASTER! It's the easiest of ALL ways to drive!



AMERICA'S NEW LIFELINE TO AFRICA



ON AUGUST 18 President Roosevelt announced plans for the world's most ambitious airways project. It called for two things: First, a new air transport service from the U. S. to Africa and on across the Dark Continent to Egypt. Second, a new aerial "ferry service" linked with that system, delivering military planes to the Middle East.

To Pan American was entrusted the building of this airline over 11,898 miles of ocean, jungle and desert.

Normally it would have taken years. Pan American got operations going in 60 days!

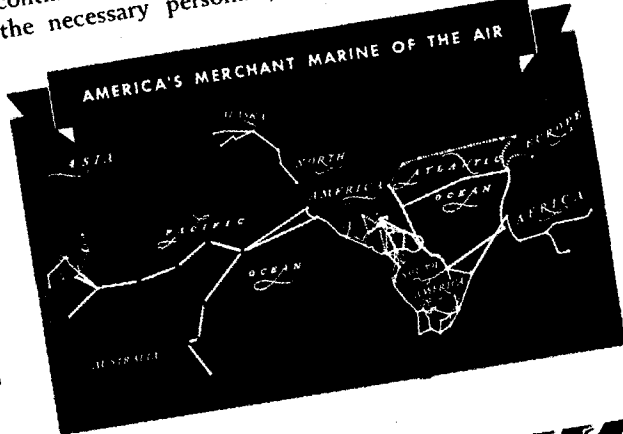
The White House statement on this undertaking reads in part: "The ferry system and the transport service provide direct and speedy delivery of aircraft from the 'arsenal of democracy' to a critical point in the front against aggression. The importance of this direct line of communications between our country and strategic outposts in Africa cannot be overestimated."

Pioneering is an old story to Pan American. A story made familiar through building 75,000 miles of aerial routes throughout Latin America, over the Pacific, up to Alaska and across the North Atlantic.

Cooperating with Uncle Sam and with our neighbor nations is also nothing new. For example, Pan American recently took over thousands of miles of Nazi airlines in South America. Urgent defense needs were also met in linking Singapore and Manila by Clipper.

One thing is sure: America's need of an efficient,

strongly welded international air transport service will be even greater tomorrow than it is today—for both commerce and defense. And you can be certain that "America's Merchant Marine of the Air" will continue to anticipate the future and be ready with the necessary personnel, facilities, and experience.



PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM



Delayed Verdict

By Allan Vaughan Elston

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Evan Keith went to prison. He was not guilty. But he was not stupid—he was fully as clever as the woman who helped him solve the case

THE tall, pale man hurried ashore by the crew's plank. His cheap, new suit was a trifle too blue and didn't fit very well. The man's eyes were blue too, but steeled with bitterness. He made them look straight ahead as though determined to ignore all such distractions as beach girls and coco palms and liquid sunshine.

In the dock warehouse a telephone directory furnished him with an address. Then he went out and asked a taxi man the fare there. "Two dollar," the Hawaiian taxi man said.

"One dollar," countered the man who had just worked his passage from San Francisco as an engine-room wiper. He could hardly afford more. For there was nothing in the pockets of the shapeless blue suit except some small change and a secondhand .38 revolver.

The gun was in a side coat pocket. The tall, pale man had a hand in that pocket when, twenty minutes later, he knocked at a door in Honolulu's most exclusive suburb.

The door was opened by a brown-skinned butler.

"Your message found me too late," Evan said coldly. "I've already seen Wharton." Her alarm seemed real. "You went to his house?"

"Wallace K. Wharton lives here, doesn't he? I'd like to see him."

"Name, please?" the servant demanded.

"Evan Keith. I'm just in on the Matsonia."

"You wait, please?" The servant disappeared. In a little while he returned to say, "You come, please?"

Evan Keith followed him into a garden where spray from a fountain made a musical patter. A cloying, tropic fragrance filled the air. Even had a sense of mellow yellows and flaming magentas, and he saw stately royal palms in a quadrangle around a pool.

A man in trunks on the rim of the pool was drying himself. He slipped on a lounging robe and advanced to meet Evan. His smile was doubtful and his look seemed to say, "Who are you, a gadget salesman?" But it might be only put on, Evan thought. This man had had a few minutes to compose himself after hearing the visitor's name.

Audibly Wallace K. Wharton said, "What may I do for you, Mr. Keith?" He motioned toward deeply cushioned garden chairs. Then he sat down and picked up a box of cigars. "No, thanks," Evan said. He saw that Wharton was a big, rubicund man with a small, tight mouth in a broad face. Not much over forty, Evan judged him.

"I've never met you before, have I?" Wharton murmured.

"Right," Evan said. "And I've never met you, either."

"You've a letter of introduction?" Wharton asked.

"Hardly. For the last ten years I've been in—" Evan Keith caught himself. He had almost said "in stir." It was so easy to lapse into the lingo of his late cellmates. And so hard to remember that back of San Quentin, in the life of Evan Keith, there'd been a Stanford and a Menlo Park. Bitterness deepened in Evan's eyes as he amended, "For the last ten years I've been in prison."

Wharton seemed to put a cautious checkrein on response. He was like a man who counts ten, Evan thought, before venturing.

"In prison?" Wharton said at last. "For what?"

"For a murder I didn't commit," Evan said. "They gave me fifteen years and let me out after ten, just a week ago."

Again Wharton waited, as though weighing whether he should listen tolerantly or call servants to eject this prison bird. Then he lighted a cigar and puffed vigorously. It made smoke which partially screened his wide, wine-red face. Out of the smoke came a cautious, "Yes?"

"During my third year of time," Evan said, "I received a gift. It was ten cartons of cigarettes mailed anonymously, in care of the warden. I guessed that some old college classmate felt sorry for me. I supposed he didn't want to get entangled by calling or writing, so he just sent me some cigarettes."

"But during my sixth year in prison, it happened again. An anonymous gift. This time it came in the form of a one-hundred-dollar bill mailed to my mother, who, deprived of my support was ill and on relief."

"It happened a third time during my ninth year there. This time a five-hundred-dollar bill was mailed to my mother. It came too late, because she had died a few weeks earlier. A year after that third anonymous gift, I was released from prison."

WHARTON, after seconds of silence, said, "Interesting, Keith. But why are you telling me?"

"By the time I got out," Evan explained, "I'd concluded that the idea of a sympathetic classmate didn't fit. Anyone who liked me well enough to do that would have called to see me. At least he would have written. So it was somebody else. Somebody who didn't dare see me, and yet who couldn't forget me. Only one character seemed to fit a role like that, Wharton."

Wallace Wharton took a silk handkerchief from his robe and daubed his face with it. Then he puffed again, but the cigar had gone out. This time he waited longer before giving a response.

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you." His voice was edgy.

"My conclusion is," Evan said, "that the gifts were sent by the man who really committed the murder. Does that strike you as logical?"

Again the ten-second pause. Then: "It does not," Wharton answered slowly and precisely. "The real murderer would be the last man in the world to do anything like that."

"The real murderer," Evan maintained, "assuming he has a normal conscience would be the first and only man in the world to do it. And he *did* do it. I've proved it."

Wharton had relighted the cigar. Out of the screen of his smoke came a startled challenge: "Proved it?"

"During my last year I figured it all out. The gift sender is a wealthy man, judging by the five-hundred-dollar bill. The three gifts were all postmarked San Francisco, where my mother lived, but I concluded that the gift sender himself doesn't live there. If so he would most likely have heard about my mother's death and wouldn't have sent the third gift to her. So I decided he's a man who only goes to San Francisco occasionally. By three postmarks, I know the dates of three occasions. And I assume that a rich man would go to one of the better hotels."

"So on the day of my release I made the rounds of San Francisco's ten leading hotels. I asked for lists of registrations on three back dates. At the first seven hotels they turned me down. But at the eighth I got a break. The manager there was cordial—just why I don't know. He dug deep into his files. When I failed to find what I wanted, he asked if there was anything else he could do for me. I explained that I was just out of prison and trying to clear my name. Then he offered to phone the managers of other leading hotels; he suggested that if I went back to them, maybe I'd get a more sympathetic reception."

"In the end I got three lists of names from each of ten hotels. What I wanted was a registration common to all three dates: A date seven years ago, a date four years ago, a date one year ago. And on the lists of the St. Francis Hotel, I found it: The same guest had registered there on the first date, again on the second date, and again on the third date. His name is Wallace K. Wharton and he lives in Honolulu."

Wharton seemed to relax. This time he said without a pause, "It's true I make a business trip to Frisco about once every three years, and I always stop at the St. Francis. But it's absurd to say I sent gifts to a convict. You're using numbers, Keith, but they don't add up."

"I haven't finished adding yet," Evan said. "My next column of figures reads like this: The murdered man's name was Ronald Bruce; so I went back to Bruce's neighborhood and asked questions. Had anyone there ever heard of a Wallace K. Wharton? Yes, a Wallace K. Wharton used to live next door to the Bruces. Wharton and Bruce had belonged to the same golf club. I asked what became of Wharton. And learned that he had left the country about ten years ago. I kept at it till I got the exact date. It was the day after the Bruce murder."

This time Wharton waited a long ten count. "I came to Honolulu," he offered cautiously, "meaning to stay only a month. But I liked it so well I settled here permanently. If you're charging me with murder, why don't you go to the police?"

"I'm short one link—your motive," Evan admitted frankly. (Continued on page 50)

Somehow, Wharton managed to respond, not too angrily, "The crime was witnessed, you say? By whom? Please don't keep me in suspense"

Canyon Christmas

By Jim Marshall

IN a grim canyon in northern New Mexico there is a blaze of light. On the steep hill-sides are illuminated scenes from the Nativity of Jesus. The Star of Bethlehem shines down and high on a peak stands the tall figure of the Christus bringing peace and good will. This is the setting of one of America's most unusual Christmas festivals—a month-long celebration of the coal miners working in the pits around the little town of Madrid, high in the Ortiz Range.

In the village, where the four hundred miners and their families live, every home is outlined by lights. The baseball park has been converted into Toyland for the kids, with a miniature train, a Ferris wheel and other amusement devices—all homemade—operating. There are hundreds of lighted Christmas trees and on the mountaintops twinkle the little cedar fires to *El Santo Nino*, as they did in the days of Spanish rule.

All this started very modestly fifteen years ago when a few miners, perhaps in unconscious revolt against the dreary, coal-dusty atmosphere of the camp, set out a few evergreens in their yards and hung them with lights. There were only a scant dozen the first year; next year there were twenty-seven. This year there are hundreds.

From the first years, the fiesta grew and lengthened. Now it lasts from early in December until after New Year's Day. More than one hundred thousand visitors go up into the mountain canyon to take part. Everything is free; there never has been a hint of commercialism. Madrid's Yuletide is just a getting together of the people of the hills and the people of the cities to renew the spirit of Christmas.

Work on the various displays starts in October and nearly everybody in the camp helps. The Madrid Employees Club organizes the work and expenses are paid out of modest monthly dues.

For the first five years, Madrid's celebration was a home-town affair, growing a little each Christmas as the competitive spirit got to work among the miners. People began to drive up through the canyon around the holiday season to help the miners and see the show. Last year there were 15,000 visitors in one night.

On the hillsides above the village are built twelve Biblical scenes telling the story of Jesus' birth. There is a tiny village of Bethlehem; the Virgin and Joseph with the Child; the Shepherds and the Star; the Flight into Egypt.

Kids from camp and city flock into the home-made Toyland, ride the miniature train and the wheel and watch the Mother Goose figures, most of which are mechanized. On Christmas Day every child gets a present at a big community party.

Although some of the miners tinker around all year with the mechanized displays, most of the work is done just before opening day. The last Sunday before this day is a sort of home-coming, and miners who once worked in Madrid drive up to the little town from far and near, help put up the decorations and wind up in the annual party. Workers are divided into crews and there is great rivalry among them.

Meanwhile, the women have decorated the homes and the kids have brought in cedar brush from the mountains and piled wood for the fires on the hilltops. Everything is ready when the first visitors show up, and from then on it's open house. You may walk into any home and be welcomed. There is a curious combination of old Spanish and Mexican and Yankee customs—the fandango and the modern dance; the American "party" and the old fiesta. But the spirit behind it all is universal.

During the celebration the lights go on early in the evenings and off at midnight, and after that the visitors drive away down the canyon, for Madrid has only one small hotel. ★★★



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Obviously enjoying himself, Night Engineer C. M. Clinard holds up one of the tiny passengers that ride on the dolls' Ferris wheel. All the fiesta equipment is built by miners, who display considerable rivalry



Older children put the finishing touches on their special project—the colorful manger that is one of the twelve Biblical scenes built into the hillside



Toyland is a children's paradise, with wonderful free rides, built from discarded mine equipment, and a real railway, with steam locomotive and cars



Designer of Toyland's figures is Pierre Menager, Santa Fe artist, here touching up the Cat and the Fiddle act in preparation for the new fiesta



Mother Goose characters parade across the stage to delight the kids of Madrid as the mechanized conductor beats time for the fiddling cats

Coningham's Cats

By Quentin Reynolds

BY RADIO FROM CAIRO

A Collier's correspondent sees American-made tanks go into action, and watches the British planes battle for supremacy over the African desert



ADVANCE BATTLE HEADQUARTERS, EIGHTH ARMY, WESTERN DESERT: A half cup of water isn't very much, but it is all that we are allowed here in the western desert. We are at the farthest-front airdrome; at the moment the largest and most important airdrome in the world. The white sand stretches bleakly and flatly in all directions and our runways are bounded only by the four horizons.

From dawn until dusk Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, commanding the air force in the western desert, sends his aircraft up to blast Nazi airdromes, to strafe Nazi tanks and motor transport, to bring down Messerschmitts and Junkers. There are several hundreds of "Coningham's Cats" here, fighters and light and heavy bombers, and they spend very little time on the ground. Spend a day with us here in the desert; part of it might be fun but you'll have to start the day with the half cup of cold water.

We sleep in the open, and half a moon and a sky full of stars look down in cold disapproval. In fiction, sleeping on the sand in the desert might provide a setting for adventure and romance; we only huddle deeper into our sleeping bags and curse the numbing cold and the bitter wind. December nights are cold in the desert. Ten days ago I was in the heart of Russia, flying through thick snowstorms in below-zero weather. The nights here seem just as cold. And the sun wakes us each dawn to our half cup of water which is all we have to drink, brush our teeth, shave and wash. We don't shave often.

One day is much like another. Let's run through a day and if you like it get accredited to the Eighth Army, have a uniform made and come out and join us. But bring some canned food, some water, plenty of cigarettes and a sleeping bag. Be prepared for more discomfort than you've ever suffered in your life and there's sure to be a spot of bombing too, for you're at the fighting front.

Breakfast wasn't very elaborate. There was porridge and a small piece of bully beef. There was neither tea nor coffee, for our mess had run out of water. Now walk over to the airport with me—it's only a hundred yards. Three squadrons of Tomahawks are just coming home to roost. They've been out on an early-morning sweep over the tank battle that is raging not far away. The air is filled with the high, happy singing of the Allison motors. One squadron lands, then another and now clouds of sand rise where their feet have skimmed the desert ground.

When Acrobatics Count

The third squadron circles, waits until the dust settles and then comes down. All except one. One lone Tomahawk circles a bit unsteadily. Its left wing hangs forlornly. At least three feet of it is hanging untidily from the tip. I stand beside the wing commander, a tall, bronzed, curly-haired youngster, wearing khaki shorts. For military security reasons we are not allowed to give the full name of front-line pilots but this wing commander is "Rosie" to everyone.

"Take your time," Rosie breathes, half talking to himself. "Come in fast . . . that's it . . . leave your flaps up . . ."

Two hundred pilots and the ground crew are watching this crippled bird. Each is mentally landing that airplane himself. Landing an aircraft that has

only a wing and a half is not dancing with Hedy Lamarr.

"Good! Good!" Only the sound of Rosie's voice and the hum of the motor disturb the deep silence of the desert. The world has stopped breathing for the moment to encourage this helmeted lad and his wounded aircraft.

"He's landing by the book," Rosie says, and there is relief in his voice. "That's it, kid, come in fast—faster. Good! Oh, a good show!"

The Tommy lands at 120 miles an hour. It doesn't even bump. The pilot jumps out and looks dejectedly at the crumpled wing. "I hit an eyetie—fifty," he said ruefully. "I came at him sideways, got in a burst and he almost stopped. I swiped his tail, knocked a hunk of it off."

"Didn't you go into a spin?" I asked.

"This airplane doesn't go into spins," he laughed, patting the nose of the Tommy affectionately, as though it were a pet dog. The kid was from Zululand. He should be able to handle a Tomahawk. The Tomahawks have proven themselves the glamor boys of this show. There are several squadrons of them here bearing the brunt of the attack, for this air force is not a defensive unit.

A Job to Be Done

The Tomahawks are great "infighters," they are as maneuverable as a Shetland pony. They stay low, ignoring the invitation of the Messerschmitt 109-F's, which hover in the stratosphere. Sooner or later the Me-109's will dive. That's what the Tommies are waiting for. It is true that the 109-F can outrun any fighter airplane in the air out here today, but the Tommies don't run away. They get "inside" the Messerschmitts, they outmaneuver them, they outshoot them and to date, in this western battle, they have brought down four times as many Nazis as they themselves have lost. The pilots swear by them.

Drama is never absent from the stage of our desert airdrome. Three more squadrons of Hurricanes and Tomahawks take off to escort a squadron of bombers en route to take care of a Nazi airport. The bombers circle solemnly as the little fighters buzz around them, weaving and bobbing, crisscrossing and diving; having some fun before the serious business of escort begins. The bombers are Blenheims and Wellingtons, which are called Wimpies by everyone in the R.A.F. They take their name from the hungry friend of Popeye, J. Wellington Wimpy. They disappear into the blue of the sky, merging with it, and for the moment it is quiet. A lone Douglas DB-7, known as the Boston here, sweeps to a lazy landing. The pilot reports plenty of activity on the roads behind the German lines. Tanks and motor transport are being brought up in a desperate effort to stem the British tank advance. He gives his map to his wing commander, who hurries it to Coningham, who sits in a small tent just off the airport. Within fifteen minutes a dozen bombers and dive bombers, Blenheims and Glenn Martin Marylands are off to see that those Nazi tanks find early graves.

Yet another bunch of Tommies drops in. One by one, the pilots report. This is an Australian squadron.

"We had a wizard show," the young squadron leader says, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice. "Wizard" in the R.A.F. means wonderful. He went on, "Twenty of them jumped us."

(Continued on page 57)



THERE was a little boy who worked 135th Street, around off Lenox Avenue, usually in the vicinity of Senate "Slippery" Ellum's Eatmor Fish & Chips Shoppe because people around there would sometimes give a tip. The little boy was named Free Wheeling Johnson, having come upon the scene roughly coincident with the automotive device of the same name.

At the moment he was shining the shoes of Refugee Smith and they were some shoes, indeed.

"Mistuh Smith," Free Wheeling said, "I oughtta charge you ten cents for dis shoeshine."

Refugee Smith, standing with his right foot on Free Wheeling's box, looked down. "Howcome dat?" he asked.

"At five cents a shoeshine," Free Wheeling said, grinning, "hit comes to two an' a half cents a foot, don't hit?"

Refugee thought this over a moment. "Freezy, boy," he said finally, "dat's a natchal fact."

"Dem shoes of yours," Freezy said, "look to me to be at leas' two foot long. Dat makes four foot, an' four times two an' a half makes ten centses." Free Wheeling Johnson laughed immoderately at his own wit, sloshed four drops of his *Dazzle Gloss Finisher* on each of the long toes of Refugee's shoes and whipped them up to a mirror finish.

Refugee's answer was even longer in coming this time. "You is a 'rithmetician' fool, Freezy," he said at last, taking a quarter out of his pocket and giving it to the boy. Yes, suh, you is a paper'n pencil 'rithmeticer right outta your haid. Hit do beat me."

Freezy shoved the quarter in his rag-

ged pocket, looked up at the towering black man with frank adoration. "Mistuh Smith," he said, "is hit a fact you is gonna fight Johnny Revolt for de chance to fight de champeen?"

"Hit's de fact," Refugee said. "Mister Willie signed for de fight two days ago."

"Do you reckon you'll wax him, Mistuh Smith?"

"I keeps my faith in de Lord," Refugee said, "I keeps in shape, an' I does what Mr. Willie tell me to do."

"An' you ain't never lost a fight yet," Freezy said triumphantly.

Refugee Smith stretched his long black arms, yawned. "Mr. Willie," he said, "he do de worryin'. I just has to fight ever' once in a while; but Mr. Willie he worry constant, so I lets him worry for both of us."

"Ise givin' you a little blood," Refugee told him.
"Hot dog!" Freezy said weakly. "Dat fightin' blood!"

Shoeshine Boy

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

**Loyalty comes in all colors, and black, it seems,
is by no means the least common of these**

"Mistuh Smith . . ."

"Yeah, Freezy."

"If'n I shined your shoes free would . . . do you reckon you could get me . . ."

"Get you a ticket to de fight?"

"You done read my mental mind, Mistuh Smith," Freezy said.

"How long would you go to shine my shoes for nothin'?"

Freezy Johnson's eyes got big and round with the ecstatic prospect of seeing the fight. "Ever' day," Freezy said fervently. "Forever!"

"That," said a voice in the accents of deep south Brooklyn, "is a bad deal, son."

Freezy Johnson looked up, saw a small rotund man in a gaudy double-breasted waistcoat whose blue, fat-creased cheeks were dominated by a bold, hooked nose. "Shine 'em up,

Mister?" Freezy said automatically.

Willie Wurtzel spoke to Refugee Smith, bent his head and looked at the 5¢ mark Freezy had scrawled on the side of his box. "You shine shoes for a nickel, son?" Willie Wurtzel asked.

"Yes, suh, but I does a ten-cent job."

"How come you don't charge a dime, then?" Willie asked.

"De natchal truth is," Freezy said, "I don't figger hit's worth more'n a nickel."

"Can you get him a ticket to de Revolt fight?" Refugee asked his manager. "He's a pal of mine."

"I'll see about it," Willie said, "but that ain't what I come up here for. This Revolt is a hell of a tough boy. I seen him fight down to Philly last night. I want you should get yourself down to Stillman's gym this afternoon at two o'clock. I'll see about gettin' you some boys to work with later."

"Yes, suh, Mr. Willie," Refugee Smith said.

THE days passed and from the waistline of Refugee Smith there passed six pounds and four ounces. It left the waistline of Refugee Smith hard and ridged like a washboard and it left Refugee Smith weighing one hundred and fifty-nine pounds and sharp.

The passing days also brought small comfort to Willie Wurtzel. For Willie Wurtzel had come back from Philadelphia—where he had seen Johnny Revolt club a smart, tough boy into insensible submission in three rounds—a worried man.

Johnny Revolt was a man who fought with a controlled but implacable fury,
(Continued on page 46)



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

OUR NEW ARMY



CAROLINA ROUNDUP. It's all over, but the 300,000 men and officers of the 1st (Blue) Army and the 4th (Red) Army Corps, who fought the last big battle of the year in the 14,000 square miles of pine-clad Carolina hummocks, are still digging the sand out of their shoes and the squirrels out of their pockets. (The furry fauna, in fact, formed a medium of exchange invented by men of the 29th Division's 115th Infantry when genuine U.S. coin became scarce. Squirrels, captured and kept in cages, were bartered back and forth as their owners' finances fluctuated.) As in Louisiana, water was scarce and a bath was as difficult to achieve as a pair of G-I spats—or almost. The field offered no bathing

facilities and the best the base camps had to offer was a dribbling, cold water contrivance called a shower by authorities and other things by the men. One of the 1st Division's 16th Infantry lieutenants almost went berserk when he read and reread this excerpt from a letter his anxious gal sent him: "When you go for your bath be sure to wash the tub out first. You never can tell how dirty the last person was who used it. And remember—don't step out into the cold air too soon after taking a hot bath." Our man brooded over this for several days, then journeyed to a nearby city, rented a hotel room, carefully washed out the tub and sat in it for a long time. When he got out of the tub he was very careful not to step out into the cold air, too.

A TACTICALLY, the Carolina war was undoubtedly a success, a fact that was somewhat undiscernible to many of the natives, who still don't know what was going on. Members of Co. M, 117th Infantry came upon a cotton-field cabin one moonlit night and found a white flag drooping from a pole by the front door. A scout,

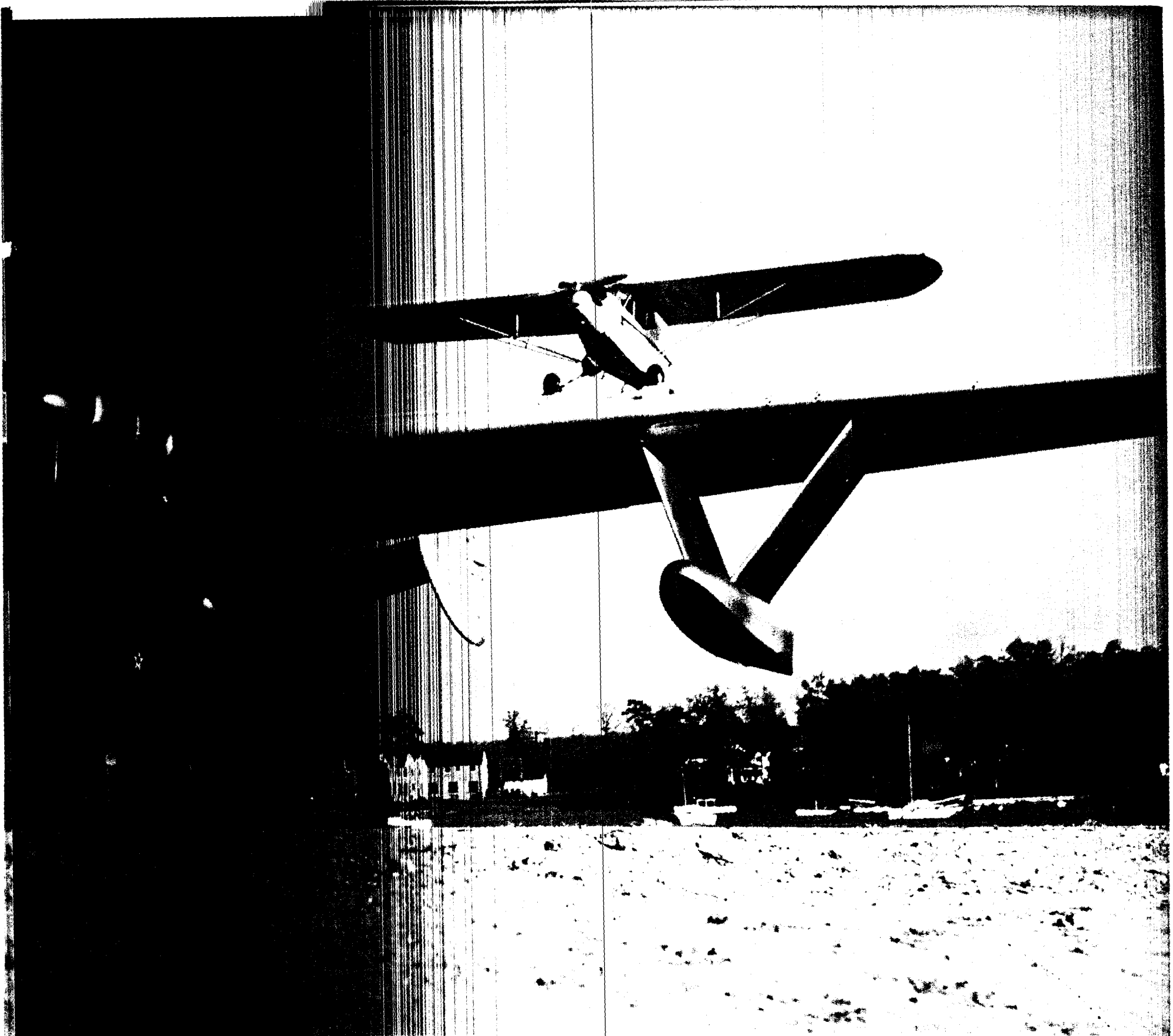
sent forward to investigate the possibility of occupation by neutral umpires, knocked on the door and was confronted by a cautious, aged and visibly shaken colored mammy. Sho enough, she put the flag out, she said. She warn't doin' no scrappin' and she warn't mad at nobody. She had been prayin' most of the night that she wouldn't be shot and she was goin' to keep right on prayin'. The soldiers did their best to apprise her of the situation but it didn't make sense to her. The flag stayed on the pole and is still there, for all we know.

IF, AS has been advocated, live ammunition is used in next year's maneuvers, citizens in the fighting area are going to be even more confused, with the exception, perhaps, of the old North Carolina Negro, who stood, fingers in ears, watching a 155-mm. battery loading one of the big guns with a dummy shell. The boys stood clear, the officer gave the firing order and the gun gave out with a sharp click. At which the Negro unstuffed his ears and turned to the lieutenant in charge with this remark: "She don't make much noise, do she, Boss?"



WHICH somehow reminds us of the observation made by Major General Lloyd R. Fredendall, commander of the 2d Army Corps, when he found that an overzealous artillery officer had moved his guns so far forward they were emplaced smack on top of the infantry. "I like," said the general, "to see the artillery well forward. Excellent, in fact. But I don't want to see them so damned far up they have to put bayonets on the 75's!"

THANKSGIVING DAY celebrated on Sunday, November 23d, by the Carolina belligerents during a recess between the two phases of the final maneuvers was more of a success this year than last. The eighteen-pound 1940-model turkey wouldn't fit into the field-range ovens, but the streamlined, ten-pound jobs supplied last month by the Quartermaster Corps were roasted in the field with éclat and brown gravy and afforded each guy a full pound. Result was, a short period ensued during which the new Army ceased to travel on its stomach, the theory being that if it did it would roll over.



ARKANSAS



CAMP ROBINSON, Little Rock. The life of the G-2 isn't devoted exclusively to getting the latest dope on the enemy's latest secret gadget. A couple of G-2 men from Seventh Corps Area headquarters at Omaha recently spent three days here and in St. Louis trying to unravel the mystery of the Eagle Scout case. The cause of the headache was Pvt. Henry Placke, of the 138th Infantry, who used to be assistant scoutmaster of St. Louis' Boy Scout Troop 228 and had a yen to be an Eagle Scout, a rank of high esteem and great accomplishment in that outfit. Late in the summer Pvt. Placke announced that in his Army work he had obtained ten merit badges for such activities as bugling, hiking, marksmanship and other activities to be found around any Army camp, and that he was now an Eagle Scout. It made a nice story for the home-town papers and Pvt. Placke was photographed shaking hands with a brigadier general; but when the St. Louis and Little Rock Scout councils ruled they couldn't accept merit-badge qualifications given by

unauthorized persons, the general did a slow burn. Posing with an illegal Eagle was something he hadn't counted on. Next thing Placke knew he was being grilled by G-2 agents, who finally decided the matter was of no particular importance in the national security scheme. The whole case disintegrated when Placke's parents advised authorities that their boy was only seventeen years old and didn't belong in the Army in the first place. He's back home now and still has no Eagle Scout badge. What he proudly shows everybody, though, is a picture of Pvt. Placke shaking hands with Brig. Gen. Lewis M. Means.

FROM the viewpoint of democracy the induction of wealthy young gents is an inspiring spectacle. To the commanding officers it's often a pain in the neck, as witness a couple of cases reported from the 35th Division. Case No. 1: A Missourian with plenty of dough decided he doesn't like the Army and has been trying to get himself discharged for physical disability, but every time he gets an affidavit from a civilian doctor attesting his incapacity the Army

medically boards him out and sends him home. Major General Ralph Truman, until recently the division's commander, made it a sort of hobby to keep the man in the Army, despite medical testimony and occasional political pressure. "He's the only man I ever heard of," the general once remarked, "who could get sunstroke in an air-conditioned office. Case No. 2: A Kansas lad popped an MP right in the kisser one night while a number of his astonished fellow soldiers looked on. Two months later, when he emerged from the stockade, the financially unembarrassed soldier explained it all. "I didn't have anything against the guy," said he. "I just didn't want anybody to think I was a sissy."

TEXAS

KELLY FIELD REPLACEMENT TRAINING CENTER, San Antonio. Latest thing in the Gulf Coast Air Corps Training Center, which includes thirty-two schools in fourteen states from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, is this establishment, which gives aviation and navigation cadets ten weeks' preliminary (Continued on page 34)

THE NAVY'S MARS IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING BOAT

To give you an accurate idea of the size of the giant new Martin patrol bomber, Collier's asked the Navy to poise a Piper Cub on each wing of the 140,000-pound, 8,000-horsepower ship. Glenn Martin, builder of this biggest flying boat (official designation XPB2M1) says that the industry is ready for still greater ships. "For instance," he says, "we have a design . . . for a ship weighing 250,000 pounds. It will carry 80,000 pounds of bombs a distance of 3,700 miles, or 40,000 pounds 7,000 miles. As a commercial ship it will compete with surface shipping. We are within striking distance of freight and express by air"



The Story Thus Far:

JOHN Sidney Howard—nearly seventy—arrived in the French village of Cidoton when the Germans surge into France. An Englishman, he feels that his place is in his homeland, where, old though he is, he may be of some service.

When he leaves Cidoton, he takes with him two English children: Ronald and Sheila Cav-anagh, whose parents, unable to accompany them, entrust them to his care—to see them safely through to Oxford. And later (because he is a gentle, kindly man who cannot bear to see others suffer) he picks up three other young people: A little French girl—"la petite Rose"—whose father is awaiting her in London; Pierre, a lad whom he finds terrified, speechless, beside the bomb-shattered bodies of a man and a woman on a crowded road; and a small Dutch boy—Willem Eybe—who has, somehow, become stranded in France.

By train, by bus and on foot, the old man and his young friends find their way, at last, to Chartres, which the Germans have occupied. There he has friends—the Rougerons (Colonel Rougeron, of the French army, his wife and his daughter, Nicole) whom he had met while vacationing with his son, John—his adored son who was killed while with the Royal Air Force—before the war, at Cidoton.

He calls on the Rougerons. The colonel is away, at the front. But Madame Rougeron and Nicole (a lovely girl) give the little party a warm welcome; and presently, talking the situation over, they decide to test the friendship of Jean Henri Guinevec, of Finisterre, for the colonel, whom Guinevec has taken on many a fishing expedition. Guinevec has a boat. He can, if he will, help the old man and his charges to reach England. But will he?

Through a country filled with Germans, Nicole (who insists on going along) leads the little party to the farm of Guinevec's father-in-law—Aristide Arvers, a horse dealer. On the

afternoon, Howard—subtly, diffi-cultly—meets the horse dealer and his son who had loved each other. The horse dealer greets them. He is courteous. But he refuses Howard's request—that he visit Guinevec and suggest that he help the old man and the children to escape.

Working for Arvers is a ten-year-old Polish Jew: Marjan Estreicher. The boy—whose father is doing forced labor, in Germany—tells Howard that he hates the Germans; he says that he wants to kill as many Germans as he can!

Arvers, listening, pretends to be shocked. Not so, Howard. He remarks to the Frenchman that the boy is in peril, so long as he remains in France. He offers to take the young fellow across the Channel—if Jean Henri Guinevec will co-operate. Arvers says nothing, for a long time. Then: "I will do what I can do. Tomorrow I will drive Mademoiselle to LeConquet and we will talk it over with Jean Henri. You must stay here, with the children, and keep out of sight."

VIII

HOWARD spent most of the next day sitting in the paddock in the sun, while the children played around him.

In the late afternoon Nicole returned with Arvers. Both were very dirty, and the girl had a deep cut on the palm of one hand, roughly bandaged. Howard was deeply shocked at her disheveled appearance.

"My dear," he said, "whatever happened? Has there been an accident?"

She laughed, a little shrilly. "It was the British," she said. "It was an air raid. We were caught, in Brest—this

afternoon. But it was the British, monsieur, that did this to me."

Madame Arvers came bustling up with a glass of brandy. Then she hustled the girl off into the kitchen. Howard was left in the paddock, staring out toward the west.

The children had understood only half of what had happened. Sheila said, "It was the bad airplanes that did that to Nicole, monsieur, wasn't it?"

"That's right," he said. "Good airplanes don't do that sort of thing."

The child was satisfied with that. "It must have been a very, very bad airplane to do that to Nicole."

There was general agreement on that point. Ronnie said, "Bad airplanes are German airplanes. Good airplanes are English ones."

He made no attempt to unravel that one for them.

Presently Nicole came out into the garden, white-faced and with her hand neatly bandaged. Madame hustled the children into the kitchen for their supper.

Howard asked after her hand. "It is nothing," she said. "When a bomb falls, the glass in all the windows flies about. That is what did it."

"I am so sorry."

She turned to him. "I would not have believed that there would be so much glass in the streets," she said. "In heaps it was piled. And the fires—houses on fire everywhere. And dust, thick dust that smothered everything."

She took his arm. "Come in the salon, and we will drink a Pernod together, and I will tell you about Jean Henri."

They went together into the house. Aristide was not about; in the salon Howard sat down with the girl. Nicole poured out a Pernod for him and added a little water. Then she poured a smaller one for herself.

"About Jean Henri," she said. "He is not to appear in this himself. Aristide will not have that, for the sake of Marie. But in Le Conquet there is a young man, called Simon Focquet, and he will take a boat across with you."

The old man's heart leaped, but all he

said was, "How old is this young man?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Twenty—twenty-two, perhaps. He is a De Gaulist."

"What is that, mademoiselle?"

She said, "There is a General de Gaulle in England with your armies, one of our younger generals. In France, nobody knew much about him, but now he will carry on the battle from England. He is not approved by our government of Vichy, but many of our young men are slipping away to join him, some by way of Spain and others in boats across the Manche. That is how Simon Focquet wishes to go, because he is a fishing boy and knows boats very well."

"But the Germans will stop that, surely."

SHE nodded. "Already all traffic has been stopped. But the boats are still allowed to fish around the coast and by Ushant. It will be necessary to devise something."

He said, "Where will he get the boat?"

"Aristide has arranged that for us. Jean Henri will hire one of his boats for fishing to this young man, and Simon then will steal it when he leaves for England. Jean Henri will be the first to complain to the gendarmerie, and to the Germans, that his boat has been stolen. But Aristide will pay him for it secretly. You should pay Aristide, if you have so much money."

He nodded, "How much will it be?"

She said, "Five thousand five hundred francs."

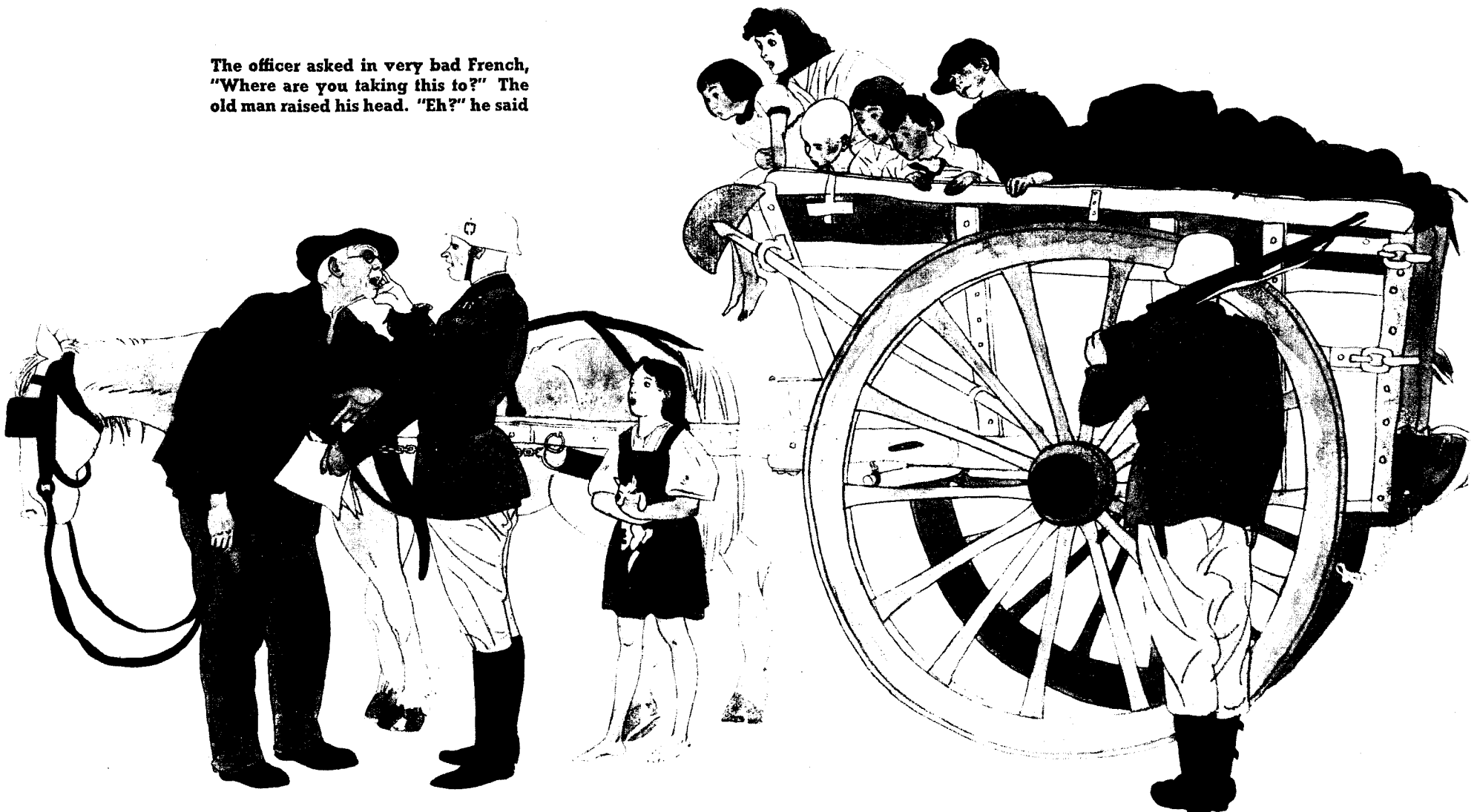
He thought for a moment. Then he pulled out his wallet from his hip pocket, opened it with the deliberation of age, and studied a document. "I seem to have forty pounds left on my letter of credit," he said. "Will that be enough?"

She said, "I think so. Aristide will want all the payment that you can make because he is peasant, monsieur, you understand. But he wishes to help us, and he will not stop the venture for that reason."

Howard said, "I would see that he got the difference when the war is over."

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The officer asked in very bad French, "Where are you taking this to?" The old man raised his head. "Eh?" he said



German women in one of Berlin's many home shelters. These home shelters, as distinguished from the public shelters, have become important centers of social life in wartime Germany; most Berliners make every effort to reach them when a raid threatens, in order to spend the night with friends and family

Berlin and other German cities are digging in for the expected heavy winter raids by R.A.F. bombers. Mr. Courtney, who watched last winter's raids from the heart of Berlin, describes the effect of a British bombing blitz on the Germans' morale



EUROPEAN

Can Berlin Take It?

By W. B. Courtney

THE long nights have settled over northern Europe again, bringing their promised terror—huge American bombers, flying above naked eyesight, each carrying five tons, more or less, of high explosives. Amid sirens, the jar and rumble of aerial torpedoes, searchlights, antiaircraft baying at the winged shadows on the moon, footfalls of unimportant people scurrying in the streets—all the resplendent tumult of the air raids that now give Europeans their nightmares when they're awake instead of when they are sleeping—answer is being sought to the most elusive, yet perhaps most important, question of the war.

Can the Germans take it—as well as they can give it?

Modern Germany's heart never before had to endure hostile fire. Now the R.A.F. carries it there. The British tonight have Berlin as well as every other important city and nook of the Reich under their bombsights.

Descriptions of life in London under air warfare have been plentiful in the United States, until even those of you who never have walked them are as familiar with the pattern of the Strand, Piccadilly and Whitehall as with our own Main streets. You know the people, too—the East End poor, unprotected by shelters, cheerily taking up life in the subways; the shopkeepers with their "business as usual" signs on rubble heaps; the unscares young folks in their night clubs.

Berlin—and Dresden and Leipzig—are not so familiar to you. Secrecy has not only covered Germany's air-raid measures and methods, but the reaction of her people as well. For military reasons, correspondents are not permitted to mention air raids until the official communiqués about them are issued, and they cannot add information or detail to those.

Berlin is the outstanding example of the inland, or unpublicized, raid targets in Germany. So come with me there

for a firsthand ground view of Germans under R.A.F. attack.

Experience plus "raid instinct"—a newly developed sensitivity, recognized by psychologists in Europe today—warn you, in late afternoon, whether there will be a raid. I have heard a group of German and American newsmen, on a night seemingly made for bombing—clear, moon-bright, flight conditions perfect—unanimously decide there would be no raid; and there wasn't. Conversely, on nights of poor raid weather I have seen Berliners generally hurrying to get home early to avoid being forced into public shelters.

Nobody can explain this raid instinct. But it counts in your social life.

Early Night—Early Bombing

In summer it's not too important. In this high latitude—Berlin lies almost twelve degrees (800 miles) north of New York, on a line with Labrador. You can read without lights until ten o'clock, and again, after the brief, hennaed night, at three in the morning.

In winter, however, night comes much earlier than it does in the United States. The bombers follow suit. If you go to a dinner party, you are prepared either to leave with dessert or to spend the night. Shows begin at 7:30 p. m.; the last reeling of pictures at eight, in summer; earlier in the winter.

Foreign correspondents used to call the Propaganda Ministry to learn whether the British were "on the way in." Certain Balkan journalists quered that, when Dr. Goebbels' lads found out they had developed a racket. Air raids are a particular headache to restaurant owners. Absent-minded customers lope off to shelters, forgetting the "Rechnung." Moreover, those who went into the restaurant shelters would sort of look for complimentary snacks as the nights wore on. So the Balkan journalists made arrangements to secure free meals

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A British bomb wrecked this apartment house in Berlin. Both London and Berlin are "morale objectives" in the war of bombs; real objectives are the industrial cities of each country. Cologne has been hit twice as hard as Berlin

EUROPEAN



Alder Gulch

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN G. BAUMGARTNER

The Story Thus Far:

SHANGHAIED in San Francisco, young Jeff Pierce (a veteran of the Civil War, which is still raging) is taken aboard a ship to Portland, Oregon. There, attacked by the captain of the vessel, he kills the fellow, in self-defense, leaps into the water, swims ashore.

On a dark Portland street, he is approached by a girl—Diana Castle—who, obviously in trouble of some sort, implores him to take her away with him, *anywhere!* Accompanied by the girl, who poses as his wife, he finally makes his way to Virginia City, in Alder Gulch, where gold has recently been struck. On the way, Pierce has a series of altercations—and two fist fights—with two rascals who are also en route to Alder Gulch: George Ives and his Man Friday, "Rube" Ketchum.

Among those he meets who are more to his liking are: Will Temperton, a gambler, and his young daughter, Lily Beth (whom Diana takes under her wing); Lil Shannon, a free-and-easy woman who is very kind to Pierce; Ollie Rounds, an uncommunicative redhead, who is reticent concerning his past; and Ben Scoggins, who hopes to make a fortune as a trader

in Alder Gulch. Among those he sees, during the long, hazardous trip is *Sitgreaves, the dead captain's brother, who is following him!* Certain that Sitgreaves is pursuing him, and not wanting to kill another man, Pierce slips away; again, he is accompanied by the girl.

In Virginia City, Pierce and Diana part company. Diana is soon making a living by baking pies for a restaurant; and it is not long before Pierce has a claim staked out. . . . Dillingham, a deputy sheriff, is murdered by three toughs: Hayes Lyons, Buck Stinson and Charley Forbes. The killers are caught; but George Ives, who has just arrived, succeeds in obtaining their release!

By this time, Barney Morris—a prospector who has befriended Pierce—has reason to suspect that Ives, Ketchum and other crooks are plotting to kill him and take his gold—eight thousand dollars worth. He plans to slip away (if he can) and go to the town of Bannack. He asks Pierce if he will take the gold to Bannack.

Pierce is fond of Morris. He takes the gold to Bannack—unmolested. There he entrusts the gold to the clerk at the stage office. Then, following a brief, friendly talk with the sheriff—Sheriff Plummer—he leaves the office.

IV

PIERCE was on the dark side of Bannack's street. He moved through these shadows, leaving a wake of cigar smoke behind. Durand's saloon, directly across the way, was an eruption of light and confusion. Men came steadily into town. The sheriff was ahead of Pierce and now he crossed the street and came back, idly and with every mark of indolence; he stopped at the saloon and looked through the doorway a while and seemed to debate with himself, and at last entered. Pierce halted and leaned a shoulder to a wall. A woman and a small girl passed him and swung into a store; three riders entered town, rounded before Durand's, and dismounted. When they faced the light from the saloon's doorway, Pierce recognized Rube Ketchum and George Ives. He didn't know the third one.

He remembered that his horse was still standing by the stage office; and he had forgotten his slicker. He grunted to himself and moved back. When he stepped into the stage office the clerk pulled up his head and for that one slim interval Pierce saw fear unsteady the clerk.

A wagon came clacking into the street. Pierce picked up the slicker and turned out with it; when he reached the sidewalk he noticed the wagon had stopped near by. Two men got off the seat and came to the tail gate and other men moved forward from the night. Somebody said, "What you got, George?"

"Dead man."

"Where'd you find him?"

"Four, five miles out in the brush, short-cutting over from the Rattlesnake."

The two lifted the dead man from the wagon and brought him to the walk. Pierce found himself on the outer edge of the crowd, and used his shoulders to push through; looking down, he saw Barney Morris lying there, a bullet hole passing through his head, temple to temple.

One of the men said, "Better call Plummer."

"Why," said one of the men who had brought Barney Morris in, "a dead man's just a dead man. You call Plummer."

Another figure pushed into the circle. "Hell, that's Barney Morris. He used to work a claim next to mine, down Grasshopper."

Plummer was at this moment coming out of Durand's saloon. Pierce withdrew from the crowd and stood at the sidewalk's edge with his head pulled down by his quick and angered thoughts. He moved to his horse, got to the saddle, and rode to the street's end, here pausing.

Plummer had come into the circle. Pierce heard him say, "That's Barney Morris. He was one of my best friends!" The crowd grew. Looking beyond it, Pierce noticed Ketchum and Ives and the third man paused at the doorway of Durand's. He touched his spurs to the horse and went on out of Bannack at a trot. The horse was stiff with his day's work and had little run left in him and kept falling back to a walk, and had to be spurred. He passed Bunton's and near midnight came to the Beaverhead. Here he made a dry camp well away from the road.

IVES patronized Durand's bar with Steve Marshland and Ketchum until the crowd came back. Some miner said, "Old Barney had a lot of money and never spent any. He had a good claim on Alder. I heard once he had fifty thousand buried."

"Not a dime on him now."

Ives looked wryly at his empty glass and put it aside. He said to Marshland and Ketchum, "Come on."

The three of them left the saloon and walked as far as the corner of the hotel. They turned down a side street, saying nothing. Half a dozen houses fronted this side street; beyond that was a corral and a shed and the slope of a bold hill. The (Continued on page 38)

He saw Diana Castle leaving the restaurant with Lily Beth. He drew a smile from her and fell into step beside Diana. "That was good apple pie I had today," he told her





PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

The championship Multnomah Club swimming team: Left to right, Joyce Macrae, Suzanne Zimmerman, Brenda Helser, Nancy Merki and Anne Cooney. Miss Merki and Miss Helser are this year's A.A.U. choices as outstanding women swimmers

OREGON is a land of he-men who fell fir trees and climb mighty mountains, but the best athletes produced in Oregon since the arrival of the covered wagons are four slender high-school girls who prefer movies, deep poetry, chocolate ice-cream sodas and the latest rumba to life in the great open spaces. They hold more athletic championships than all Oregon's male stalwarts combined.

Also in defiance of the classical Oregon tradition, the crowning ambition of these girls has been not to stand on the uppermost pinnacle of Mount Hood or Eagle Gap, but to dance and watch the celebrities at the Stork Club in New York City. On a recent transcontinental trip the girls' coach, Jack Cody, asked what reward they wanted for setting a grand total of 61 world, American, regional and state swimming records. "A

table at the Stork Club!" they cried in unison.

"It's a bargain," he promised, and so a few weeks later four nimble and long-legged lassies from the Far West, who have shown their thrashing feet to some of the outstanding women swimmers in the United States, sat with bright eyes in Manhattan's famous rendezvous, collecting the wages of innumerable swimming victories. "Golly, isn't this keen?" said Brenda Helser, the liveliest rug-cutter among them, to Joyce Macrae, while Nancy Merki and Suzanne Zimmerman nodded in complete agreement.

The aggregate ages of this quartet that dominates the tanks and lakes and pools of the Pacific Coast would just qualify someone for an old-age pension under the laws of the U.S.A. Brenda and Joyce are each 17, Suzanne is 16 and Nancy 15. They enjoy the company of

boy friends, think Tyrone Power is simply grand and are normal high-school girls in all respects except that they have proved their superiority in the water over everything but the Pacific Fleet and the fall salmon run.

Their athletic supremacy over Oregon's masculine population was vividly demonstrated last summer during the annual marathon swim at Lake Oswego, nestled in the tree-blanketed hills near Portland. The heftiest male aquastars in the state were lined along the pier ready for their dives when Nancy, Joyce, Susie and Brenda walked up unobtrusively and slipped off their bathrobes. With amused tolerance the big fellows eyed these slim youngsters who presumed to challenge them over three miles of choppy water.

Then the gun barked and the race was on. The contestants, trailed by their

boats, settled into a steady pace. One of the favorites, Doug MacQuaig, was surging forward with strong, powerful strokes when something streaked past him. He thought at first it might be a fish, but it turned and said, "Hello." It was Nancy. Soon the same thing happened again. This time it was Brenda. The girls disappeared in the distance like Coast Guard cutters.

When Doug finished the three-mile grind, first of all the men swimmers to do so, Nancy and Brenda had draped towels over their shoulders and were waiting calmly on the dock. To add insult to injury they gave Doug a helping hand out of the lake. Susie came in just behind Doug and far ahead of Spike Paget and other star swimmers. Joyce had what she called a bad day, but finished among the first 10, nevertheless. Besides all this, Nancy's time of 1 hour, 10 minutes and 18 seconds established a new record for an event in which the brawniest athletes in Oregon have competed for years.

Ever since the four girls began swimming together in 1939 they have been about the best aquatic combination ever developed along the Pacific seaboard, where youngsters learn to swim almost as soon as they can toddle. As a team their specialty is the 400-yard relay, which they have reduced to an exact science. Already they have set records for the United States and a long list of its geographic subdivisions, including

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Broadway Cop

By Bob Considine and Jerry D. Lewis

Few Times Square tourists recognize Johnny Broderick, but New York mobsters cringe at the mention of his name. Meet Broadway's one-man riot squad in his own bailiwick—where the lights are brightest

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

WHEN the average American thinks of Broadway he's inclined to think of the fishes on the Wrigley sign, the thunder and lightning of Times Square, the marquee of the Paramount and the second-floor dance halls that boast of 100—Beautiful Hostesses—100. Or the name of Broadway will stir up in his mind the vision of a great lady of the theater, or a hilarious musical-comedy comedian. Or a furtive necktie pitch man.

But when Broadway itself thinks of Broadway, it thinks of a cop named Johnny Broderick. Broderick will give you a long, sincere argument to the effect that he is no different from any

other man on the country's biggest and most efficient police force. But Broadway knows he's different. Because for nearly twenty years he has endeared himself to the pale-faced residents of that garish boulevard by befriending the virtuous and by bouncing left hooks off the jaws of mugs.

Rough-and-ready Johnny, with a punch in each fist and a rather humble smile on his merry Boston-bull face, is unrecognizable to the millions of visitors to Broadway. He'd like to stay that way—all good detectives would. But because of the exploits he so humbly deprecates, and despite his honey for privacy, he has become nationally known. Broadway columnists like to use his name. A comic strip named Mickey Finn has him in there as a character. Two movies, the last being *Bullets or Ballots*, used his counterpane.

As more than one gorilla can testify, Broderick's appearance is deceiver. He's no hard-hat dick with a cigar stuck in his kisser. Intimates call him Duke. He weighs in the 160's, is somewhere under six feet tall and turns in desperate heroics despite the fact that he's 42, a solid family man and his manner civil and circumspect.

In the concrete creek of Broadway and in its neon-lighted tributaries Broderick has made his rep as frier counselor, two-fisted scourge, and go-to man for the police department. And there he'd like to stay put, protecting little guys from big ones, chasing bur away from taxi-dance girls who don't want a bum, helping guys and gals down on their luck, and chasing hoodlums and racket guys away from Lindy's, Leone's, the Automat, Din Moore's, McGinnis', the Astor, Sho and Jack Dempsey's. Dempsey on hired Broderick as a bodyguard.

Broderick's bodyguarding didn't begin or end with Dempsey. He convoyed Sam Gompers, Queen Marie, King Albert, President Roosevelt (the President especially requested him for the 1936 World Series) and the Chicago World's Fair. Chicago police borrowed him and his do-or-die side-kick, Detective John Cordes, to spot criminals attracted by the bright lights and easy crowd of A Century of Progress.

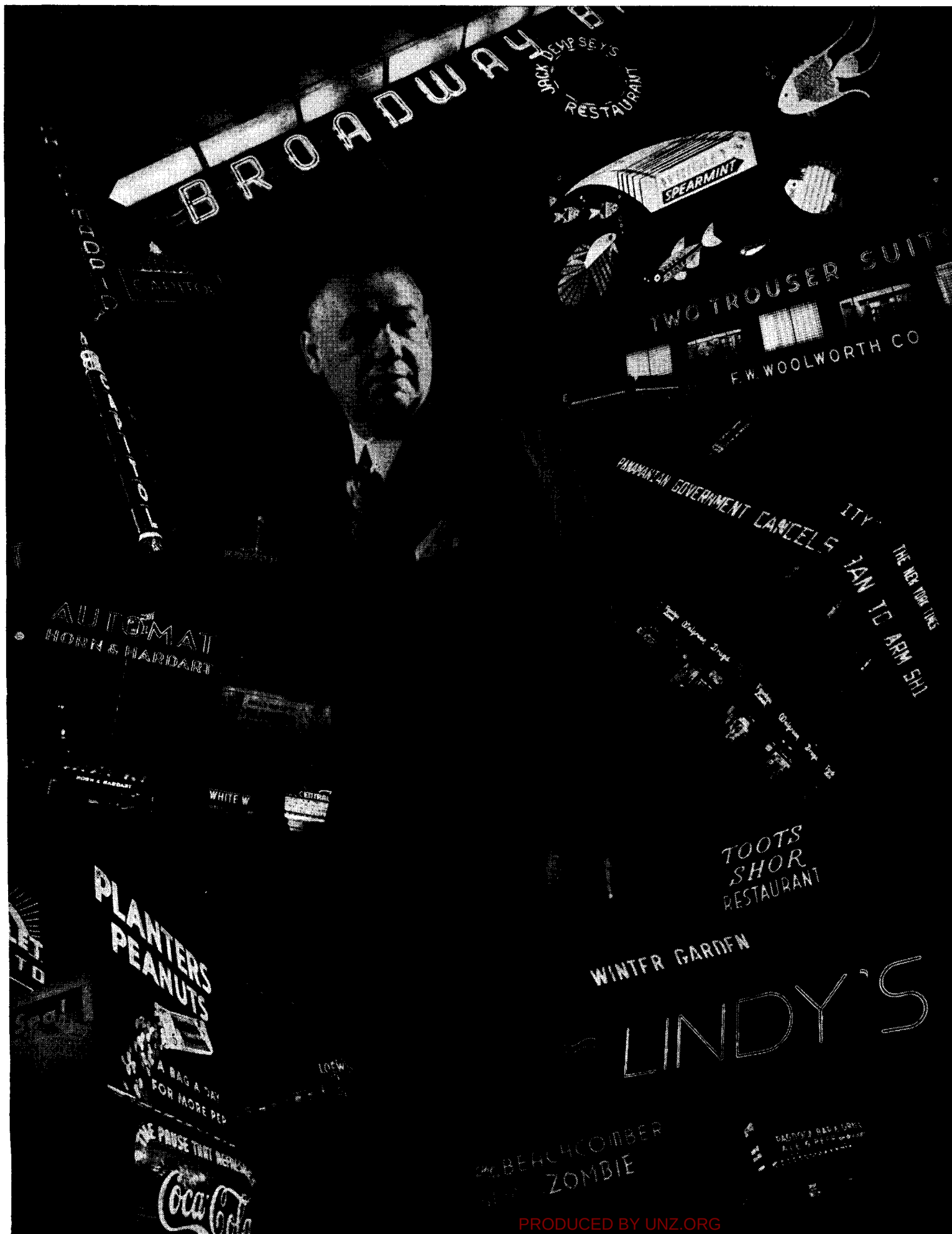
Broderick's memory dwarfs description. He was walking past Lindy after last June's Louis-Conn fight and suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. He walked quickly over to the man (whom he had riveted his attention, and started him roughly on his way to Per Station with an order to get out of New York. The man was a dope peddler. Johnny remembered seeing him caught at the second Dempsey-Tunney fight and hadn't seen him since!

Up from the Gashouse

Johnny came from that section of New York wherein the Dead End Kids fear to tread. He was reared in the gashouse district in the East Twenties and survived to have the dubious honor of disarming and pinching more than one boyhood chum turned mobster. Johnny had no more chance than the mugs who were bred in the same tough district. He had to quit parochial school when he was twelve to help support his family. His first real job was driving a truck. He used that as a springboard to become a minor official in the Teamsters Union. That's how he met Gompers, who was much impressed by the forceful, gusty young man.

But the job of bodyguarding the labor leader palled on Broderick. He joined the Navy and (though the long list of hoodlums he has since flattened

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How Mr. Nesbitt became a hep cat. The effects of hot music on a civilized but slightly deaf ear

MR. HENRY NESBITT was accustomed to turmoil; and by parental necessity had learned to deal with it. He considered himself more fortunate than most fathers, though, in that he was very hard of hearing. So that when the radio was tuned each afternoon to pick up the machine-gun-punctuated adventures of "Captain Mystery," for instance, Mr. Nesbitt was able to turn a small dial on his electric hearing device, and go on reading the Winfield Courier in blissful silence. And he treated all other disturbing juvenile sounds in the same way.

On this particular afternoon, however,

something was wrong. Despite the fact that the indicator on his Hearophone read "Off," Mr. Nesbitt's cochlea was recording a series of traumatic boomings which were most uncomfortable. . . . He was sitting in the upstairs study, just over the living room, and the combination radio-phonograph and home-recording machine he had purchased in an ill-advised moment, some weeks before, was located in the living room, some twelve feet below his chair. It was separated from him by a one-inch oak floor, a one-inch sub-flooring, a six-inch air space, and three coats of plaster—which should have been sufficient material to insulate him from its vibrant cacophony under any conceivable circumstances. This evening, apparently, it was not.

He glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece, and saw that it said twenty-five minutes after five. Puzzled, he frowned. Five P.M., by rights, was Captain Mystery's appointed hour. But these percussions did not sound like machine-gun fire. They went: "Boom-

boom-BOOM-boom!" And repeated. Mr. Nesbitt had visual evidence of them. A rose in a vase on the mantel was jumping violently up and down in that precise tempo.

Mr. Nesbitt sighed, put down the Courier, and went downstairs. Just outside the living-room door, he paused and turned the indicator of his Hearophone to "Normal." Immediately, an inconceivable din smote his ears; and he hastily turned it down to "Low." As he did so, the door burst violently open and emitted a tall, scholarly-looking sixteen-year-old by the name of Beezy Edwards.

MR NESBITT stared at him in astonishment. Beezy, as a rule, was not given to violence. Beezy was a born organizer and a shrewd businessman—one of the type of boys who are always managers of school activities, and whose hobbies usually have a cash value. Beezy, for instance, collected valuable foreign coins. . . . Ordinarily, he affected a quizzical expression of quiet superior-

"Tunable tom-toms!" breathed Kicks. He dropped to one knee and stroked them with his hands

ity; but now he was the victim of baffled rage. "Women!" he said furiously. "Phooey!" . . . Then he saw Mr. Nesbitt, turned beet-red, muttered, "Good evening, sir," and departed hastily by the front door.

Mr. Nesbitt decided that this manifestation denoted a continuation of Beezy's recent quarrel with his fifteen-year-old daughter Dorothy, over the matter of the high-school A-10 Class Play. Dorothy had been the ingénue, and Beezy had been stage manager; and Beezy, said Dorothy, had eternally humiliated her by dropping the curtain in the middle of her most dramatic and poignant third-act curtain speech. . . . There had been laughter from the audience, and a certain amount of ribbing later, most of which had come from

"that nasty little Pat Engle," from whom Dorothy had won the coveted ingénue role. . . . So there had been a rupture in Beezy and Dorothy's friendship, during which Beezy had telephoned often, and Dorothy had moped and refused to have anything to do with him. . . . Mr. Nesbitt sighed and opened the living-room door.

What he saw held him fascinated. His daughter Dorothy was standing in front of the living-room table. In her left hand was a jelly, minced ham, and peanut-butter sandwich of heroic proportions, with several no less heroic bites missing from one side of it. Her right hand was resting on the table top, on an open copy of Lyle's Latin Grammar, which she was presumably studying. The rest of her was in violent and rhythmic motion. Her feet shuffled and tapped. Her blond head bobbed like that of a shaken rag doll. And, at regular intervals, there came from her sandwich-laden mouth a strange, muffled cry of "Ta-teetee-TA-teetaa-TEE-TAA!"

Mr. Nesbitt shifted his glance to the corner of the room where stood the radio. In front of the machine was an enormous trap drum; and seated at the trap drum was a boy. He was about sixteen, redheaded and angular, with wild blue eyes, and a lantern jaw which was champing rhythmically at a wad of gum. . . . He was elaborating, with incredible swiftness and dexterity, four cymbals, a snare drum, and a number of other objects which included a cowbell, three hardwood blocks, several things that looked like calabash gourds, and a cagelike contraption that might have passed for the better mousetrap.

MR. NESBITT had a horrible premonition. "Good Lord!" he said, somewhat more loudly than he'd meant to.

Instantly, both the drumming and the dancing stopped, and he found himself confronted with two pairs of eyes. There was an awkward pause. Then Dorothy sprang toward him to administer a rather jammy and peanut-buttered kiss. "Hi-ya, Pop!"

Mr. Nesbitt wiped his face. "Where was Beezy going?" he inquired.

"Oh, him!" said Dorothy scathingly. She laughed. "I guess he's gone back to play with his old coin collection." The subject of Beezy having been thus dismissed, she turned gaily toward the boy with the drums and said, "This is Kicks Kennedy, Pops."

"Please-to-meet-you!" said Kicks, with machine-gun rapidity; and Mr. Nesbitt perceived from the look on Dorothy's face that his horrible premonition had been correct. Kicks had become the more or less permanent successor of the late-lamented Beezy. Kicks Kennedy who drummed. . . . Terrible thought! Dorothy's hobbies had a way of changing with her beaux. . . .

Mr. Nesbitt suppressed a groan, and managed a rather lame smile. "Playing a little—er—jazz, eh?" he asked jovially.

Dorothy laughed indulgently. "Oh, you're so old-fashioned, Pops! They call it swing, now. . . . No, I had to study my Latin, and Kicks is just practicing for the Dizzy Darnel Contest!"

"Oh," said Mr. Nesbitt. Cautiously, he turned his Hearophone up a notch. He knew all about the Darnel Contest. Dizzy Darnel was the state's most popular dance-band leader, and Neely Phelps, president of the Winfield Department Store, had recently come into the Winfield National Bank—of which Mr. Nesbitt was loan officer—to borrow five thousand dollars to buy the local sponsorship of the scheme.

The idea was simple: Each week over the radio, Dizzy Darnel was to hold auditions for amateur dance bands of high-school age. Customers of the

twelve sponsoring stores throughout the state would be permitted to vote for what they thought was the best amateur band in their city; and from among the three bands which amassed the greatest number of votes, Mr. Darnel would pick one from each city which—during the summer vacation—would be given a contract to tour the first-run movie theaters of the state. It was a scheme to delight the merchandising soul. . . . Business was expected to boom. Mr. Nesbitt, therefore, had loaned Neely Phelps the five thousand. . . .

"Think you'll win?" Mr. Nesbitt asked Kicks.

Kicks looked uncertainly at Dorothy, who had resumed her consumption of the sandwich. "I don't know," he said. "He needs more stuff for his drums," said Dorothy, matter-of-factly.

"You mean more things to pound

sensed that she had learned these facts but lately.

"I wonder, Dorothy," Mr. Nesbitt said hopefully, "if you couldn't study your Latin better if Kicks were to practice his drums at home? It must be hard for you to concentrate with—"

"Oh, no!" said Dorothy. "Music always makes me concentrate better."

MR. NESBITT went upstairs again, settled himself in his chair, and turned himself off. For perhaps two minutes he read the Courier in peace. Then he became aware of a subtle vibration in the soles of his feet. "Damn!" he said. A minute later, the vibrations were playing tag with the ends of his auditory nerves. He looked at the rose in the vase on the mantel. It was weaving and bobbing like an amateur lightweight. . . . "Damn!" he repeated. . . .



"This year we're saving our Christmas savings to help pay our income tax"

IRVING ROIR

on?" asked Mr. Nesbitt. He looked at the trap drum. "It looks—er—awfully complete to me."

"Oh, it's pretty fair," said Kicks, "but a guy isn't in it, these days, unless he's got tunable tom-toms."

"Tunable what?" asked Mr. Nesbitt. "Tom-toms. You know, those little round drums. They go 'boom-petty-boom-PAboom-petty-boomp' under the basic beat. Gives a super effect. Ever hear Krupa?" He mentioned the name with reverence.

Mr. Nesbitt shook his head. "I don't believe so."

"He uses 'em. And he wrote the book!"

"Tunable tom-toms," said Dorothy, "cost thirty-five dollars, and they won't let Kicks buy them on time 'cause he's not twenty-one; and his father won't okay the account."

"He says I've got enough drums now," said Kicks.

"He doesn't understand," Dorothy explained. "Tom-toms are a necessity. Not just a here-today thing like some drum gadgets. Tom-toms'll be good ten years from now." She looked at Kicks for confirmation, and Mr. Nesbitt

Mr. Nesbitt was a widower; and the ménage operated under the joint supervision of himself and a colored cook and factotum named Pearl. Pearl was very fat, very black, and a member of the family of ten years' standing.

One morning, about a week after the advent of Mr. Kicks Kennedy and his drums, Mr. Nesbitt descended to breakfast. As he seated himself before his orange juice, Pearl appeared from the kitchen with his eggs and bacon, and without bothering to wish him "good morning" said "Don' you feel good, Mr. Henry?"

"I feel fine!" said Mr. Nesbitt, hastily. "Fit as a fiddle!" Experience had taught him that admitting illness to Pearl brought immediate and unpleasant attempts at remedy. "I—er—just haven't been sleeping awfully well."

"Might be yo' stummick," said Pearl, hopefully. "You don' look good. Maybe yo' needs—"

"All I need," said Mr. Nesbitt grimly, "is to get rid of that Kennedy boy. Those drums are driving me crazy."

"H'm, h'm!" said Pearl triumphantly. "Yo' nervous!"

Mr. Nesbitt fixed her with an exas-

perated eye. "I'm not nervous. The drums just hurt my ears. I can hear every beat of them, for some reason. I'm simply going to have to tell the Kennedy boy he can't drum here any more. . . . Now, stop bothering me."

"Yes, suh." She turned away and then hesitated. "Mr. Henry, suh, you ain't figurin' you could just send this here Kennedy boy a-packin', do you?"

Mr. Nesbitt recognized her remark as being an admonition, rather than a question. "Why can't I?" he asked, in sudden alarm.

"Because, suh," said Pearl, "Mrs. Engle's cook says this Kennedy boy is 'bout the most popular boy attendin' the Winfield High School. If you send him packin', Mr. Henry, he just goin' to fin' hisself some other place to drum. And de place is gonna be Mrs. Engle's cellar room. That snippety little Engle girl done already made the offah. An' you knows, Mr. Henry, that Miss Dorothy gonna feel mighty bad if she lose de affections of de Kennedy boy an' have him take up with her."

"H'm," said Mr. Nesbitt. He waited for amplification.

Pearl went out into the kitchen and came back with Mr. Nesbitt's coffee. "Seem like this Kennedy boy got a good chance of winnin' this heah music contes'. If he do, he goin' to be gone away all summah; an' it ain't goin' to do Miss Dorothy no good to have no beau that ain't here to take her dancin', and swimmin' at the river."

Mr. Nesbitt recognized the symptoms of a plan. Knowing Pearl's tactical prowess, his interest quickened. "Yes?" he said.

"Miss Dorothy, she done had a little quarrel with this Beezy Edwards boy, true enough. But he's the second mos' popular boy at the Winfield High School, and if the Kennedy boy win de contes' she's gonna make up with the Edwards boy again, right quick. . . ."

"Good Lord," groaned Mr. Nesbitt. "Any man who raises a daughter is storing up jewels for his crown in heaven."

"Yes, suh," agreed Pearl. . . . "But that ain't all. If the Kennedy boy don' win that contes' he's goin' to be drummin' 'round the house all summer. That's bad. But the Beezy boy's different. We's used to the Beezy boy. An' if we's got to have any boy 'round heah, we couldn't do no better than him. So I suggests, Mr. Henry, that you fix ev' thing so the Kennedy boy win the contes'."

"But how can I do that?" asked Mr. Nesbitt.

"Mr. Henry, suh," said Pearl, "I don't know. But it's shoah got to be fixed fo' us to have any quiet hereabouts."

Mr. Nesbitt went to the bank that morning with no inkling that, before the day was out, he would have made the purchase of two tunable tom-toms. . . . His acquisition of them grew out of his mature consideration of the facts Pearl had given him at breakfast; and out of a phone call he made that morning to Mr. Dizzy Darnel, at the Winfield broadcasting station.

MR. DARNEL spoke so rapidly and strangely that Mr. Nesbitt could barely understand him, but he did manage to discover two facts: Mr. Darnel admired the work of his own band above all others; and it was his considered opinion that, with the exception of one five-piece band from River Falls High School, he considered every competitor in the music contest as being of very inferior caliber.

"Corny," was Mr. Darnel's way of putting it. "Strictly boom-boom. They all sound like prison bands playing horns they picked up in a hock shop."

"Oh," said Mr. Nesbitt, thoughtfully. Then, "Have you heard an—er—orches-



ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

IF YOU'VE never known the warm glow that comes when friends stop in for a Four Roses Egg-Nog at Christmas time... well, you couldn't pick a better time than right now to start this gracious custom!

1. Here's what you need

Six eggs... $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar... 1 pint cream... 1 pint milk... 1 oz. Jamaica Rum... 1 pint Four Roses.

2. Here's what you do

Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

sugar to yolks while beating. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

3. Here's what you get

Five pints of the most delicious Egg-Nog that ever fluffed up in a bowl! And no wonder! For the Four Roses that you buy today is the most luxuriously smooth and richly flavorful whiskey we have ever made or known, in all our 76 years!



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore

tra called Kennedy's Kongo Kats?"

"Hell, yes," said Mr. Darnel. This seemed to be his only affirmative.

"How is it?" asked Mr. Nesbitt.

"Awful," said Mr. Darnel. "That's what I was telling some kid this morning. Name of Beezy Edwards."

"Who?" asked Mr. Nesbitt, startled.

"Beezy Edwards," repeated Mr. Darnel. "He asked, just like you, which band I thought was going to win. I told him River Falls looked like a cinch. Then he asked about this Kats outfit. I told him the same as I'm telling you. They got no style. No class. That's the trouble with kids. They always think one of them's a Grofé on arrangements."

"I see," said Mr. Nesbitt, thoughtfully—wondering, meanwhile, just where Beezy fitted into the picture.

"Now you take my outfit," said Mr. Darnel, for the fifth or sixth time.

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Mr. Nesbitt, hastily. "Very fine indeed, I'm sure. But tell me something. Does your drummer use tunable tom-toms?"

"Hell, yes," said Mr. Daniel. "Four sets of 'em! We got a little novelty number. A terrific break on the toms! Strictly bucket with a boogie-box background! It kills 'em!" To Dizzy Darnel, apparently, a band without toms, was like an egg without salt. . . .

"Thank you," said Mr. Nesbitt. He hung up the phone, and thoughtfully tapped his pencil against his teeth. Then he picked up the phone again, and dialed the number of the Winfield Music Shop. . . .

HE GOT home early that afternoon, and carried his purchases directly upstairs to the study. They consisted of twenty-six recordings of the music of Mr. Dizzy Darnel and a set of tunable tom-toms.

The tom-toms were each about nine inches high, twelve in diameter and made of honey-colored, polished hardwood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Their stand was an intricate and sturdy wonder of chromium-plated steel tubing, and the ski's shone with a sleek, satin whiteness. Mr. Nesbitt set the outfit up before his chair, took the two padded drumsticks from the packing box, tuned up his Hearophone a notch, and gave the skin of one of the drums an experimental thump. It resounded with a deep, penetrating "Boom!" Mr. Nesbitt shuddered, and turned his Hearophone down to its lowest ebb. With an almost morbid fascination, he thumped at the second tom-tom. Its "Boom!" was somewhat higher than that of the first, though no less penetrating. . . .

Experimentally—watching the petunia blossom that had replaced the rose in the vase on the mantel—he hit both tom-toms simultaneously. The petunia quivered in anguish, and Mr. Nesbitt felt a set of echoes rebound from the top of his skull and smite his diaphragm a mighty blow. "Good Lord!" he said. "They're—they're positively brutal!" Panic-stricken at the implications of what would happen if his scheme went somehow awry, he looked frantically about him for some place to hide the tom-toms. He was too late. There was the sound of a troop of horses coming up the stairs, and Dorothy stood in the doorway. Kicks Kennedy was behind her.

"Hi!" she said, in greeting; and then stopped short. "Tom-toms!" she screamed.

"Tunable tom-toms!" breathed Kicks. He stood, for a moment, staring at the gleaming wood-nickel-and-white drum skins. Then he dropped to one knee alongside them and stroked the drums with his hands. "Gee!"

Mr. Nesbitt wet his lips. He was not accustomed to the practice of subterfuge; and he tried to think of some logi-

cal explanation for his impending generosity. . . . "You told me," he began, "that you thought you could win the Dizzy Darnel contest if you had tom-toms. . . . Is that correct?"

"Why, sure he could!" said Dorothy. "Couldn't you, Kicks?"

"Sure," said Kicks, still staring at the drums. "I'd be a cinch." He thumped the drumheads with the heels of his hands, and the tom-toms muttered awfully. "Boy, oh, boy!" he breathed happily.

"I—er—always admired young men with ambition," temporized Mr. Nesbitt. "I'd like," he added, with great truth, "to see you win that contest. I'm going to make it possible for you to own this set. The down payment on it is made. The weekly payments are one dollar. Does that suit you?"

"Huh?" said Kicks, incredulously.

"You mean I can have them?"

"Yes," said Mr. Nesbitt.

"Do you really mean it, sir?"

Mr. Nesbitt nodded. "Certainly."

recordings. "You can rehearse in the living room every afternoon for an hour."

"Here?" asked Dorothy, staring at him.

"Of course," he said, firmly. "Every afternoon. The thing to do is to practice with these records until you get an idea of what Mr. Darnel likes. Then we'll buy some of the sheet-music arrangements he has for sale, and go to work on them. He's judging the contest, and it stands to reason he likes his own kind of music. If he didn't, he'd change it."

"Yes, sir," said Kicks, slowly. "I guess he would." He seemed somewhat surprised that the idea had never occurred to him.

"And," said Mr. Nesbitt, "I want you to work up a little novelty number. A sort of solo on toms. Something terrific with a boogie-box background. It'll kill 'em!"

Kicks Kennedy's mouth dropped open. "Yes, sir," he said.

come and devoted his afternoons to the Kats.

He was nothing if not thorough. He went systematically about the task of making home recordings of the Kats' efforts, for instance. These he would play back to them, so that they could see wherein they erred.

But it was with the drums that he really shone. Kicks left his traps in the Nesbitt living room; and Mr. Nesbitt got in the habit of taking off their canvas covers, of an evening, and following one of the Darnel recordings through its gamut of dissonance, so as better to instruct Kicks Kennedy in the intricacies of some attractive break. Eventually, he achieved a remarkable dexterity; and although he could not bring himself to the point of chewing gum as he drummed, he found that his jaws took up an involuntary champing motion, and that his head set up a purely mechanical metronomic swinging.

One evening, shortly after school had ended for the summer, and barely a week before the judging of the contest, he was in the throes of the last chorus of "Juju Jamboroo"—the one with the "Taddlia-poomp-ah-Ta-ta-ti" break in it—when he looked up to see Pearl's face peering at him furtively from the dining-room doorway.

INSTANTLY he stopped drumming—feeling somehow a little ridiculous. "Did you want something, Pearl?" he said irritably.

Pearl edged her way into the room. "Mr. Henry," she said, cautiously. "Are you shuah everything is all right?"

"Of course everything's all right," he said irascibly. "As all right as it could be in a madhouse like this, that is. Why?"

Pearl shuffled her feet. "Do the drums still hurt yo' ears, Mr. Henry?"

"Of course they do! I'm almost crazy with hearing them."

"Yas, suh," agreed Pearl, staring at him doubtfully. Then, "Mr. Henry, is you sure, Mr. Henry, dat the Kennedy boy is goin' to win de contes'?"

Mr. Nesbitt suddenly stopped scowling, and smiled. "He's a—er—cinch!" he said, with pride. "Why, we've got the best little five-piece outfit in the state. All Kicks has to do is get up on the stage, and he's in! We can't miss." "Um, h'm," said Pearl dubiously. Then, "Mr. Henry, I don't think the Kennedy boy goin' to get votes enough to appeah on de stage. Leastwise Mrs. Engle's cook say he ain't. She hear that little Engle snip say somebody's payin' cash money fo' votes; and that Miss Dorothy can't collect enough votes for the Kennedy boy to get into the judgin' at all."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Nesbitt. "Who's doing it?"

Pearl shook her head. "Mr. Henry, dey don't nobody know."

The next two days were horrible. Mr. Nesbitt had an interview with Dorothy that same evening, when she got in from a moving picture with Kicks Kennedy. Dorothy was acting as Kicks' campaign manager. She had organized a Kongo Kats' Club at the high school, and herself joined the scavengers who haunted the Winfield Department Store each afternoon to pick up the sales slips which customers often dropped on the floor after making their purchases. . . . Mr. Nesbitt seized her as she entered the Nesbitt door. His face was pale. "Dorothy," he said hoarsely. "Tell me. How many votes have you got for Kicks?"

"Oh, lots!" she said brightly. "Almost two thousand."

Mr. Nesbitt went into a series of lightning calculations. He knew to the dollar what the cash sales of the Winfield Department Store had been since the contest started. Allowing for even



Kicks drew himself up. His eyes were shining. "Mr. Nesbitt," he said earnestly, "when the trials come off, both I and the Kongo Kats will be in there pitching with everything we've got. And if we win—well, I'd have to ask the other guys in the band—but if I have my way, the band won't be called Kennedy's Kongo Kats, any more. It'll be the Nesbitt Nite Owls!"

MR. NESBITT, by now, had ceased to feel like anything as decent as a dog. He drew a deep breath though and smote cleanly. "There is, however, a condition," he said. "I've heard on good authority"—he steeled himself—"that your band is—er—corny. Strictly boom-boom. Something's got to be done about it, or that five-piece band from River Falls will win the contest."

He paused to gather their reaction. Kicks Kennedy had an expression of injured pride on his face; and Dorothy was staring at him with awe and amazement at his erudition. "You have no style," continued Mr. Nesbitt, bravely. "That's the trouble with kids," he added with unctious. "They always think they're a—er—Grofé on arrangements. You'll have to do a lot of work. A lot of work." He picked up the package of

"Fine," said Mr. Nesbitt. "Now—er—get in there and pitch!"

The next three weeks were a nightmare. Each afternoon, Mr. Nesbitt sat in the living room and listened to the ceaseless thumping of two tunable tom-toms; and—when he tuned up his Hearophone—to the squalling of a saxophone and a cornet, the plinking of a guitar, and the twiddling of a not too expertly played piano. . . . At night—in his dreams—he heard the tom-toms alone. The whole of his universe trembled to their echoes; and he soon reached the point where he snapped at his secretary, made no loans at the bank, kept his Hearophone permanently turned off, drank four bottles of beer of an evening instead of his usual two, and jumped whenever anyone spoke to him.

He had long ago taken over the superintending of the Kongo Kats, for it was apparent from the first that they were not going to win the contest without careful guidance. And after two weeks of intensive exposure to Mr. Darnel's recordings, and to the Kats' efforts, Mr. Nesbitt prided himself on knowing more about swing than the next man. He therefore gave up reading the Courier until more peaceful days should

GIRL GOES BACK TO COLLEGE

LAST JANUARY 2, Clare Fisher, her Christmas holiday over, kissed Papa and Mama Fisher goodbye, set out to return to her classes at a well-known girls college in New England.

Her father had planned to drive Clare back. But weather was bad, so he put her on a Pullman, as being the safest, surest way for her to travel. Never having taken a Pullman before, she was a bit nervous. But all nervousness faded as the porter gave her a big, reassuring smile, told her to ring the bell if she wanted anything.



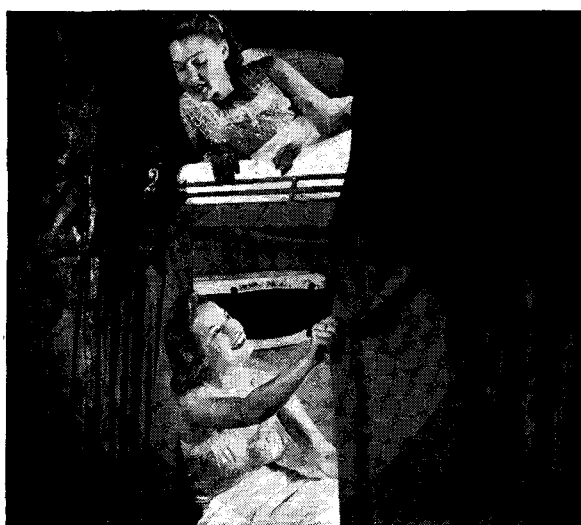
CLARE NO SOONER got settled than another girl came in. Clare found that her name was Ruth Murphy, that she was also going back East to college, and that she had the upper berth over Clare's lower. They hit it off together at once, went up to the dining car to have dinner together.



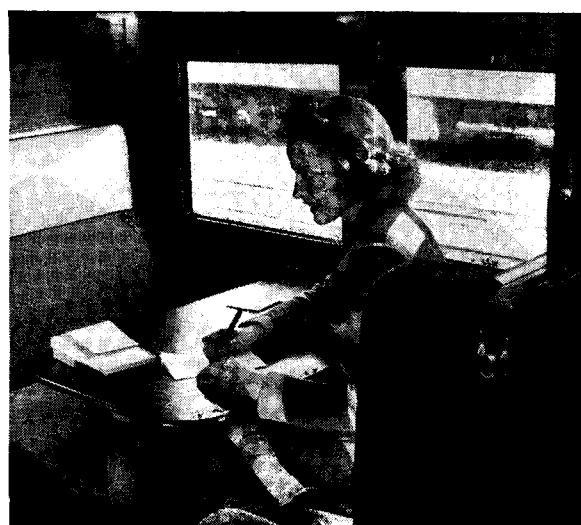
DINNER OVER, they wandered back to the lounge car. Here they got their first big kick of the trip; a famous movie actor was there! He left, but they hardly noticed, for they'd struck up an acquaintance and started a lively conversation with two army flyers (whose names you can't have—yet).



AFTER BRIDGE and much good talk with the flyers, Clare and Ruth retired to their car, washed faces and scrubbed teeth before bed. Clare discovered (by watching Ruth) that you *pull forward* the water faucets to turn them on, that the small bowl was the tooth-scrubbing bowl. She felt like an old hand!



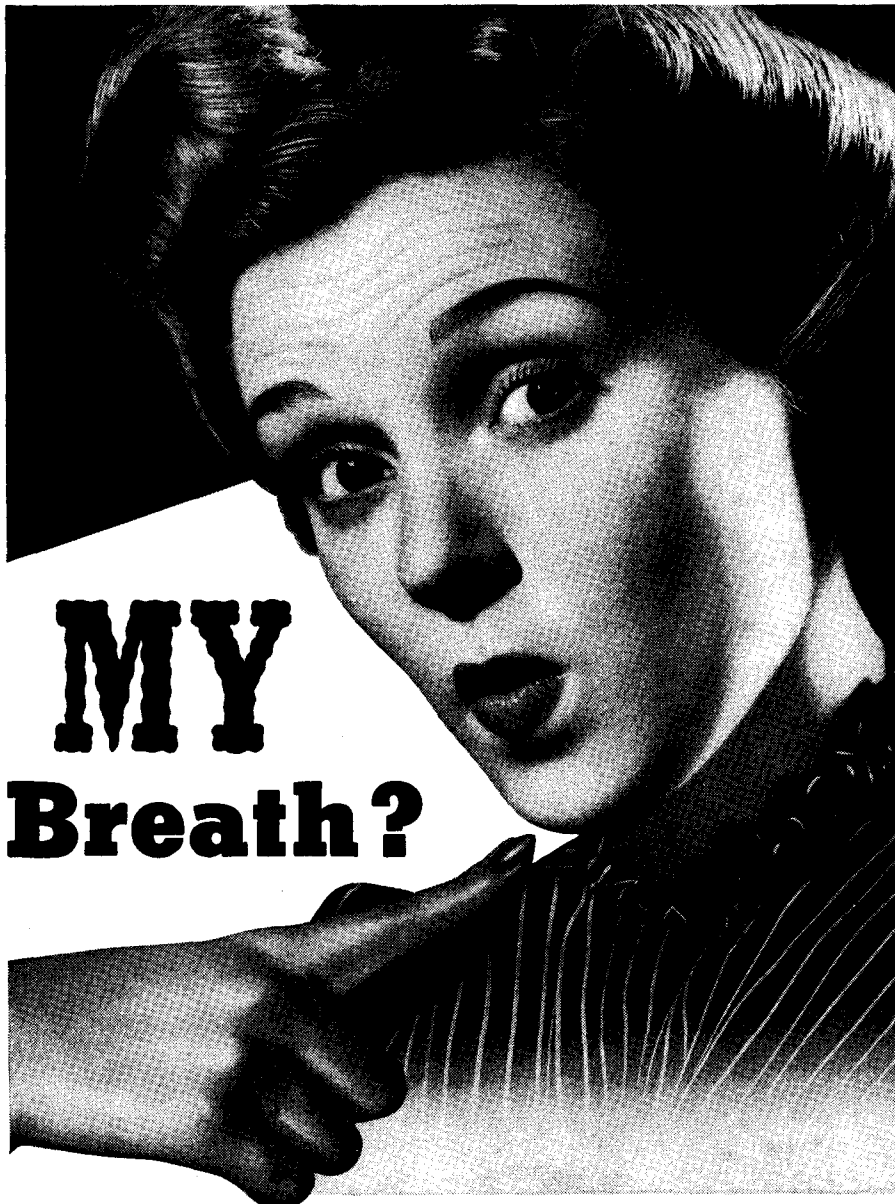
TO BED: Ruth up above, Clare below. And those berths are shipshape as a Captain's Cabin! Hangers for clothes; a hammock and shelf for stockings, etc.; a dandy reading light; real air-conditioning; and, between those crisp, crackly sheets, *the divinest bed you ever tucked a toe into!*



NEXT MORNING, Clare was writing home: "Dear Dad and Mom . . . There never, never was anything like this Pullman trip for fun . . . I feel like a queen . . . I met the most wonderful people . . . I guess I'm spoiled for any other kind of travel." *Try Pullman. You'll be spoiled, too.*

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MY Breath?

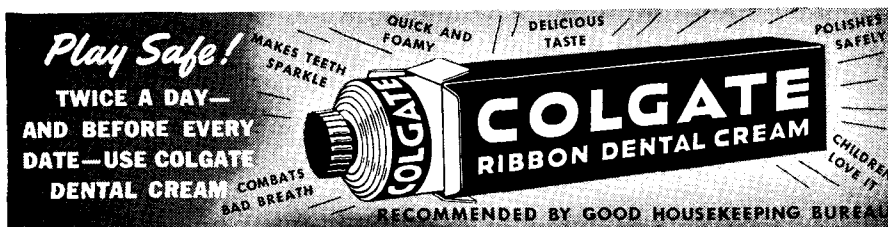
Yes, YOURS! For even YOU can have Bad Breath!
In fact it's more than likely that you do! Don't run the risk! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!



YES, SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH

HERE'S WHY: Colgate's has an active penetrating foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.

BESIDES, Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently... makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!



a fifty per cent margin of lost sales slips there must be at least fifty thousand votes waiting to be cast. "Ye gods and little fishes," he groaned; and picked up the phone to call Neely Phelps at his home.

Neely, it appeared, had heard rumors, too. Certain of his customers had remarked that Winfield Department Store sales slips had a cash currency value, among their younger children, of twenty-five cents for ten dollars' worth. . . . No, he couldn't imagine who would care enough about the outcome of the contest to spend that much money to influence the result. . . . Yes, he *would* try to find out! . . . Who was leading in the contest? Well, as he recalled it, the River Falls band was leading with about ten thousand votes; Linklater's Lulus were second with seventy-two hundred odd, and the Bayou Bearcats were runners-up with four thousand. . . . Kicks Kennedy? Why, he was fifth with twenty-five hundred votes.

Mr. Nesbitt hung up. The election closed the next day; and under the terms of the contest Kicks Kennedy had to place in the first three, even to get a hearing in the finals. Instead, he was fifth; and there were almost twenty-five thousand votes outstanding. Who had them? Mr. Nesbitt didn't know. And he couldn't find out. . . . And by the afternoon of the next day, he was desperate. The ballot-counting and final judging were due to take place that same evening on the stage of the Winfield Theater; and it looked as though whoever was doing the dirty work intended to use his accumulated votes to see that his band was the best of the three that were to be judged.

A truly ingenious scheme, thought Mr. Nesbitt. Worthy of a Tammany boss. . . . But where was the financial interest in winning *this* election? . . . Unless—wait! The band that went on tour would be paid one hundred fifty dollars, plus expenses, for each of its twelve appearances. *That* sum was worth spending money to secure. One of the contestants was buying votes for himself! Which one? Obviously, the band that was leading! The River Falls Band. "Ha, ha!" cried Mr. Nesbitt, aloud and reached for his phone.

Twenty minutes later—dispatched by his high-school principal—a certain fifteen-year-old Jerry Voelter stood in Mr. Nesbitt's office, while Mr. Nesbitt sternly berated him for vote-buying, trying to influence a free election, poor citizenship, and other crimes.

Jerry Voelter, however, proved not to be the guilty man. He had bought no votes. "Besides," he said, "Beezy Edwards says that—"

"Who?" shouted Mr. Nesbitt.

"Beezy Edwards," repeated Jerry. "It was his idea. . . . Beezy says that—"

"Never mind!" shouted Mr. Nesbitt. "I see the picture quite clearly." He grabbed his hat, and sailed out the door like a hurricane, muttering as he went.

HE LOCATED Beezy Edwards at the Uptown Drugstore. Beezy was calmly inhaling a Giant-Thick malt. Having by this time recovered control of his temper, Mr. Nesbitt sat down beside him and said, very jovially, "Well, well, young man! Where've you been keeping yourself?"

Beezy's scholarly eyes observed him gravely through their horn-rimmed glasses. "Oh, round and about, sir. Nice to see you again." He waited—the picture of respectful dignity. He might well have passed as a devout and vaguely reproachful clergyman confronted with a wandering member of his flock. This despite the fact that Mr. Nesbitt knew Jerry Voelter had undoubtedly given him the alarm. . . . He mopped his brow and ordered an Alka-Bromo.

"Beezy," Mr. Nesbitt said, "we've been working at cross-purposes."

"Have we, sir?" said Beezy in surprise. "How's that?"

Mr. Nesbitt decided on complete frankness: "Where in thunder did you get hold of six hundred dollars to buy up all those votes?"

Beezy, apparently, decided on frankness, too: "It didn't cost me six hundred, sir. I only bought enough to keep the balance right; and I sold a lot of those at a profit. I'm only in the thing about a hundred and fifty bucks; and I'll get that back. I sold part of my coin collection to finance the deal."

"I see," said Mr. Nesbitt, reflectively. "Apparently, you have quite a talent for finance. But do you think it was quite honest to buy votes? After all, that's what crooked politicians do."

"I thought about that, sir. But I figured that since this was purely a commercial proposition, and Mr. Phelps was selling votes in his store, I had a right to buy them."

Mr. Nesbitt thought this over. "Well, perhaps you had," he conceded. "But there're some things I don't quite understand. Maybe you'd better explain the whole deal to me."

BEEZY looked a little uncomfortable. "Well, sir," he said. "They say anything's fair in love or war, and this was sure both of them. I figured I could make a little money and get a rival out of the way at the same time."

"Kicks Kennedy?" inquired Mr. Nesbitt.

Beezy nodded. "I was going to use my profits to start a summer theater. I figured Dorothy would—"

Mr. Nesbitt nodded. "You thought a summer theater, with Dorothy as leading lady, would be more of an attraction than a—er—losing band leader. That's where you were wrong. Unless Kicks wins the contest, Dorothy will have to keep him around all summer."

Beezy's composure vanished, and gave place to apprehension. "She will?" he said in alarm. "Why?"

"Because," said Mr. Nesbitt. "She can't desert him when he's down. It would be disloyal. My plan was better. If he wins the contest, he'll be gone all summer. Then your theater might do some good."

"I guess maybe you're right, sir," said Beezy slowly. "I didn't get it. I thought you were helping the droop because you liked him."

"Heavens, no," said Mr. Nesbitt. "His drumming drives me—er—nuts! . . . But this Jerry Voelter deal. How does it work?"

Beezy grinned at him. "Simple, sir. Dizzy Darnel told me when the contest started that the River Falls Band was the best in town. I saw a chance to make some money, so I told Jerry if he'd pay me twenty per cent of the earnings from their tour, I'd guarantee that his band would reach the final judging. I figured he'd be a cinch to win—especially if I could fix it so that a couple of sad outfits like Linklater's Lulus and the Bayou Bearcats would be second and third."

"H'm, h'm!" said Mr. Nesbitt, reflectively. "I wondered why you called Darnel, that day. I might have known that it wasn't merely an academic interest in music. . . . Beezy," he continued, "how many votes are you holding right now?"

"About ten thousand, sir."

"That's enough," said Mr. Nesbitt, "to make sure that Kicks Kennedy makes the final judging. That's what you'll have to do."

Beezy looked at him in dismay. "But I can't vote for Kicks, sir. It wouldn't be ethical. I promised to help Jerry Voelter."

"The ethics of the situation are sadly

scrambled now," said Mr. Nesbitt. "But you've already kept your end of your bargain with Jerry. You simply promised him you'd get him into the finals; and that if he won, you'd take twenty per cent of his earnings. Furthermore, you've no right to deprive Kicks of his chance. Nor, to be thoroughly fair about it, the others, either. Rigging elections is bad business. Fortunately," he added with pride, "Kicks has the best little five-piece band in the state. He'd win anyhow, so the others aren't really suffering an injustice."

"But how about my hundred and fifty bucks?" asked Beezy.

Mr. Nesbitt looked at him severely. "You richly deserve to lose it."

"Yes, sir," said Beezy doubtfully.

"I will, however, buy you an ice-cream soda."

"Thanks," said Beezy absently. He ordered chocolate, and sat for a moment, sipping it. He said, presently, "I wonder about something. There's never been any physical trouble between Kicks and me. He knows he's behind in the election. I wonder if I went to see him right now, if I could sell him on the same deal I did Voelter."

Mr. Nesbitt gasped. Then he laughed. "Yes," he said, slowly. "I suppose you could."

THE tumult and the shouting had died. The contest was a week over; and the Nesbitt Nite Owls, *nee* Kicks Kennedy's Kongo Kats, had won the nod, and were on a train headed for their first week's engagement in Centerville.

Mr. Nesbitt got home quite early, that afternoon. He was jovial—beamingly so. He came into the house, said, "Well, well, how's everything?" to Pearl, and went whistling off upstairs to the study. Once there, he removed his shoes, turned himself off, and settled himself comfortably with the Courier.

For a little while he read in peace.

But then, apparently, something commenced to disturb him. He shifted uneasily in his chair and turned up his Hearophone, expecting to hear some violent noise. There was none—only a murmur of voices from the veranda. Something, he sensed, was very wrong. For a second he couldn't determine what it was. Then, suddenly, he knew: The flower in the vase was motionless!

He considered this fact for a moment before its significance struck him. Then he realized that he was also disturbed by the absence of certain vibrations in the soles of his feet, and in the top of his skull. He sat up straight in his chair. "Great Scott!" he said, in horror. . . . For a moment, he meditated on the vagaries of the human mind, and on what he'd read in books of psychology on conditioned reflexes. Then, with a sigh, he selected a record he'd made of Kicks Kennedy's Kongo Kats, went downstairs to the living room, put it on the turntable of the big phonograph, set the machine on "repeat," and returned to the study.

For a moment, he sat in his chair—with his Hearophone turned off. The vibrations were satisfactory, so he settled back in comfort to read the Courier. For perhaps a minute, he perused it in peace, while his head and feet thrummed comfortably, and the flower on the mantel shuddered.

Then the door of the study opened, and his daughter Dorothy came in. She came directly to where he sat, and turned him on slightly.

"Father," she said, in a pathetically pained voice. "We can't stand that awful phonograph so loud. Specially, those horrible drums! Beezy and some of us are rehearsing a play on the veranda, and we simply can't hear ourselves think."

Mr. Nesbitt stared at her blankly. "Ye gods!" he said. "Ye gods and little fishes!"

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Berger



Bud: C'mon, now! A big locomotive for the team!

Sis: Well! Well! I never knew cheerleaders did homework. But why don't you open up and give? That yelp would make any team run the wrong way!



Bud: Who asked *you* in here? Cheerleading has to be practiced, like anything else. You have to develop timing—and rhythm—and pep.



Sis: Pep, is it? Well, you don't get *that* in front of a mirror! You can't have it unless you eat right, and a few more vitamins might do wonders for your *oomph*, my lad. Scram down to the kitchen. Here's where we do a favor to dear old Alma Mater.



Sis: And right here is where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have 'em all, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important ones—vitamins B₁ and D.

Bud: Holy cats! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be this much fun, I'm going to be the most vitaminized cheerleader you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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"You never consider anyone but yourself!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Wicked Little Willem

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



DEAR children, once upon a time—just last month, to be strictly truthful—there lived in Holland a wicked little boy named Willem Kampfeldt. He lived with his father, Jan, and his grandmother, Mrs. Dencker. They had a clean house on a tidy street in the village of Domhelder, which is twenty miles from Rotterdam.

Willem's mother, his sister and his two older brothers were dead. The Kampfeldts had been living in Rotterdam when Mr. Hitler sent his bombing planes to punish that city for defying him. Mr. Hitler's bombing planes killed Mrs. Kampfeldt, Kathie, Paul and Jan, Jr. Mr. Hitler said he was very sorry that the Dutch government had forced him to do this. Of course, that should have ended the matter. But little Willem hated the Germans. As all good children know, it is wrong to hate anyone.

Little Willem hated the Germans so much that he would not smile and wave his hand when Mr. Hitler sent Colonel von Bock and a regiment of soldiers to Domhelder. The Germans moved into barracks that Dutch soldiers once had occupied. Colonel von Bock issued orders that Willem's father, Jan, and other Dutchmen in Domhelder must work fourteen hours every day at the town's one factory. It had been an automobile factory, but now Mr. Hitler wanted the Dutchmen to make tanks for his army.

Old Jan Kampfeldt cursed about this and set a bad example to little Willem. Children tend to copy their elders. Little Willem did not actually say any swear words, but he hated the Germans harder than ever. He talked to Hans and Jon and Peter and Klass and Dirk, his playmates at school, and they began to hate the Germans also. Was not this a wicked thing to do? Worse than that, little Willem had a dog named Storkie. He was named Storkie because his legs were too long for his body. And do you know what little Willem did? He taught Storkie to hate Germans and growl and bark at Colonel von Bock's soldiers.

Now, it became the custom for Colonel von Bock to parade his troops into the public square of Domhelder every Friday morning at seven o'clock. Colonel von Bock marched his soldiers from their barracks down the street where Willem lived and into the public square. The first morning they did this Willem and Hans and Jon and Peter and Klass and Dirk put paper orange flowers in the buttonholes of their jackets and marched along the sidewalk. They mocked the German goose-step.

COLONEL VON BOCK stopped his soldiers and said, "Reduce the bread ration of every family on this block one half!"

The parents of Hans and Jon and Peter and Klass and Dirk were much upset by having their bread ration cut in half. They forbade little Willem's playmates to mock the Germans any more. But old Jan Kampfeldt did not punish little Willem.

"That must have been funny, little Willem," he said. "I wish I had been there to see it."

How sad it is to see parents encouraging their children to be smarty-pants. The next time Colonel von Bock and his soldiers marched toward the public square, little Willem and his dog Storkie were right out there on the sidewalk. Little Willem carried his small Dutch flag. On Storkie's stub of a tail, he had tied a large campaign button with the picture of Mr. Hitler.

Colonel von Bock stopped his soldiers and said, "Catch that boy and that dog!"

And where do you think she found that wicked little Willem? He was in the street, putting the finishing touches to a snow lady

Willem and Storkie did not run.

A German soldier collared little Willem and another soldier collared Storkie.

"Shoot his dog," Colonel von Bock said.

An officer pulled out his big pistol and shot Storkie down dead.

Little Willem was too far gone in wickedness to cry. He picked Storkie up in his arms, when the Germans had marched on, and carried him home. Little Willem buried Storkie in the back yard and put the Dutch flag at the head of Storkie's grave.

But, even now, Jan Kampfeldt neglected to punish little Willem.

"Hitler tied to your dog's tail, eh?" he said. "Good, good. Storkie died a heroic death, and we should have had to destroy him anyway. Winter is here and we cannot spare food for dogs."

THERE was a heavy snowfall that week. Early the next Friday morning, while it was still dark, Grandma Dencker found little Willem's bed empty. "Little Willem must not taunt Colonel von Bock again!" Grandma Dencker said to herself.

Putting on her shawl, Grandma Dencker hurried into the street. Domhelder was blacked-out because of British air raids. Poor Grandma Dencker could hardly see three feet ahead of her nose. But she floundered along the snow-filled street, knowing that she must find him before daylight and Colonel von Bock came.

And where do you think she found that wicked little Willem? He was in the middle of their street, but down the block near the entrance to the public square. He was putting the finishing touches to a snow lady. In the first gray light of dawn, Grandma Dencker peered dumfounded at the snow lady.

"Our good Queen Wilhelmina!" she gasped. "Oh, no, little Willem. It is a sacrilege!"

Wicked little Willem grabbed his grandmother by the arm and pulled her away. "We must hurry home, Grandma," he said. "Do not ask me why."

They left the snow statue of good Queen Wilhelmina standing squarely in the middle of the street and facing the German line of march.

This time, little Willem did not go out of the house when Colonel von Bock and his men tramped by. The wicked child had worked half the night in snow and he was suffering severely from chilblains.

Poor Grandma Dencker had just put little Willem's feet to soak in balsam water when there was a tremendous explosion. It shook the house. It shook the windmill.

"Dearie me, what has happened?" quavered Grandma Dencker.

Now, indeed, had little Willem reached almost the final depths of depravity.

"I am not sure, Grandma," he said, "but I think Colonel von Bock kicked our dear Queen Wilhelmina."

Of course, dear children, this iniquity could not continue unpunished.

Wicked little Willem's father, Jan, was beside himself with anger when he reached home. He grabbed little Willem by the ear and led him into the woodshed.

"Tell me the truth, son," roared Jan Kampfeldt, "you stole my bomb out of the attic, didn't you?"

Little Willem did not falter. "Yes, Father, I did," he admitted, without shame or remorse, "and I put it in Queen Wilhelmina."

Now the wrath of a stern father, at last aroused to his son's waywardness, descended on little Willem.

"Dunderhead!" he bellowed. "Only a mere colonel and eighty-seven men dead or wounded. I was saving that bomb to blow up the factory. You are a bad little boy!"

He spanked Willem good and hard.

A SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Double your Holiday Enjoyment with the

"bonus year"

TEN HIGH



THIS Christmas—even you old TEN HIGH drinkers are in for a surprise when you taste the "bonus year" TEN HIGH. It has the goodness you've always enjoyed in this glorious bourbon—plus the flavor-bonus of an added birthday. Yes, there's a tastable *extra* deliciousness that *Doubles Your Enjoyment!*



Like grapes picked at the peak of perfection

TEN HIGH is
RIPENED JUST RIGHT—
year after year,
after year after year!

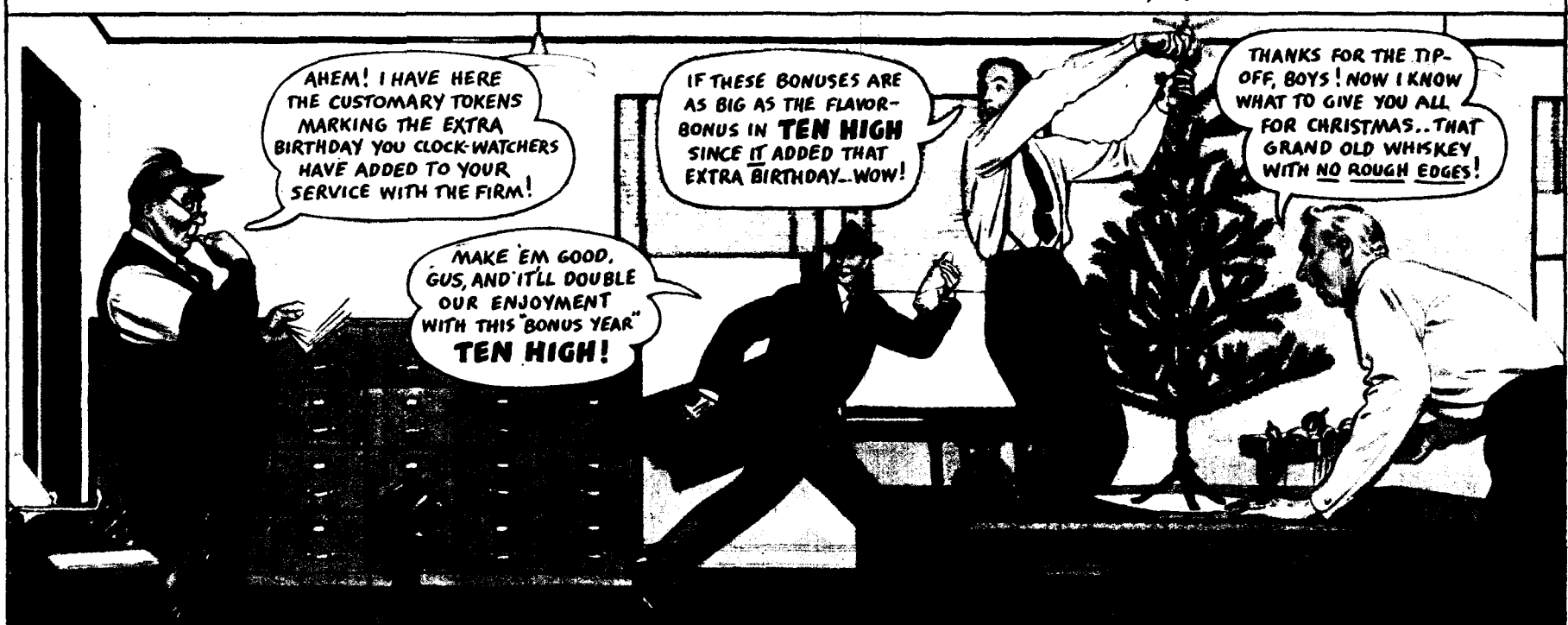
This whiskey
is 4 years old



Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof
Copr. 1941, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

"THE RIBBERS"

by Glen Fleischmann



Not "TOO LITTLE"

IN four tragic words is written the epitaph of most of the peaceable and freedom-loving countries of Europe.

Because there was "too little too late" there is neither peace nor freedom in Belgium, in Holland, in Norway or in Greece.

Because of "too little too late," the French have neither liberty nor equality; the Serbs are hunted down in their own mountains; the Poles, Czechs and Slovenes are learning that the only alternative to freedom is slavery.

From such bitter lessons America is now seeking to learn.

We propose not to do too little. We are striving not to be too late.

And the first chill fact we must face is that neither can be accomplished in any lax or self-indulgent spirit.

To be specific, we have here at Goodyear adequate facilities for supplying all your normal needs in tires and tubes, and hundreds of other useful rubber products.

It would have been easy, by peaking up our accustomed activities, to add to that peacetime production a considerable volume of military rubber goods.

But Goodyear realized months ago that "considerable" might be too little, and it might come too late.

We recognized that the only sure way to produce enough and to produce in time was to establish the rigid rule, "*Defense First!*" — that both time and materials used in manufacturing peacetime wares must be adjusted to that.

So today Goodyear's first concern is the production of bulletproof tires and bullet-



not "TOO LATE"

sealing gasoline tanks, half-track and tank treads, barrage balloons and airships, rubber lifeboats and pontoons, and scores of other Army and Navy needs—in quantities required for America's impregnable defense.

As things appear now, we do not believe this all-out defense program will interfere seriously with your ability to get tires and tubes. There should be enough in all sizes to meet essential civilian needs.

It may happen at times, that your Goodyear dealer will not be able to supply your particular size instantly. But if you'll be patient, he'll be able to get it for you.

If you do need tires now, you'll be wise to get Goodyear's first-line "G-3" All-Weather — because tests prove it averages thousands of miles longer tread wear.

You'll be wise, too, to equip your tires with LifeGuards — Goodyear's

modern safety successor to inner tubes. With LifeGuards you can drive your present tires "as is," or retreaded, many months longer than normally, without danger from blowouts.

Putting LifeGuards in new "G-3" All-Weathers, in your present Goodyears or tires of any other make, is the best way we know of stretching out your tires' useful life safely.

And stretching your tires' life right now helps stretch the rubber supply, which in turn helps make sure that in arming America there will not be too little and it will not come too late.

For your own protection, buy
the world's standard of value

GOODYEAR
"G3"

ALL-WEATHER

—the tire with 19 feet of
grip in every foot of tread



—and put
LIFEGUARDS
in them

The LifeGuard consists of a reserve safety tire within an extra-sturdy tube. Should casing and tube be injured, the LifeGuard's inner tire carries you to a safe, easy, straight-line stop.



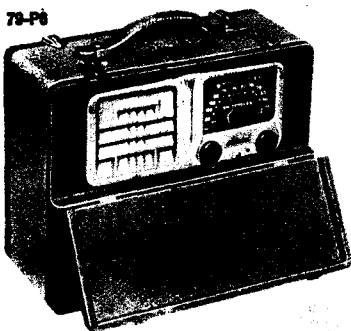
All-Weather, LifeGuard—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Our New Army

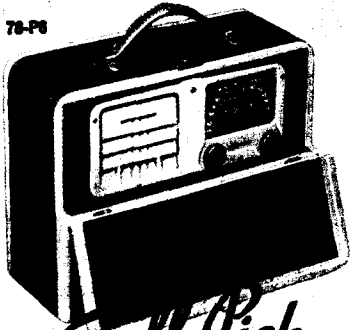
Continued from page 17



77-P5



78-P6



A Swell Pick-up
FOR CHRISTMAS!

Dazzling beauty! Thrilling tone! Sparkling performance! Actually it's the most powerful portable radio built. Plays everywhere... even in so-called "dead spots." Super sensitive, super selective because of tuned RF stage, 3 section gang condenser. Has deluxe 2-tone simulated leather case with hinged cover and back. Ask your Admiral dealer to show you these sensational values.

CONTINENTAL RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.
3800 CORTLAND STREET, CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Originators of Slide-A-Way... Aeroscope... AC-DC-Battery Banlam... Tilt-Tuning... Touch-O-Matic.
Admiral Radios are priced from \$14.95 and up. See these sensational values at your nearest Admiral dealer.

training before their flight lessons begin. Up to this time, embryo Air Force officers hopped into airplanes almost as soon as they had drawn their uniforms at a Primary Flight School; now at replacement centers they undergo an orientation period plus instruction in everything from physical drill to signal communications. Idea is to prepare cadets mentally and physically for their flight training and to instruct them in the duties of a junior officer.

Now half completed, the center will ultimately take care of 4,700 men. First batch of 1,972 moved in a month ago and 2,000 more are due in a couple of weeks. Originally scheduled to be finished by November 30th, a change in plans added thirty buildings to the project and the completion time has been changed to February 15th. Still in the blueprint stage is a 750-bed hospital group of forty-one buildings. Construction isn't the only activity which is at the feverish point. Officers who will command and instruct are snowed under with work, Mess Officer Capt. L. R. Kemp is faced with the problem of trying to outguess the contractors on completion of the kitchens and mess halls, and Commandant Major Sidney D. Grubbs is sitting on top of the whole works harvesting gray hairs by the handful.

Cadets with any prowess in track and field events have something to work for at any of the Gulf Coast Air Corps Training Center schools. An ornate athletic trophy, donated by Hollywood's Brian Donlevy, who spent some weeks at Randolph Field during the filming of *I Wanted Wings*, will be awarded every ten weeks to one of the GCACTC outfits. Competition is for cadets only, officers and enlisted men being taboo. Athletes with reputations won't give any one school a particular advantage because the judges don't give a hang about individual records. At least ninety-five per cent of each field's cadets have to try their hands (and feet) at the football throw, seventy five-yard dash, hop-step-and-jump, spud race and soccer punt. All times and distances will be totaled and averaged and telegraphed to Director of Physical Training Harold L. Berridge at Randolph Field, whose office will compile results and ship the trophy off for a spell at the winning school. The whole project is in line with the Air Corps requirements that cadets take an hour of exercise daily, so there's no danger of its bottlenecking flight training.

UTAH

WENDOVER BOMBING AND GUNNERY RANGE. We will now go into some detail concerning this unusual 1,800,000-acre spot, briefly touched upon in this page for November 29th and constituting the biggest and best general bombing range in the world. By next spring squadrons from all over the country will sit down on the acres and miles of new concrete runways at this field, a subpost of Fort Douglas, for concentrated practice. The vast, sun-baked range of sand dunes, sagebrush and salt is being used now by Salt Lake and Boise air-base units which fly over loaded with bombs made out of ninety-five pounds of sand and five pounds of black powder in a tin cylinder—just enough to make the hit. Eventually, all practice and real bombs will be loaded on the planes at Wendover itself.

Death Valley was never more treacherous than the salt flats. It takes four weeks to six months to train a range man. The truck drivers—who don't hold pilots' licenses but should—are the pick

of the Army, because range crews that have to go seventy-five miles to reach and work on a target in one day can't mosey along. They make their own roads and travel them with the throttles of reconnaissance cars and trucks pushed all the way down. The water level is either a foot under or a few inches over the surface and when a vehicle breaks through the thin salt crust the wheels go out of sight fast unless the gearjammer knows what he's doing and does it in a flash. The ground won't absorb moisture; when water drains off the mountains, brackish lakes miles in area and only a few inches deep form over the flats and the wind moves the lakes around continually.

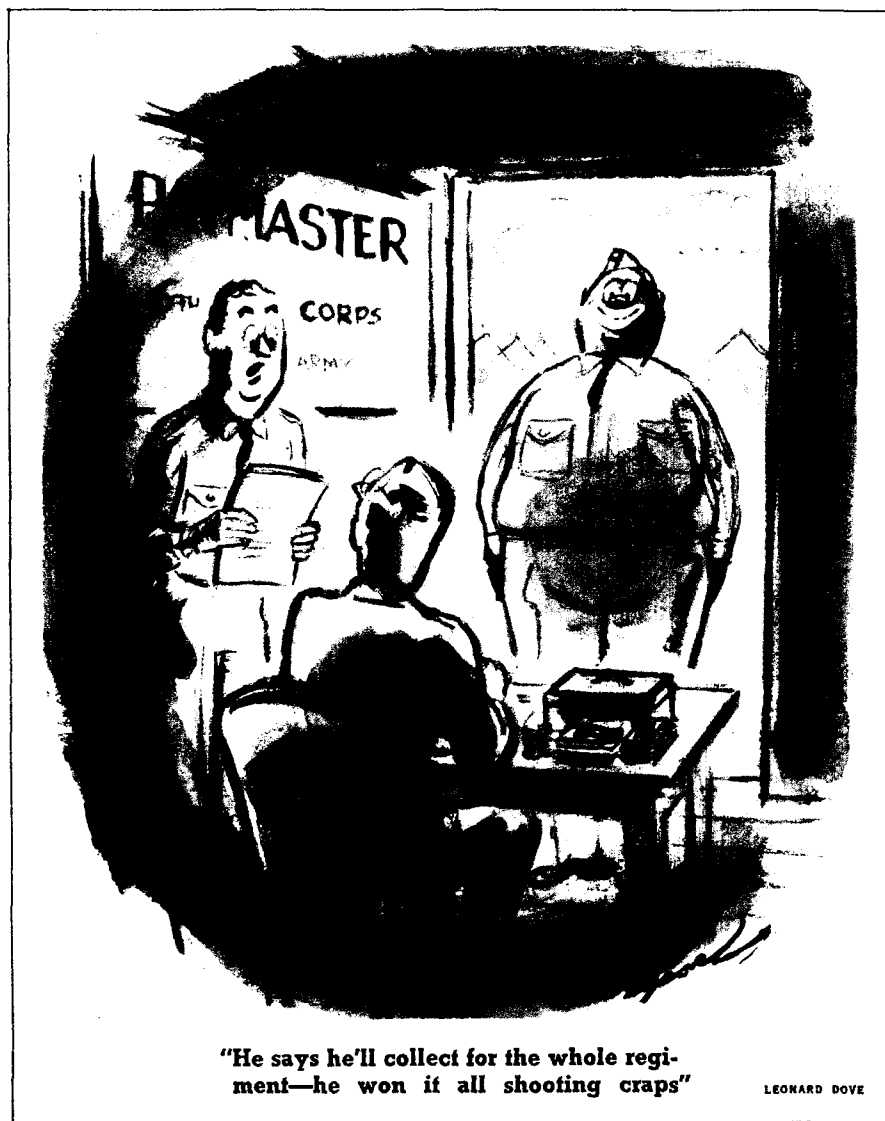
Even the crack drivers frequently get stuck but "A vehicle isn't stuck," says Staff Sgt. E. S. Gregory, "until the windshield wiper won't work. When only the fenders show, that's just slowing down." Prime object is to keep moving, even though that consists of crawling through soft sand at the rate of a few inches per hour. When a range crew goes out a return time is set. If the time passes, a rescue squad girds up its gear and gets going, fast. Sgt. Gregory learned to respect the desert the hard way. With Sgt. Milton C. Bratley he walked nearly twenty-five miles in eight hours from a stuck truck under a broiling sun without water. It was the first time he had ever gone out without filling the fifteen-gallon emergency water tank, and he isn't going to do it again. When the rescue squad picked them up the sergeants had swollen tongues, blistered feet, nearly paralyzed legs and disturbing delusions. It was on just such a trip into new territory that Sgt. Gregory's truck kept bogging down. "I know

we can't go any farther," a private wailed as he labored to debog the vehicle. "The truck knows we can't go any farther. But Sgt. Gregory doesn't know we can't go any farther."

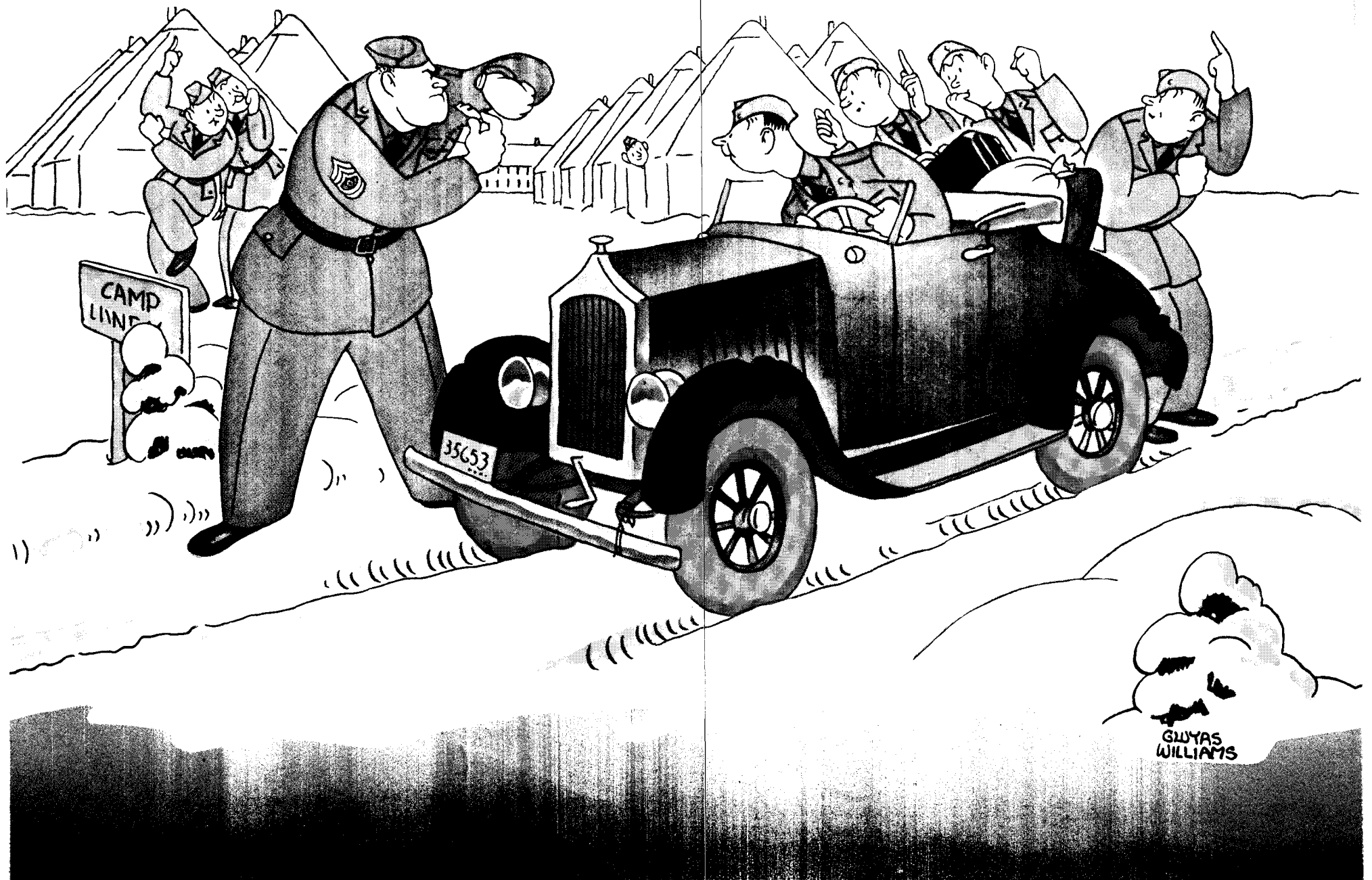
Job of the range crew is to build and maintain the uniform-size targets, the outer ring, of waste oil on cinders, being 500 feet across. In the center of a daylight target (fifty-foot bull's-eye) they put a worn-out tent, which gets torn to shreds. Flares light up the target circles at night. The crews are sold on the accuracy of the bombing outfits and say that even from a height of 18,000 feet the released bombs rarely land outside the targets. Crews know in advance which targets will be bombed but even that doesn't keep new men from getting slight cases of the meemies. For maintenance reasons the targets are grouped in twos and threes, the individual targets being several miles apart. Airplanes at high altitudes release bombs as far as six miles from the target but a man has to work with a range crew for a while to get over the feeling he's going to be blasted by a stray egg.

The Wendover detachment is an individual bunch, self-reliant and doing all right. Nine out of ten are selectees, the officers are Reservists and full strength will be about 200 officers and men. Wendover is a railroad town boasting a 200 population on the Utah-Nevada line, 130 miles from Salt Lake City. On the Nevada side, two blocks from camp, are gambling casinos and bars for the guys with dough; the others scratch around for gold in near-by abandoned mines.

The whole setup is just a gigantic hunk of desert right now but it may prove to be one of the vital defense points of the country some day. G. W.



LEONARD DOVE



... he's using that fast-starting
Texaco Sky Chief gasoline

IN these days when Private Mullarkey and all the rest of us are trying to get more from our cars in performance and long life, have you ever realized how a fast-starting gasoline like Texaco **SKY CHIEF** can help?

SKY CHIEF's fast starting is not just a matter of dependable winter service ... it means the saving of gasoline that slow starting wastes ... it helps to keep batteries lively and long lived ... it also helps prevent the excessive crankcase oil dilution that causes

engine wear. That, in a nutshell, is the reason this luxury gasoline is no longer a luxury. It *protects* your car.

At a time when, as individuals and as a nation, we are conserving our resources, these things are important.

Try **SKY CHIEF** for its quick winter starting...for its economy. Remember it costs no more than other premium gasolines.

You're Welcome AT

TEXACO DEALERS



SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices. ++ *Sky Chief* is available in all 48 States and in every Province in the Dominion of Canada.

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2 GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS
FRED ALLEN every Wednesday Night.
 See your local newspaper for time and station.
METROPOLITAN OPERA. Complete broadcasts of great operas with famous stars every Saturday afternoon. Consult newspapers for time and stations.

Seagram's... GIFTS OF



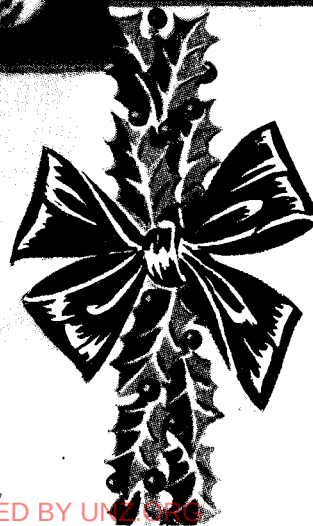
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN

A delightfully mild-tasting whiskey... Seagram keeps the toughness out...blends extra pleasure in. Seagram's 5 Crown is ideal for a highball, Manhattan or Old Fashioned. Always a welcome gift, it is packaged in a cheerful Christmas box.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

Rich and full-flavored—without a trace of heaviness, this exquisite whiskey is delicious in a highball, a Christmas egg nog, punch or a Tom and Jerry. Here is Seagram's finest American whiskey—encased in a stunning Christmas gift box.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF



A Memory of Christmas

I can see him now a-sitting in
the chair he loved so well,
As he opened up his presents, he would
grin, for he could tell
By the gurgling in the package that
our gift was no surprise
And he showed his hearty pleasure
by the twinkle in his eyes.

He would fun
as he pull
And he'd give
a funny lit
"Well, for god
and he'd l
As we gather
for a frien

ONLY THE FINEST IS FIT

GOOD TASTE ♦ ♦ SINCE 1857



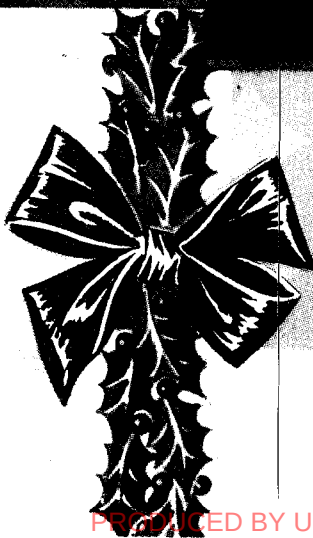
As Long, Long Ago

he wrapper
on off
tuckle and

s, it's Seagram's!"
ottle up
he table
cup.

And even though that Yuletide scene
goes back so long ago,
It seems like only yesterday—and
surely I should know
For it happens *every* Christmas as
the years go rolling by,
We *still* give gifts of Seagram's, yes,
but Grandpa now is I.

ENOUGH FOR CHRISTMAS



SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY
Here is imported whisky at its finest. 7
years old. The perfect highball whisky,
delicate and fragrant. A magnificent
Christmas gift—presented in a luxurious
container which is cleverly designed to
serve as a glove, jewelry, or cigarette box.

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN
A *Naturally Golden Gin*...only gin of its
kind ever made in America. Smooth in a
"Golden Martini"—or in tall gin drinks.
The distinguished "ancient" bottle is
presented in a glistening, transparent,
specially designed holiday wrapping.

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES. 86.8 PROOF
SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF

Alder Gulch

Continued from page 20

three stopped at the shed and leaned against it. "This the place?" asked Marshland.

"Sure," said Ives.

Boots cracked against loose rocks on the other side of the shed and a shape circled the shed's corner, lightly advancing. The shape stood before them, medium and slim—and Henry Plummer's voice said, "All right?"

"No," said Ives. "He had nothing on him but a single eagle."

"He wouldn't leave the country without his dust."

"Maybe he sent it out by express."

"No," said Plummer. "Clubfoot's watched Barney all the time. Barney didn't send it that way." He remained still, doing his own calculating. "But there was a man in here tonight who stopped off at the stage office. He carried a slicker into the stage office. It appeared to be heavy. When I went in, the slicker was open on the counter."

"Tall man?" said Ives.

"Name was Pierce. You know him?"

"Yes," said Ives. "I know him."

"It is probably in the stage office then," said Plummer calmly. "But we can't afford to touch it there. We'll wait and watch. I'll handle that. You boys go back to the Gulch."

"Where's Pierce now?" asked Ives.

"Haven't seen him around," said Plummer. He turned away. A few feet off, he paused to say softly: "About Pierce—"

"I'll take care of him," said Ives.

RISING before daylight, Pierce made the long run into Virginia City by three o'clock. When he reached Wallace Street he saw Steele. The doctor hailed him.

"Where's Barney? I saw him last night and he seemed in trouble."

"Killed on the Bannack road last night."

The doctor showed some amount of shock. "He knew it was coming. Come to my wickiup. I've got something to show you."

Pierce left the horse and returned to Steele's tent. Steele got a huge Bible from a box and opened it, producing a single sheet of paper. "This is what Barney left with me last night," he said.

"I, Barney Morris, sound of mind but uncertain of the future, am about to leave the Gulch and go to my home in Ohio. I ought to be in Bannack tomorrow night. If I am not I can be considered dead. In which event I empower the judge of Fairweather District to make the following disposition of my claim, Number Fourteen above Discovery. This claim is to be given to one Jeff Pierce, he to have it entirely, to work it fitly and in proper season; he to send half of what he pans out to my wife, Mary Morris, Centerville, Ohio. "BARNEY MORRIS"

THE first shacks and tents in the Gulch began near the junction of Granite and Alder Creek. As soon as Ben Scoggins reached this spot he stood up in the wagon and began to sing out, "Some-thin' fancy to go with beans and bacon! Sardines straight from the coast! Dollar a throw! Come and get it!"

As he had shrewdly judged, there was never enough of anything in a new camp. Men came out of the creek at him; they ran down the hill slopes. Tying down the reins to the brake handle—the horses moving and stopping and moving—Ben disbursed sardines from the tail gate all the way up from Junction settlement. He was sold out by the time he topped Daylight's ridge and

looked down upon Virginia City. In his pockets and in his pouch he had four thousand dollars more or less in gold and coin and dust. This was the middle of the afternoon with sunlight making a pretty sight of Virginia and the upper Gulch. He was a blond young man standing in the wagon with his hatbrim jiggling as the wagon took the grade, smiling a rawboned smile at a good and just world; and even in smiling, not forgetting to cast a competent glance at the possibilities around him. Coming into Wallace—driving his outfit through the congestion of other wagons and lumber piles and loose horses—he paused by the scaffolding of an incomplete structure. There was a man standing by with the attitude of business about him, whereupon Ben Scoggins, always with a mind to business, hailed him:

"Need any haulin' done?"

The man turned as though struck.

"Up the Gulch on a claim."

He noticed she left off smiling when Pierce was mentioned. There was something out of order here; whereupon he covered up the awkwardness by going easily on to other things: "Nice day—nice year. Well, nice. See you again." He cut around Wallace into another street of tents, heading back toward Bannack. Near the edge of town he passed a blacksmith shop and got a call from a man there.

"Want to sell that outfit?"

"Whoa," said Ben Scoggins. "Whoa." He braked the wagon and settled on the seat. "I'll sell anything, any time. Buyin' and sellin' my trade. What you offerin'?"

"What you want?"

"No," said Scoggins, idle and innocent, "you set a figure."

Fifteen minutes later he had concluded a deal. By this time the open-air

and, as he had expected, found a line of newcomers camped beside the creek. He picked out a wagon and found its owner. "Want to sell?" he asked.

At full dark he had made his deal. Possessed of a new wagon and team he continued down the Gulch, not really remembering he had no supper. The day had been good and profitable. Now he struck out for Bannack, his cheerful whistle making an uneven, bouncing echo on the narrow rock walls of the lower Gulch.

OLLIE ROUNDS returned to Tanner's saloon and stood at the bar to enjoy his before-supper drink. The big tent now began to fill and the poker tables were all operating. Marshland loitered near the door. Ketchum and George Ives sat in a game, and Will Temperton dealt at another; and it was on Temperton that Ollie placed his interest, out of a continuing curiosity. Temperton had an unbearably front; everything struck that grave, steel-smooth face and slid aside without making impression. He was a sad man whose sadness, Ollie thought, came from his own defects of temper. Somewhere in Temperton, as in himself, there was a wire down, so that all his life was out of rhyme, and badness and goodness warred. Men were like this. Only once in a rare while did Rounds find someone in whom the purposes of living were clear and uncomplicated and sweet. Those men he envied because they had something he did not have, never would have.

Ketchum and Ives came to the bar for a drink. Ollie Rounds took his second whisky and shook out dust from his gold pouch to pay for it; and left the saloon.

He went down to the tent restaurant and had supper. Coming out, Ollie saw Diana Castle leaving the back side of the restaurant with Lily Beth. Lily Beth had on an apron and there was a streak of flour in her hair; she looked tired but she looked contented. Ollie Rounds, who had a way with people, drew a smile from her and fell in step beside Diana.

"That was good apple pie I had to-night," he said.

"I made fifty-three today. Forty apple, ten apricot, three prune."

"Get a little tired of wrestling over that stove?"

"Why should I be tired?"

He smiled without his usual irony. "I guess it is the way you look at the world. Whenever I do something I keep asking myself, 'Why should I be doing this? What's the good of it?' And then I quit working." He gave her a quick glance.

"Hear about Jeff?"

THERE was a lessening of the warmth of her eyes, a tightening at the edge of her mouth. She seemed to harden herself to what he might say. "No," she said, "what is it?"

"The road agents didn't find any money on Barney Morris because Jeff carried it through to Bannack. The road agents have got Jeff marked for that."

She said in clipped words, "I'm sorry. He deserves to be let alone. He wants to be let alone."

Ollie Rounds lifted his hat and moved slowly to the lower end of Van Buren Street. A pair of men stepped out of a space between tents, and one of them said, "Hold on, Rounds," and he jerked around and saw Ives and Ketchum before him.

Ives said, "Walk along with us, friend."

"Maybe—maybe not," Ollie Rounds



"I had a big day at the store today. The kids asked me for \$293,541 worth of things"

BEN ROTH

"Yes," he said. "There's a whipsaw outfit working over near Bannack. What'll you charge to freight lumber here?"

"How far's Bannack?"

"Seventy miles."

"Two days each way. Four days a round trip." He was mildly thoughtful and he gave the man a swift size-up. "Hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes?" said the man, then shrugged his shoulders. "Everybody's so crazy about digging they got no time for day-work. All right."

"All right," said Ben Scoggins, and drove on. To himself he added, "Might as well be workin' while I'm lookin' and listenin'. Never hurts to keep busy."

He had turned into Wallace Street and now saw Diana Castle coming out of the tent restaurant. He lifted a strong whoop into the day. "Well, you're here!"

"Yes," said Diana, smiling because he smiled.

Scoggins reached under the wagon seat and pulled out four cans of sardines. "You got a birthday coming?"

"Next December," she said.

He said, "Happy birthday," and presented her with the sardines. "Where's the tall, hungry-looking fellow?"

transaction had attracted half a dozen idle men, one of which was Ollie Rounds. Going inside the stable—which was a log house with a brush roof—to consummate the sale, young Scoggins gravely winked at Ollie Rounds. In a little while he came out of the stable. Rounds joined him and they walked on alone. "You're here, too," commented Scoggins. "Got a claim?"

"Never liked to shovel," said Ollie Rounds. "Every time I see you, you're dickerin'. Bound to get rich, ain't you?"

"Wouldn't wonder."

Ollie Rounds gave Ben Scoggins a direct look. "Don't pack your money in your hip pocket, Ben. This is a tough camp."

SCOGGINS searched and weighed Ollie with his candid glance. "You always got an ear out for that sort of thing, Ollie. I thank you for the warnin'. But," and he added this in a careful way, "it would be better for you not to take such an interest in the shady side. Some day it might sort of draw you down."

He went on down the road and up over Daylight Grade. Striking through the sinuous and lusty course of the Gulch he reached Junction at twilight

MORE THAN *Three Million faces testify—*
it's a gift **MEN REALLY USE**

**AND EVERY MORNING
 HE'LL THANK YOU AGAIN
 FOR THE NEW SCHICK'S
 FASTER, SMOOTHER SHAVE**



Pick the gift over three million men are using. And this Christmas, Schick will please a man more than ever.

It's a gift that will please him because the new Schick's motor is faster—to give a 30% quicker shave.

It's a gift that will please him because the new Schick's 2-M Hollow-Ground Head gives a closer, cleaner, smoother shave. You see, the exclusive shape pushes the skin beneath it in a tiny ripple—catches each whisker just as it cruises over the crest of the ripple, catches the whisker with its neck out and whisks it off right down by the skin line. That's how the new Schick is able to shave so close without cuts, nicks scrapes or burns.

He'll be glad every time this quicker, slicker shaver caresses his face. You'll be glad every time his boy-smooth cheek caresses yours. No more sandpaper kisses.

Help him clear away that scratchy underbrush this Christmas—you'll be surprised at the handsome old smoothie you find.

We're so sure he'll like this gift that we guarantee satisfaction. Unless he's enthusiastic, the dealer from whom you buy it will refund the money in full.

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REGENT...
a new standard
of smoking
enjoyment!

answered. He was rooted in his tracks. His eyes turned blacker and his face grew thin; he held his stiff smile against them. "What for?"

"No harm," said Ives, and stepped beside him. Ketchum was already at Ollie Rounds' other elbow; and the pressure of these two men moved him forward along the walk. They passed through the shuttered lights, they moved out of the heavy crowd. At the foot of Van Buren, in the shadows, Ives turned. "You been flashing a poke in Tanner's, friend. You're no miner. I'd like to see that poke."

"No," answered Ollie Rounds, "I guess not."

George Ives said, "Don't be tough. You recall what happened to Barney Morris? Let's see that poke."

Ollie Rounds knew he was in great, immediate danger. He lifted the poke from his pocket and weighed it in his hand. His thoughts then were swift and calculating; he balanced his life in his mind and suddenly made his choice and gave the poke to Ketchum. As he did so he took a slow, easy step backward. It went unnoticed. Ketchum dropped his head to look at the pouch, and George Ives turned half around, also to look.

"That's the pouch, George. The fellow had it in Tanner's the other night."

Ives said, "How'd you come by this—" and turned, and quit speaking. Ollie Rounds had his gun lifted on both men.

SURPRISE and irritation went in ruffled waves across George Ives' face, and afterward it smoothed carefully out. Ketchum's eyes flared wild instantly and he seemed to strain against his caution.

"I saw Rube watching him in the saloon," said Rounds. "When he went out, Rube started after him. I got there first, Rube. Hand the poke back."

Rube stretched his arm, half length, and his body dropped perceptibly, in the attitude of tension. Rounds murmured, "Pull out of that, Rube. Nobody'd be sorry to see you dead. I'd be glad of the chance to drop you. I'm no easy miner. I haven't got a drop of pity in me and when it comes to rough-and-tumble I know as many tricks as you. Maybe"—and his voice held a dry, swinging tune—"I'd better do it now. I think I'm going to have to watch you. You damned cannibal."

"What's that?" said Ives, now interested.

"You don't know about Rube?" said Rounds. "The man got caught in a blizzard up on the Snake and ate his partner."

Ketchum's eyes glowed and grew dark, and glowed again. His rage remained, furious and inhuman and in-burning. But he never spoke. It was Ives who said, "He means what he says, Rube."

Ketchum straightened and extended his arm full length with the poke. Rounds took the poke and put it in his pocket. "All right," he said. "All right."

"Now I'll say my piece," put in Ives, still the calm master of himself. "You've cut in on our game. You're an outsider."

"Always liked it that way," said Ollie Rounds.

"It won't work here," said Ives. "This gulch is for our crowd to work. A man that ain't in our crowd just can't operate."

"So far I'm doing well enough."

Ives held his attitude of amusement. "Listen, friend. There's forty men up and down this gulch I can drop a word to. You don't know who they are and you can't watch 'em. When I drop the word, you're dead before breakfast."

"You're the boss, then?" said Rounds. "I'm the boss in this gulch," answered Ives.

"All right," said Ollie Rounds.

George Ives gave Rounds a prolonged stare. "You're cool, friend. You might do well with us."

"I do well wherever I find myself," said Ollie Rounds.

"Yes, I think you might do well. Keep the poke. It is chicken feed."

"I'll keep it. I'll keep whatever I take."

"That's all right, too," said George Ives. "A man must look out for himself. But when we move as a bunch you'll do as you're told."

"I don't mind," said Ollie Rounds.

"Then it is settled," said George Ives. "There's a little meeting tonight down the Gulch. We'll all ride down."

"My horse is around on that side street," said Rounds, and turned with Ives. For a moment he had his back to Rube Ketchum, and a stark chill raced up his back, and he turned at one jump and saw Ketchum in the act of drawing. He had not yet put away his own gun, and now brought it down on Ketchum's head in a rapid side blow. Ketchum dropped into the dust, and rolled. Rounds took a full jump toward a building wall, and whirled again, laying the muzzle against George Ives. Ives hadn't moved, had made no gesture of offense.

These two exchanged long, steady stares until at last Ives said, showing his first anger, "What the hell are you about?"

"Watching my hole card, George."

"I said it was all right, didn't I?" flashed out Ives. "If I say it, I mean it. You don't have to watch me, or any of us. I will pass the word along. And I'll meet you down Daylight."

Rounds turned through the tents and got his horse from the stable. He moved rapidly to the bottom of Daylight Gulch and he left the road and watched it closely until he saw Ives and Ketchum come along. When he was certain of them he moved out of the dark. Ives laughed softly at the maneuvering. "You're sure ticklish, friend."

The three of them rode to the summit of Daylight, looking down upon the sinuous glitter of Alder's continuous lights. Ives said, "We'll split and ride on, one by one. Pete Daly's roadhouse is the place. Come right on—we're going to be late." Then he looked at

Ketchum, who was a silent lump in the saddle. "Rube," he said patiently, "behave yourself." Then he rode away. Five minutes later Ketchum moved after him. A short time later Ollie Rounds followed.

Past Junction he fell into the narrows of the Gulch. Now and then a fast-moving horse struck up sparks from the stony footing; and now and then some man's voice hailed him through the black. Fourteen miles from Virginia City he came out of the Gulch at Ramshorn Creek and reached Daly's roadhouse, a two-story building built of riven logs and chinked with mud mortar. Twenty or more horses stood in the shadows before the place; the door was closed and three men seemed to guard it. He came up to find Ives and Rube Ketchum waiting for him, and Ives introduced him to the third man: "This is Red Yeager. Everything's all right, Red. This is Ollie Rounds."

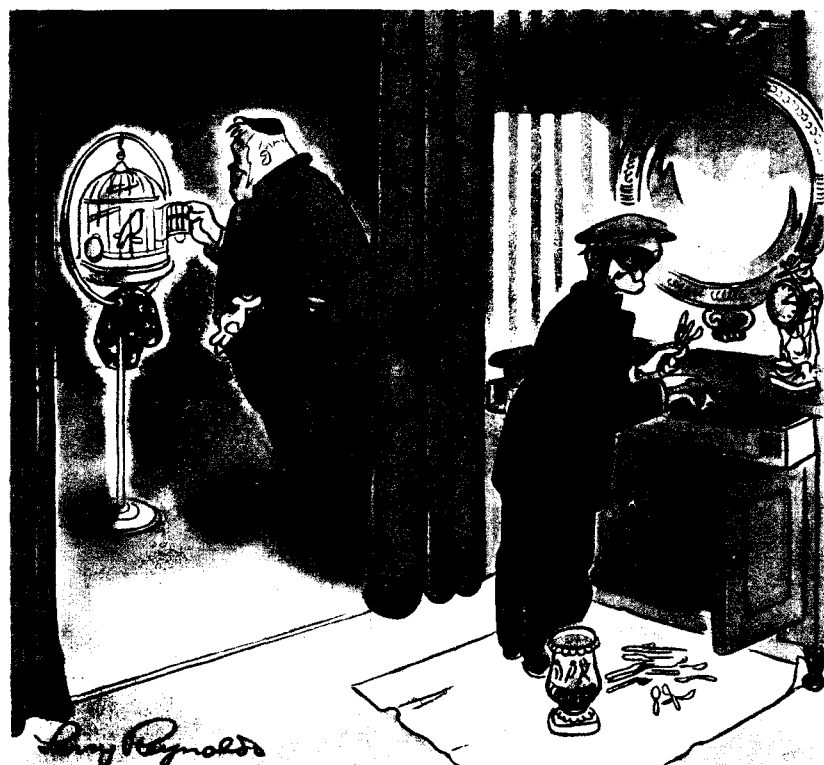
THEY stepped into a barroom which took up most of the lower floor and faced a considerable crowd. Some of them he recognized at once. Tanner—the saloonman from Virginia City—was in a corner. Clubfoot Lane was here, and Jack Gallagher who was Henry Plummer's deputy sheriff. He identified Hayes Lyons and Buck Stinson, and he nodded to Steve Marshland. A few others he also knew by name, having had them pointed out to him in Tanner's saloon—Alec Carter and Bob Zachary, and Frank Parrish, and the surly one who was Boone Helm. There wasn't, he thought, in idle amusement, an honest man in the crowd.

They seemed to have no fear of surprise or recognition. They had all the confidence in the world. George Ives moved around the room with Rounds, introducing him here and there. This man, Rounds gathered, was one of the chiefs, for he had his unmistakable way with them. He was a slim man, clean-shaven in a group that went heavily bearded or mustached. He had quick eyes and he had a brain that was fertile, and he had a bold self-confidence.

Daly, the owner of the roadhouse, seemed not to be one of the crowd, for presently Ives told him to leave; and the Irishman went at once, as though

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Who's there, Butch? Who y' plottin' a jail break with?"

EVERY EXTRA LEAF IN THE TABLE
**AND FAR
 TOO MANY GUESTS**
 FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER!



That's the situation your telephone company faces every Christmas. That's why there may be delays on some Long Distance Christmas calls.

LAST Christmas Eve and Day the wires were jammed. The switchboards were manned by regular and extra operators working all through the holiday. Long Distance telephone calls were three, five and at some places *eight* times normal.

We're glad so many folks want to exchange friendly greetings across the miles at Christmas—but sorry that,

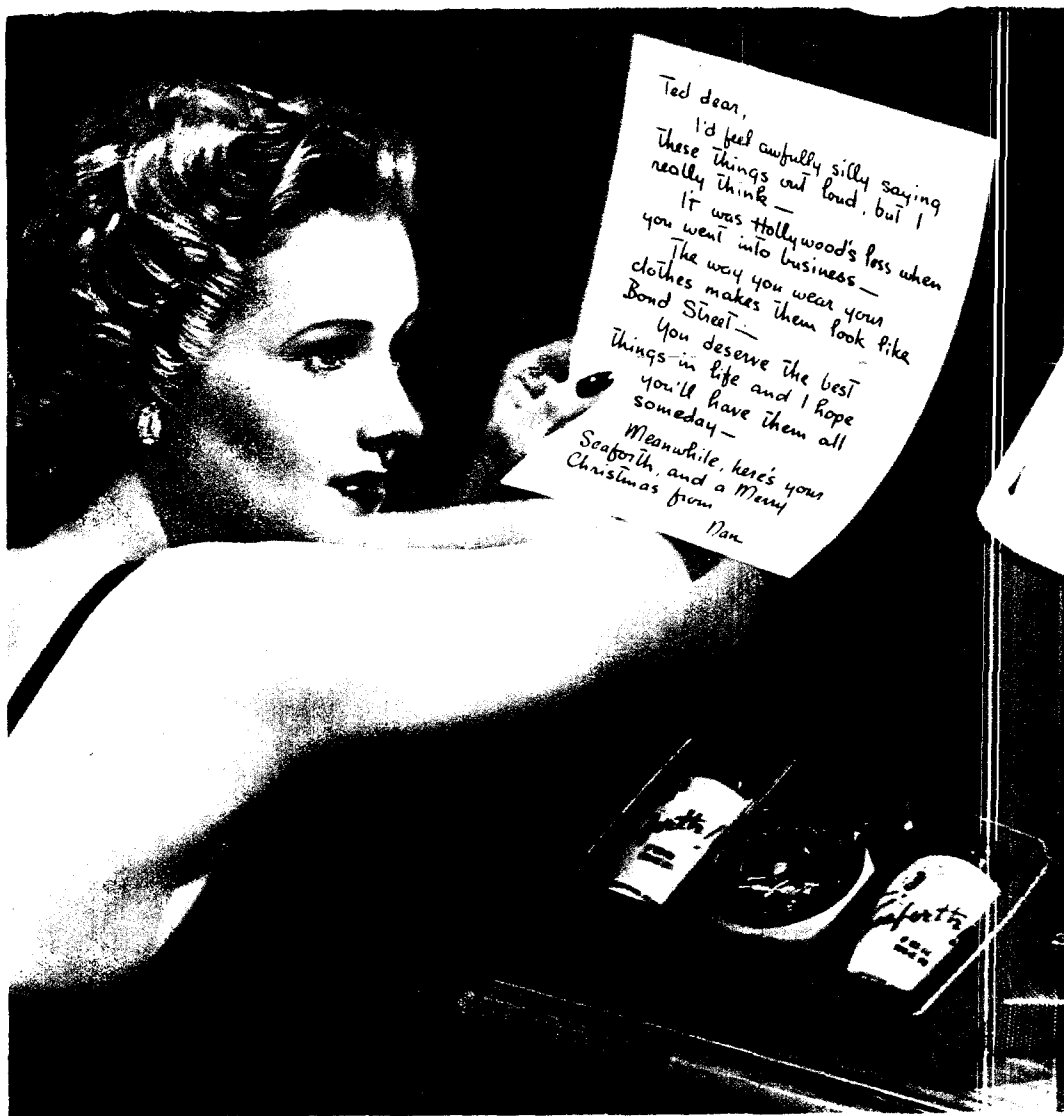
because of it, we can't supply service as good as usual.

We expect the biggest rush of calls we've ever had this coming Christmas. We'll do our human best to prepare for it. But, inevitably, some calls will be slow. Some may not be completed. For these, we ask your patience and understanding.

If you'll call by number wherever possible, and try not to talk too long, you'll be helping us to do a better job for everybody. . . . *Thank you, and Merry Christmas!*

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For the **MAN** at the top of your list!

STURDY STONE JUG of Talc, Cologne, Deodorant, Hair-dressing or Shaving Lotion; mug of Shaving Soap, each \$1

DISTINCTLY MASCULINE fragrance of heather and fern ... Shaving Lotion and Soap in "Tom and Jerry" mug...set \$2

GRANDSTANDER: three fat jugs in box set...Season's outstanding gift package... Cologne, Lotion, Talc... set \$3

A MAN'S EVERY NEED served by deluxe gift package of Seaforth... jugs and mug plus hand soap...sets \$5 and \$7

FOR MEN

relieved. Then Ives called, "All right—all right."

A back door had opened, and silence came to the crowd. Swinging about, Rounds discovered the sheriff, Henry Plummer, at that door. The sheriff came in, closed the door, and gave the room a short and thorough glance; and his eyes stopped on Ollie Rounds and stayed there, civil and speculative and very alert. Ives said, "It's all right, Henry. This is Ollie Rounds."

Plummer had apparently ridden over from Bannack in considerable haste. Dust was on his clothes and at the edges of his dark hair. He wore a fine black suit and white shirt; he had the manners of a gentleman and his voice was very soft. He had a small, trimmed mustache and his face was round and soft. Nothing about him bore the mark of a desperado and Rounds, never to be surprised at the turnings of life, found himself mildly surprised at Plummer.

Plummer said, "I can't stay long. I want you to listen to me."

George Ives tapped the bottom of a whisky bottle on the table: "Order here. Bunton—Sam Bunton—shut up."

Sam Bunton was at the bar, both arms clinging to it; he was drunk and he was angry, and he slowly cursed the bare wall behind the room. Ives moved over to him. Ives dug a thumb in Bunton's ribs. "Shut up, Sam."

Bunton reared and swung. He said, "Where's my brother? He'll stand by me. Where's Bill?"

Bill Bunton came out of a corner, lank and sour and close-eyed. "Sam," he said, "cut it out or I'll break your neck."

"All right," said Sam Bunton, and stopped talking at once.

PLUMMER was cool and smooth in the middle of the room. He studied Sam Bunton and then gently said, "You get drunk too much, Sam. I want you out of this country inside of twenty-four hours. You hear me, Sam?"

"I've got a good claim up the Gulch, Henry. Why should I leave it?"

Plummer intended to speak again, but Ives spoke for him. Ives turned on Sam Bunton with a swift flash of violence: "You heard it. Twenty-four hours."

"Yes," said Sam Bunton. "All right."

The other Bunton—Bill—stepped away from his brother. Plummer turned to face all these men. "Dance and Stuart will be starting a store in Virginia City pretty soon. It will be a place where most of the miners come at one time or another. Probably the express office will have space there, too. It will be a fine place to overhear what's going on, who's flush and who's not. Clubfoot, as soon as that store is up you ask Dance for a little corner in it to put up your shoe shop. You can keep your ears open and hear a lot. By the way, I understand you're spending a lot of time in Tanner's saloon. Keep out of it. It pegs you."

"All right," said Clubfoot.

"I don't want you boys to gang up in one spot too much. It makes things too plain to the Gulch. Jack Gallagher will stay in Virginia City, of course. Ned Ray and Stinson will work out of Bannack. Bill Bunton sticks with his ranch on the Rattlesnake. Now we will split our crowd. Ives, Steve Marshland, Johnny Wagner, Alec Carter, Whisky Bill Graves and Rube Ketchum will headquarter in the Gulch." He pointed a finger at Rounds. "You will be there, too. The rest of you men are roadsters, working between the Gulch and Bannack."

He watched these men with his calculating far-off thoughts. "The Gulch is rich. Men will be coming out of it with dust all summer, all year. Keep your

ears open, all of you. No doubt some of these people will try to get their dust through by fooling us. It has been tried already. We have got to know what's going on. Any man that talks against us we must take care of at once. Little things make big things. Destroy the little things and that's the end of the big ones. One more thought: I won't be around the Gulch much. I'll spend my time in Bannack. You boys in the Gulch take your orders from George Ives."

HE WAS obviously in a hurry. Now he came over to Ives and said a short word, and turned to Rounds. He offered his hand—a light and swift grip and a quick withdrawal—and he put the full power of his hazel eyes on Rounds. He said in his courteous way, "I hear you're all right." And then he dropped his light warning: "We all work together. And we don't back out. Glad to see you." He turned over the room and left Daly's, his horse soon drumming on the road. Somebody called for Daly to come back and the bar grew busy and men filled the tables and began to play poker. Red Yeager, doorkeeper, came in. Rounds walked to the door with Ives, and stopped there. Ives pointed to the knot in his own neckpiece. "See that. It is a square knot. All the boys make that tie. It is a sign among us. If you should ever get in trouble you have only to say, 'I am innocent.' That is a sign, too."

Rounds shrugged his shoulders. "Very bold. Suppose I should talk? I'm a stranger to you."

"No," said George Ives, "you won't talk. We'd find it out. Nothing happens in the Gulch we don't find out. Anyhow, you're in this for what you can make, ain't you?" Then he slapped Rounds on the back and gave out a long, ringing laugh. "Suppose you did talk. Who would believe you?"

"You remember I gave Pierce a hand in Lewiston. That makes no difference to you?"

He thought he saw the memory of that affair slice through Ives. But the man had a wonderful front and carried himself well. "I remember it. But I don't mind. You play your game your way. You've got your tricks and your connections. So have I. That is the way it is done. You made a grandstand and it puts you solid. Nobody knows you're in this. That's what you want, isn't it?" He gave Ollie a steady, extremely close inspection. "You're thinking it is funny I trust you. I do not trust you. I trust nobody. But it doesn't matter. The more the merrier and you won't stray. I like smart people. I think you're smart." And now, coming closer to tap Ollie lightly on the chest with a finger, he significantly added, "You might be a friend of this Pierce, but first of all I've got you sized up as a crook. In a pinch you'll turn down Pierce for a profitable deal. It is all right, Ollie."

Somebody kept calling for Ives and he turned away, again laughing. Rounds went out to his horse and moved homeward.

BY NIGHT the revels of Virginia City rolled upgulch in warm waves of sound; yet for two weeks Pierce never left the boundaries of his claims. He rigged up a sluice box, shoveling pay dirt into the sluice and turning water from flume to sluice. At the end of the first week, when he cleaned out the riffles of the sluice box, he had five hundred and forty dollars of dust.

During the second week he moved over to work Barney Morris' claim. This was an obligation. The dead man's hand held him and the dead man's instructions bound him. Half of the gold from that claim went to him, the other half to Mary Morris, Centerville, Ohio. Sometimes at night, just before falling into dreamless sleep, he thought about

Barney Morris' widow two thousand miles away, who depended on a man she had never met—and at that moment the hint of a better reason for life touched him with its softness, and went away.

During the middle of the first week A. J. Oliver came up to see him. "That eight thousand dollars you brought into the Bannack office is still there. The toughs know about it, of course. They won't try to lift it out of the safe but the moment I start it to Salt Lake they'll stage a holdup on the road."

"How'd they find out?"

Oliver gave him a gray side glance. "They hear everything. Don't ask me how. It leaks out from places you wouldn't expect. You don't know with whom you're talking in this camp. I thought I'd wait until a good strong caravan of freighters started from Bannack and send the gold by messenger with them."

"Probably they're waiting for that," said Pierce. "Eight thousand is worth waiting for. I wouldn't do it, Oliver. I'd let it stay in the safe. About a month from now let's drop the news around that you've already smuggled it out. Might throw them off guard. Then we'll figure a way."

"You can't be the man to do it," said Oliver. "If you show up in Bannack the toughs will catch on."

"We'll do it through somebody else."

"All right," agreed Oliver. As he turned down the Gulch he stopped to add, "You know they've got you on the black list, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jeff. "I know."

THERE were no secrets in the Gulch.

News traveled from Summit to Junction with the wind, seeming to need no human carrier. Everybody knew the toughs had him on the list. But it was strange how this same news brought him friends. There was, it appeared, an underground wire for the honest ones. During the latter part of the first week Parris Pfouts, one of the new merchants in the Gulch, came up along the diggings. All he said in the beginning was, "You're Pierce, aren't you? I'm Parris Pfouts." Then he stood by, idle in the sun and not making much out of the visit; yet Pierce felt the survey of the man and the following judgment. Presently Pfouts added, "Barney Morris was a particular friend of mine. I hated to see him go. Any ideas on who did that?"

"Yes," said Pierce, "I know who did it." He kept on working. Pfouts remained indolent under the warming sun, not pressing the subject. He was, Pierce realized, wise enough to know that a direct question would be out of order. In this country men were closemouthed before strangers, and so far he and Pfouts were still strangers. Pfouts simply said, "There will come a time of reckoning."

"There was a time of reckoning," answered Pierce, "when you had Lyons and Stinson and Forbes cold with the goods. But the boys were washed out on a flood of tears. It is too late now. The toughs have the whip."

Pfouts said, "I have seen toughs before who had the whip. But they always used it too hard. And then they got wiped out."

"Not until this Gulch quits voting on tears. The strong and the smart always run things, Pfouts."

"I agree. The strong and the smart—and the honest."

"Maybe."

Pfouts smiled. "I heard you were considerable of a hard one. Don't believe in much, do you?"

"Not too much."

Pfouts moved up grade to drop a word with Archie Caples on the adjoining claim; and later returned to Virginia City. This was on Thursday. On Friday, moving in much the same casual manner, Jim Williams appeared on a beautiful bay gelding and paused at the sluice box. Williams was near Pierce's age, a broad-chested and muscular young man with a dark and gentle face. His ragged mustache ran down around his mouth and fell into equally ragged chin whiskers and his eyes were a melancholy brown. He rested his arms on the saddle horn and, as Pfouts had done, took his time to estimate Pierce. "That flume," he observed, "saves a lot of work."

"Yes," said Pierce.

"I heard a piece of talk in town this morning," went on Jim Williams. "Ketchum opened his mouth in Tanner's and some brave words fell out. Your name was with the words. It is none of my business, of course."

"Thanks," said Pierce. He stopped his work and met Jim Williams' glance, and for a little while they frankly swapped inspections. This Williams was no talker. Pierce had met him before in Virginia City and had observed that he always kept in the background of a group, and yet he had also observed that Oliver and Pfouts and the substantial men of the district always liked to have Jim Williams' opinion. He was that kind of man, reserved and thoughtful; with an underlying sadness or pessimism strongly influencing his character. Pierce said, "Pfouts came up to drop a hint yesterday. He is too optimistic about law and order."

"There will be no law and order," said Jim Williams in a half-asleep manner, "until things get a good deal worse."

"The pack," said Pierce, "always follows the strong side."

"How many men does it take to make a strong side?" murmured Jim Williams.

"One man is enough," said Pierce. "One man against the whole world—if he's not afraid of dying."

Williams made a brief nod of his head and then he smiled. Pierce answered that smile and at that instant these two knew each other well, and trusted each other completely. Williams reined around and trotted off.

Two days afterward, near twilight, Pierce noticed Rube Ketchum move up the Gulch on the opposite side of the creek and pass by, neither looking toward him nor showing curiosity. Yet



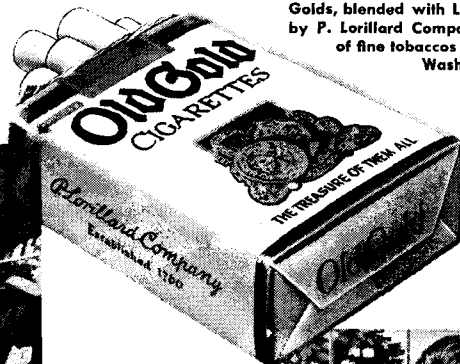
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that lack of curiosity was itself a warning and after he had finished supper he took his shotgun and blankets and climbed the ridge of the side canyon and made camp in the brush. He repeated this the following nights. On Friday of the second week, again near dusk, Ollie Rounds and Ben Scoggins appeared before his small supper fire.

"We were having a drink in the Senate," said Scoggins cheerfully, "and we thought of you. Seemed natural to pay a visit. Ain't seen you for ten days or so."

DAY after day with himself, dawn to dark, he had begun to turn sour. There was a limit to a man's loneliness, a time when cabin fever, or its Gulch equivalent, began to turn his nerves ragged and to canker his disposition. He was genuinely pleased to see them and threw an extra chunk of alder on the fire. Scoggins and Rounds dismounted and settled by the blaze. Rounds said, "You smoke these things," and offered Pierce a cigar. The three men lounged back and let the silence run. All up and down the Gulch fire-lights burned from claim to claim, and traffic went scratching and gritting along the gravel bars and voices kept calling.

Pierce said, "I heard about that sardine venture, Ben. You're a damned Yankee trader. What's next?"

"Well," said Ben Scoggins, "I hauled lumber from Bannack for couple of days until I got my bearings. Met a fellow over by Bannack last week who was busted down with a load of flour he'd freighted in from Salt Lake. So I made a dicker and brought the flour up the Gulch."

"Sell it?"

Ben Scoggins laughed aloud. "Buyin' and sellin' my business. I sold out before I got to Central. There ain't enough of anything in this country."

Rounds pointed out a possibility: "Population around here doubles every week. If you'd held that flour a month, Ben, you'd gotten more for it."

Scoggins shook his head. "Always take a profit when you see it."

Pierce remarked, "You were in the flour business. Now you're out of it. What's next?"

"I bought a corner on Jackson Street. Puttin' up a store building. Sent to Salt Lake for a stock of general merchandise. Should be open by late July."

OLLIE ROUNDS, never a restless man, seized a stick and worried the coals of the fire around and around. "You have found your spot. Fifty years from now you'll be on Fourth of July platforms, talking about the old days of Alder Gulch."

"No-o," said Scoggins, coolly making his forecast. "I will ride this wave until I see it about to break. Then I will sell and go. You never saw a mining camp live very long. All these fellows in the Gulch are travelers. They don't make a country. They don't stick. If you're bankin' on the future go to a country where men bring their families and take up land and start stringin' fence lines. Where they put up a school and go to tradin'. Traders make towns. Farmers make towns. Grist mills. Boats stoppin' at a landing make towns. This country ain't meant for big towns. It is grass-and-gold country. Gold will go. Grass will stay—and then the cattle will come." He looked at the other two men with his thoughtful eyes. "Maybe that's what I'll do. Take up land for a ranch."

Ollie Rounds grinned. "You leave that life to the tough fellows, like Jeff here. You stick to your last."

Pierce lifted his eyes to appraise Ollie Rounds thoughtfully. Horsemen slashed through the creek's gravel, bound toward Virginia City in haste. A

hundred feet beyond this spot another fire burned large and bright, whereby Archie Caples did his laundry in a half barrel, his knuckles drumming on the corrugated washboard. Pierce said, "What are you doing, Ollie?"

"I never do more than I can help," said Ollie.

Pierce said, "Don't let the world make a sucker out of you, Ollie. It tries. That's the only game worth playing—to buck the big tiger trying to destroy us all. Well, buck it. Don't let it push you along."

"Now, now," said Ollie Rounds, half surprised and half resentful, "no use giving me a lot of fatherly advice. Don't tell me to be useful and thrifty. That's Ben's game, not mine."

Ben Scoggins spoke in his amiable way, "Funny how three fellows like us—not the same kind of men in any respect—got thrown together. Does seem a long time ago, too, since we got on the Tenino, bound upriver."

"Willy-nilly," said Ollie Rounds. "The cards fall, nobody knows where. We're the cards. It is all one big joke on us."

"Don't rightly believe that," said Ben quietly. But, true to his manner, he swung the subject to keep the talk pleasant. "I have got no complaint. I have made ten thousand dollars in tradin' around."

Ollie blurted out an immediate warning: "Don't ever say it aloud."

Pierce's glance lifted again and struck across the flame. He watched Ollie Rounds with his lids half shut, with his face pulled together. Ben Scoggins saw this, looked at Ollie, and broke the silence: "Pretty night."

"All nights are pretty," said Ollie. "That's my belief—that's what I live for." He was once more his old casual self. He said to Pierce, "You can't work like a horse without getting ornery. How long since you've had a drink?" He reached into his pocket and pulled out a pint flask. "Ben and I thought this might be a good idea."

He passed it to Pierce, who removed the cap and held the bottle to the light. "Valley Tan," he said.

Pierce watched the bottle turn amber and brown under the firelight. He had something to say, and framed it in his mind carefully, and said it. "It just occurs to me that both you boys, or either of you, may some day need help. I never offer my help, as a rule. But if you need help, just give a shout and I'll be with you." Then he said, "How," and took his drink.

A single horse came up the Gulch and turned against Archie Caples' campfire.

The rider got down and spoke in a short tone at Caples. Caples reared back on his heels. He looked up at the rider and shook his head; and then the rider moved at him and hit him across the face, knocking him against the gravel.

Ollie Rounds looked on, neither moving nor changing expression; it was a scene to him, nothing more. Ben Scoggins grumbled, "What's that for?" and was genuinely troubled. It was Pierce who acted. Reaching behind him, he seized up his water bucket and flung the full contents on the fire, killing the flame at once. He was on his feet, and he said, "That's for me, Ben, not for him." Then, the water bucket still in his hand, he ran toward the creek.

"What the hell?" grumbled Ben, and lifted to his feet. Ollie Rounds' hand came out and seized Ben's leg. "Drop down, you fool!"

Ben kicked Rounds' hand away. "He's in trouble, ain't he?"

"You're big as a barn up there! Get down and crawl!"

The stranger at Archie Caples' fire slowly circled Caples as the other struggled up from the ground. Caples tried to turn and keep his eyes on the stranger, but the stranger side-stepped steadily and when Caples got to his feet the stranger jumped in again, hit Caples a great blow on the back of the neck with his forearm, and dropped him. Ben Scoggins growled in his throat and began to crawl ahead on his hands and knees, Ollie Rounds following behind. Rounds kept murmuring, "Watch it—watch it, Ben."

PIERCE suddenly appeared up on the edge of the other campfire and threw a fresh bucket of water on it, immediately quenching the blaze. A gun yelled from the near-by Gulch wall and the bullet scuttled on the gravel and sang away. Both Rounds and Scoggins, now running on, heard the sudden crush of Pierce's body against the stranger. The stranger let out a harking shout and the gravel reported the stamp of Pierce's feet as he rushed toward the Gulch wall, toward the unseen gun. Briefly he was a blur in the dark; afterward he faded. Both Rounds and Scoggins moved after him, guided by the sound of his feet. Ben Scoggins called out, "Hey, Jeff!" And Ollie quietly cursed Ben for it. The gun on the ridge emitted its dry, round voice into the dark, leaving a flickered bloom of light behind. Pierce fired at once in reply and then the hidden man's gun sounded again from a different angle of the hill and steps rattled up the side of the ridge.

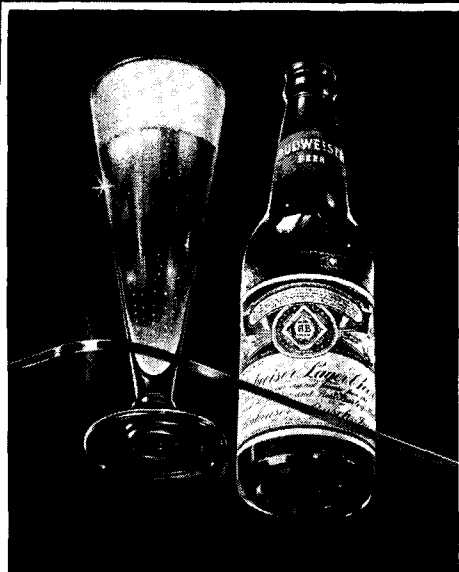
(To be continued next week)





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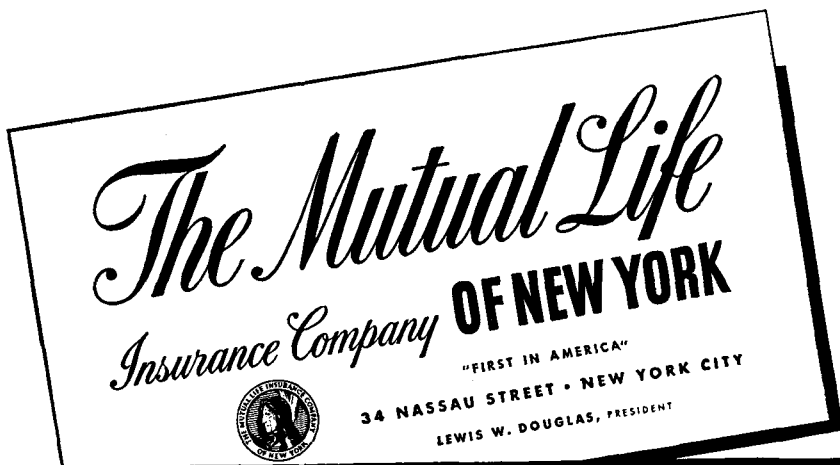
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Shoeshine Boy

Continued from page 15

with a deadly destructiveness such as Refugee had never faced.

THE passing days passed in subglacial tempo for Free Wheeling Johnson. For Free Wheeling Johnson had his ticket for the fight, secured in his watchless watch pocket with a safety pin where he could reach down and take it out and look at it any time he wanted to.

That's what Free Wheeling was doing when he stepped from behind the car at the curb in front of the cab. Fumbling the ticket out to look at it.

Refugee Smith came into the Eatmor Fish and Chips Shoppe of Senate "Slippery" Ellum the morning of the fight. "Where at Freezy?" he asked. "He ain't between here an' Lenox."

Slippery looked up, came around the counter. "Ain't you heard?" he asked.

"Naw," Refugee said. "Heard what?"

"He done collide with a taxicab," Slippery said. "He layin' in the hospital, dog-sick."

"He bad hurted?"

"He dog-bad hurted," Slippery Ellum said. "His sister lookin' frantic for somebody to give him some blood of what they call the three kind."

"Three kind?"

"Yes, man. That's the kind o' blood little Freezy's got—such as he got left—an' he need some fresh of the same number an' the three kind folks is scarce."

Refugee Smith was running when he hit the door. It took five or six minutes for him to get to the hospital and it took them fifteen minutes more to

type his blood. But he was a type three, all right, and Freezy was conscious during part of the transfusion.

"Hello, Mistuh Smith," he said. "What you doin' up here?"

"I'se givin' you a little blood," Refugee said.

"Hot dog," Freezy said weakly. "Dat fightin' blood I'm gettin'. I'll be all right, now."

One of the nurses quieted him but Freezy managed one more sentence. "I sho hated to miss de fight," he said.

Refugee Smith walked out into the hall, feeling a little funny. He went on down to the desk.

"De little colored boy," he said there. "I'll pay up his bills when dey come due. He a friend of mine."

"And who are you?" the man behind the desk asked.

"I'se Refugee Smith," Refugee said. "De middleweight prize fighter. Mr. Willie Wurtzel is my manager."

A doctor tapped Refugee on the arm. "The boy is apt to need another transfusion tomorrow," he said. "He is badly hurt."

"He dat bad?"

The doctor nodded. "We have no professional donors available of the right type," he added.

"I'll find somebody," Refugee said. "I'se busy tonight but I'll look in this afternoon and in de mornin'."

Refugee Smith came back to his corner from the center of the ring where he had stood with Willie Wurtzel and received his instructions. Willie Wurt-



"Confound it, McArdle, make me believe in you!"

GEORGE PRICE

zel threw a practiced and accurate eye over the house, noticed the empty ring-side seat. "Where's your little tarball pal?" Willie asked.

"Who?"

"The shoeshine boy?"

"Oh," Refugee said. "He got hit by a taxicab. He in de hospital. By de way, Mr. Willie, you ever give anybody some blood?"

"Yeah," Willie said. "I give a rabbi a transfusion once." He grinned at the recollection.

The bell rang and Refugee went out. He went out languidly and Johnny Revolt was on top of him and moving in, slugging for Refugee's belly, his bright blue eyes expressionless. Refugee boxed with him, going away, but Johnny Revolt scored with a left hook and Refugee was in trouble at the bell.

Willie Wurtzel got him back to the corner. "Boy," he said, "if you wasn't so black black I'd think you looked pale. Do you feel all right?"

"I feels a little peaked," Refugee said, "but maybe I'll warm up."

"Go to his right," Willie Wurtzel said, "this guy is very sharp with his right hand."

THE second round brought no comfort to Willie Wurtzel and it brought a welt above Refugee's right eye and a thin trickle of blood from his nose.

"What you doin', boy? You gotta fight that guy, he's mean."

"I'se tryin'."

"You feel all right?"

"Naw, suh."

"What you been doin' today?"

"I ain't did nothin' 'cept go over to de hospital an' give little Freezy some blood. I been restin' since den like you tol' me to."

"Blood! Say, boy, you didn't give that kid a transfusion?" Willie Wurtzel's voice rose in pure anguish.

"He bad need de blood," Refugee said. "He might go for to die but for it."

"How much? Oh, it don't matter. You're thirsty and you're weak and you're in there with Johnny Revolt and if you beat him you get the champion only you ain't gonna beat him . . ." Willie Wurtzel's voice trailed off in a wail of pure pain.

"I'll keep tryin', Mr. Willie."

Willie Wurtzel started to say something but the warning buzzer caught him. He clambered out of the ring and watched Refugee go back, almost go down once, stagger back to his corner, with the bell.

"Boy," he said into Refugee's ear, his voice dripping passion, "what'd you want to know about my blood for?"

"He need some more tomorrow, the three kind."

"Type three?"

"Yes, suh."

"Listen, boy. You go out for this guy. This round, you go out for him. You won't get no stronger. You go out for him this round and I'll give the kid some of my blood tomorrow. I remember now. I'm type three."

"You do dat, Mr. Willie?" Refugee Smith said.

"Yeah. And Refugee. What if that boy's listenin' on the radio, it'll kill him he hear Sam Taub say you lose."

"Dat a fact, Mr. Willie. I'll go out."

"Okay, boy."

"Mr. Willie. Did dat rabbi get well?"

Willie Wurtzel scanned the crowd, found a bearded man that looked healthy visible in the ring light. "I'll say he did," Willie lied. "There he sets."

Refugee Smith bowed down his head. "Lord," he said, "I ain't askin' you to help me, but don't put no props under Mr. Revolt does I get to him?"

Freezy Johnson didn't hear the fight, of course. Freezy Johnson was hovering someplace where the only thing that

he was apt to hear was Gabriel's trumpet. But a lot of people heard it, and seventeen thousand of them sitting in Madison Square Garden saw it.

Refugee Smith came out of his corner and he carried his hands down, cocked, and he took a left that cut the welt above his right eye, to fire a sucker right from his hip. It was a winging, awkward punch and it caught Johnny Revolt too high to hurt him, but the very impact of it threw him slightly off balance and into the left hook Refugee had sent following the right.

Johnny Revolt was a tough, game boy. He got up and he came in. He didn't know anything to do but to come in and Refugee came in to meet him and they were both swinging and Refugee's head flew back and he was down. But he didn't take a count, he came up swinging, coming in to meet Johnny Revolt and Johnny Revolt came in, too.

They were screaming. Seventeen thousand people can scream, and they were screaming. They weren't seeing anything that remotely resembled the art of self defense, manly or otherwise. They were seeing two men, one black, one white, who wanted to do away with each other in the shortest possible time.

The difference was with the black man. The black man's jaw had an ounce more iron in it, and while the black man's heart may have been pumping a pint less blood than the white man's heart the black man's heart carried a pity for a little boy lying in a hospital, and a pity, channeled into action, is—for a round at least—worth a pint of blood.

Johnny Revolt went down from one of those rights, and he pushed up on his hands and knees but he couldn't make it up inside the count and Refugee bent down to help him to his corner, and Refugee Smith fell down, too.

WILLIE WURTZEL came out of the room and the doctor came out of the room with him. The doctor was smiling. "I think he'll make it now," the doctor said. Willie Wurtzel walked over and got a drink of water and slumped down in a chair.

"How you feel, Mr. Willie?" Refugee asked, his face anxious under his bandages.

"I don't feel like fightin' no Johnny Revolt," Willie said.

A nurse came out of Free Wheeling Johnson's room and nodded to the doctor and the doctor went back in.

"How come," Refugee asked, "you knowed I'd stop that fellow if'n you tol' me you'd give Freezy some blood?"

Willie Wurtzel took a cigar out of his vest. "Aw," he said, "you're just that kind of a big stupid ape."

"But you given him some blood, too. You didn't have to."

"Hell," Willie said. "I'd naturally want to keep a guy alive that'd shine my shoes for a nickel. Blood don't cost nothin'."

Refugee grinned, started to say something but the doctor came back out of the room.

"He's conscious now," the doctor said. "He talked a little."

"What'd he say?" Refugee asked eagerly. "Did you tell him I won de fight?"

"Yes," the doctor said. "I told him and he was awfully pleased."

"But what'd he say?"

"He said," the doctor went on, smiling, "that this all must cost a lot and that he thought he would raise his price to a dime when he got out. I don't know exactly what he meant."

"He a shoeshine boy. . . ." Refugee began.

"Well, I'll go to hell," Willie Wurtzel interrupted, his voice rich with wonder. "That blood of mine has gone to work already."



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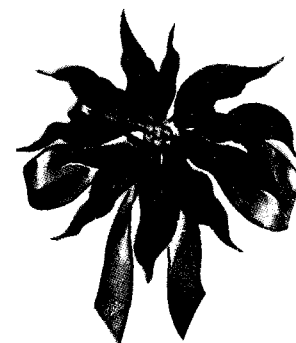
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Broadway Cop

Continued from page 22

will find this impossible to believe) suffered a one-round knockout in the only formal fistic engagement of his life.

After the war Broderick became a New York fireman, then shifted to the police force in 1923. Things began happening to him immediately and will continue to happen to him. A few hours after he had been sworn in, back in 1923, he broke into a burning tenement on his beat and rescued two kids. And late in 1941, while this piece was being written, Johnny leaned far out of a speeding police car and shot a rear tire off a rocketing gangsters' car and thus trapped five of them.

A few things happened in between these adventures. Take 1926 for instance: That year he battled a squad of armed Communists all over the street during the fur strike, and was later exonerated of their charges that he accepted bribes from fur companies—and exonerated by a judge who never went out of his way to do a cop a favor.

Then one bleak November day, in the same fateful 1926, three gunmen imprisoned in The Tombs suddenly whipped out guns, mysteriously obtained, killed their keeper and warden and raced into the walled yard of the grim old prison. The prison guards began blazing away at them, but the three men—Hymie Amberg, Robert Berg and Red McKenna—ducked behind a big pile of coal. Their improvised fort completely stymied the police.

All In the Day's Work

Broderick arrived. He always does. He watched the cops shooting at the coal pile for a while. Then he asked them to stop. Next he picked the lid off a near-by trash can, held it up as a shield, pulled out his automatic—a persuader he prefers not to use—and strode into the open prison yard. With bullets spanging off or through the shield, or scuffling around his legs, Johnny advanced on the coal pile, always edging a little to the side. The murderers began edging too, to keep the bulk of the pile between them and their stalker.

Twenty feet from the pile Johnny charged with a yell, his gun spitting fire. The terrified gunmen made one blazing stand, through which Johnny somehow lived, then fled from behind the coal pile—and were riddled by the fire of the waiting police.

When it was all over, Johnny went to the nearest place where he could get a drink. "Give me a coke, please," he asked politely.

Johnny haunted the hoodlums who made Broadway their haunt during prohibition. The host of human rodents on whom the New York police declared war fought back with considerable enthusiasm, especially from their entrenched Broadway positions.

"I'm taking that — Broderick for a ride tonight," the late and heartily unlamented Legs Diamond announced one night in a speak-easy. "C'mon, let's find him." Diamond began the search, and as it continued the size of his grim entourage increased. There were a lot of guys who wanted to bear witness.

Broderick was tipped off that he was being hunted, so he began hunting Diamond. He met Diamond and his satellites at the corner of 46th and Broadway. The milling crowds were unaware of the tense little scene, even when Diamond's mob stopped, with hair bristling, while Broderick sauntered silently into their midst. Broderick stood in front of Diamond and stared at him piercingly for a moment—at the end of which Dia-

mond's principal bodyguard turned heel and fled. Some of the others disappeared.

"Understand you're looking for me," Broderick said. He can talk without moving his lips, and his voice has a low and terrifying sound.

Legs swallowed. "Aw, hell, Johnny—can't you take a joke?"

Johnny's left hook caught Legs exactly right. "Not from you I can't, y'bum," Johnny said. But Legs didn't hear him. Legs didn't hear anything for twenty minutes.

Then there was Johnny's engagement with another product of prohibition—the afternoon in 1931 when 300 policemen cornered Francis "Two Gun" Crowley in his ground-floor apartment hideaway a block off upper Broadway. A lively war was in progress when Johnny arrived. Crowley's citadel was being shelled and tear-gas-bombed, but he was holding out with great fervor.

"Drop that gun, y'runt, and keep your hands in the air," Broderick ordered. Crowley hesitated . . . just long enough for Broderick to clip him.

As bouncer emeritus of Madison Square Garden, during the Roaring Twenties and Thirties, when fights used to attract the almighty and the scum of the underworld, Johnny engaged in countless bare-knuckle duels with well-heeled mugs. One night stands out particularly. That was the night Broderick brushed aside two bodyguards of the late Vannie Higgins and clouted that perfumed public enemy on the jaw so hard that Higgins arched upward and backward through a telephone booth in the Garden lobby. It was certainly the best punch thrown that night at the Garden.

At the same Garden Johnny protected more than one fighter from armed rascals who were trying to move in on the pug's purse, and came to the rescue of

way. Then he dropped his cue, spit on his hands and cleaned out the nest.

Johnny's fists have held together very well, considering the punishment they've taken. They haven't always been used on jaws, either. Not long ago, while en route to the Polo Grounds, Johnny saw some short-winded citizens giving half-hearted chase to a Negro thief. Johnny joined the chase to the thief's house, unhesitatingly put his fist through the plate glass of the locked front door, opened it, caught the Negro at the top of the stairs and knocked him out with a punch before he could pull his gun. His fists have been taking it like that for a long time. His knuckles and fingers have been broken so many times that X-ray plates of his hands are on file at Bellevue to illustrate how properly set bones will heal.

The paradox of the man is that, withal, he is gentle, shy, sentimental and a good friend to hundreds who can never do anything for him in return. The man who won the Leroy M. Baldwin Medal for disarming a one-man arsenal who was holding up a crowded Childs' Restaurant at Columbus Circle, and who once hit a tough guy so hard that the gorilla's glass eye popped out fiercely and socked Broderick, likes nothing better than an evening at home with his family or a chat with a sports writer.

Cop Saves Crook

Several years ago Broderick was present in court and heard the testimony that sent a young second-story man to Sing Sing. It was a cut-and-dried case, nevertheless Broderick began to worry. He didn't like it. He decided that the boy was innocent of this particular felony. So Johnny began a private investigation. He worked overtime, day and night, finally nailed the real guilty party and saw to it that he was substituted in Sing Sing for the dazed young second-story man.

Johnny has a horror of talking about his profession, and won't recount any of his adventures, except in formal reports to his superiors. A few years ago when several hundred admirers tendered him a testimonial dinner, Johnny rose to his feet when called on to speak, looked out over an audience that tensely expected to hear something about his life and tough times, and said, "Aw, nuts. I'd rather sing." So he sang Sweet Rosie O'Grady. Without a drink, too, for the man who has worked for years knee-deep in night clubs and saloons, has never had a drink of whisky in his life.

Broderick relaxes at gangster movies. He likes to sit in the dark theaters and chuckle at the tough actors. But now and then he isn't pleased. Not long ago he was off duty and resting in his modest suburban home—where he lives with his good-looking wife and their two 'teen-age daughters—when his phone rang. It was his friend Toots Shor, owner of a popular pub.

"Hey, Duke, can you come over to the joint?" Shor asked. "Edward G. Robinson's here and wants to meet you. You know . . . he played the part of you in Bullets or Ballots."

"Tell him I don't want to meet him," Johnny barked. "Tell him I oughta flatten him."

Shor was struck dumb for one of the few times on record. "What's eating you? Robinson's a fine guy."

"Yeah?" growled New York's toughest cop. "Suppose I had let my kids go to see that picture—and they had seen him, playing the part of me, actually taking a drink and smoking a cigar?"



Broderick knew Crowley well, and asked for permission to try to reason with the trapped rat. When the permission was granted, Broderick walked out from behind a barricade in full view of the dead-eyed sniper. He walked across the open street to the apartment house, banged on Crowley's door and yelled: "Hey, they got you, Crowley. Why don't you give up?"

Crowley was close to the door. "You know me good enough, Johnny. You know the only way I'll come out of here is shootin'."

"Aw, you're nutty," Johnny observed, impatiently. "Tell you what I'll do: I'll go around the corner for two hours. If you ain't out by then I'll come in and get you." And with his back to Crowley, Broderick strolled off.

Two hours later Broderick returned, and once more the firing and bombing stopped. Broderick went back to Crowley's door, supported now by a few other detectives, and hit it with a splintering football block. The door broke, admitting Broderick more suddenly than he expected. Crowley faced him, his gun aimed at Broderick's belly. Then Crowley began backing out of the room, ready to take his stand in another section of the apartment.

more than one beleaguered sports writer.

Broderick is really a hard man to tag. He actually had a fight with fifteen young toughs one night. One of them called him on the phone and said, "You think you're tough, Broderick? Well, I can lick you." Johnny regarded this as an affront to the police force. He got the address, rushed to Brooklyn, walked into the house and promptly went down under the impact of fifteen waiting hoodlums. Johnny's buddy, Cordes, arrived eventually with a platoon of cops, for Broderick had left a note telling him where he was going. Broderick was nearly unconscious when Cordes arrived, but was still swinging.

His best fight came when he was assigned to find and disperse a gang of plug-uglies who were annoying women en route to an uptown Catholic church.

The devout Broderick rushed to this assignment with great relish. When he came into the pool hall that was their hangout, one of the plugs recognized him, picked up the cue ball and pegged it at Johnny's skull. Johnny barely ducked the bean ball, snatched a cue out of a near-by rack just in time to bunt off another bean ball, and thus bunted or leaned out of the way of the rest of the ivory ammunition that was flung his



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Delayed Verdict

Continued from page 12

All this while he had kept a hand in his right coat pocket. Wharton became aware of a bulge there and it made streaks of redness fade from his face. His protest came hoarsely: "You're building it all on a guess. What's that in your pocket?"

"A gun," Evan said.

"You wouldn't dare shoot me! You'd hang for it! It'd make two convictions—"

"Yes, it'd be my second conviction," Evan broke in harshly. "But you and I know the first one was for your own crime. You let me rot in prison ten long years; and you tried to buy off your conscience. Ten cartons of cigarettes; then a hundred dollars; then five hundred. Did it make you feel any better, Wharton?"

Wharton kept staring with a fearful fascination at that pocket bulge. Evan withdrew his hand from the pocket.

"I brought the gun along," he explained, "only to keep you from killing me. You *did* kill once, so you might try it again. In the meantime, I'd like to begin life over with a decent job. As an ex-con, I can't get a job except a cheap one like I've got now, wiping engines on a ship. My only chance is to prove in court that you, and not I, killed Ronald Bruce."

ABRUPTLY Evan Keith turned his back and left the garden. A gate admitted him to a side street and he walked briskly down a lane of magnolias toward the business section.

He must report back to his ship, which shortly would be returning to San Francisco. What then? Well, on his day ashore at San Francisco he could dig for a closer tie-up between Bruce and Wharton. And at each successive call of his ship here at Honolulu, he could work on Wharton in person. The man might crack up, if he kept at him.

Evan swung with long strides down a hill and came to a park with public buildings on one side and with a giant banyan tree in the center. The banyan branches dipped down to take root again. A bench was there and Evan paused to rest. He looked curiously at this hundred-legged banyan; and then at a Portuguese boy making love to a Japanese girl on the next bench; and then Evan Keith wrenched his thoughts back to Wallace Wharton—and to Ronald Bruce.

In diamond-sharp detail he remembered the only time he had ever seen Bruce. Ten years ago in San Francisco. Evan, fresh out of college, was driving a shiny new flivver down a residential avenue. Bruce, in a heavy sedan, had come banging out of his driveway to a collision. No one was hurt, but the flivver was scuttled.

The usual heated argument, each driver claiming the other to be at fault. Harsh words drew a crowd which heard Evan demand that Bruce pay the damage; and which heard Bruce refuse; and which heard Evan erupt bitterly, "If you don't pay it, I'll take it out of your hide."

Then Evan had called a wrecker to tow his wreck to a shop. An estimate for repair had come to a hundred and seventy dollars. With this estimate in hand, just after dusk, Evan had returned to the Bruce residence. He would insist on Bruce footing the bill. But crossing Bruce's lawn he had stumbled over murder. Bruce's body lay on the grass there; by it lay the club which had struck him down. Evan, shocked, had picked it up because it looked like a spoke from the front wheel of his

wreck. He was standing with it in hand, by the body, when two of the Bruce servants found him there.

"Guilty," the jury said.

Evan remembered somebody clicking a camera as they led him from the courtroom. And now he heard one again. He whirled nervously, then saw it was only a tourist lady. She was pointing a camera at the hundred-legged banyan.

He got up and hurried on past the post office and to the water front. A shrill whining of winches echoed through the dock warehouse as Evan strode across it to the moored Matsonia.

Then, as he was about to go aboard via the crew's plank, an elderly Chinese touched his arm. "You Mister Keith, please, maybe?"

"I am."

"This for you, please." The Chinese grinned amiably, then extended a sealed note.

The envelope bore Evan's name, nothing else. He opened it and saw a single line of writing. The writing had a feminine roundness:

"Please stay away from W. K. W. until you've seen me. A Friend."

Evan read the line twice, then stared suspiciously at the messenger. The Chinese was gray, wrinkled, neatly dressed. He might be the head servant of some well-ordered household.

"Who sent you?" Evan demanded.

"Come, please. I take you there."

The messenger bowed, then turned and walked with dignity from the warehouse. He seemed to take for granted that Evan would follow.

It might be a trap. Wallace Wharton could have dispatched this Oriental for the purpose of seducing Evan to some secluded spot where, at Wharton's order, Evan could be safely murdered.

What other answer could there be? Who else but Wharton could possibly know Evan's errand here?

Then Evan put a hand in his pocket and fingered the gun. He squared his shoulders and followed the Chinese messenger to the street. The man led him to a parked coupé. Evan, a hand in his gun pocket, got in. His guide took the wheel and drove away.

THEY took a street which followed the shore line. Soon Evan saw that they were passing handsome estates and hotels which fronted one way toward this street and the other way toward the sea.

The Chinese turned in at the drive of a hotel and drove the coupé up a lane between brilliant flame trees. He came to a stop at the hotel entrance and announced, "Writer of message waits in garden by sundial, please."

Evan got out and went into the hotel lobby. It still might be a trap, though the chance seemed less likely now. This was clearly a respectable place, not a deadfall for murder. The other side of the main foyer fronted on Waikiki Beach.

Evan went out to the flagged garden and saw a sundial there. By the sundial was an awning divan swing. Its back was toward him; but the swing was swaying and so Evan knew someone was in it.

He crossed the garden to its seaward side; then he saw a young woman seated alone in the swing. Almost at once Evan had a feeling he had seen her before. He couldn't think where.

His uncertain stare drew a smile. A faint flush came with the smile and he

knew it was she who had sent the note. She wore a traveling suit and a ginger lei, and didn't seem tanned enough to have been here long.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Keith?"

Evan caught a nervous note in her voice. He sat down in a rocker facing the swing. "Why did you send for me?"

"To stop you," she said. "You're mistaken about Wallace Wharton."

So that was it! Evan was disappointed. So Wharton was using a pretty woman to plead his innocence! "Your message found me too late," Evan said coldly. "Because I've already seen Wharton."

Her look of alarm seemed real. "You went to his house? Did you—?"

"Did I manhandle him? No, I just told him what I know."

"But you don't really know anything," she protested. "You're just guessing."

"Guessing what?"

"Guessing that he sent three gifts."

"Didn't he?" Evan's stare probed at her. Unless she was in touch with Wharton, how could she know these things?

"No, he didn't," the girl said. Her eyes met Evan's with a disarming candor. Then he saw that she wasn't just a girl, but a mature woman of about his own age, which was thirty-one. "Why would he?" she argued. "Conscience wouldn't make him do it. Because Wallace Wharton hasn't any conscience. Not the tiniest speck."

"Who are you?" Evan demanded.

The question seemed to surprise her. "Don't you know? I'm Pamela Bruce."

Then he remembered. He had seen her at the trial, ten years ago. She was the widow of Ronald Bruce.

"Did you think I did it?" he asked.

Her "No" came quickly, almost eagerly. "I didn't think you were guilty. Then, after you'd been three years in prison, something happened to make me doubt it all the more."

"What?"

"An old neighbor called to see me. I'd almost forgotten him. He took me out to dinner, talked to me about his life in Hawaii."

"Wallace Wharton?"

She nodded. "And before the eve-

ning was over, he asked me to marry him. When I said I wouldn't, he went away. That was seven years ago."

"And that started you to thinking?"

"It made me remember that when he lived next door I'd often played golf and tennis with him. And that in an unobtrusive way he'd been attentive. He'd made no advances—but a girl can tell when a man likes her. Then I remembered something else: Wallace Wharton went abroad the next day after Ronald's murder. And he never announced where he was, Mr. Keith, until after your conviction."

"You decided he was guilty, just on that?"

"No. I simply realized he might be, because it suggested a motive. But I wasn't sure enough to accuse him. You, I felt sure, were innocent. So I sent you the cigarettes."

Evan saw instantly that there was no coincidence. The cigarettes had arrived on the first of three dates, but only because Wharton's presence in San Francisco that day had made Pamela think of Evan. "You later sent money to my mother?" he prompted.

She nodded. "I didn't see Wharton again for three years. Then he called again, took me out to dinner and again asked me to marry him. So again it pointed my suspicion of him and made me think in pity of you. By that time I'd learned about your mother. It was the same again three years later. Don't you see?"

EVAN saw it clearly. Three times, at three-year intervals, Wharton had gone to the mainland. Each time he had proposed marriage and been refused. And his approach in each case had brought the same consistent reaction to Pamela.

"That explains the gifts," Evan said. "But it doesn't explain why you're here in Honolulu."

"When you were released a week ago," she said, "I wondered if employers would give you a cold shoulder. If so, maybe I could help. I'm a director in Bruce Industries, you know. So I consulted Sam Wang."

"Who's Sam Wang?"

"An old Chinese servant who prac-

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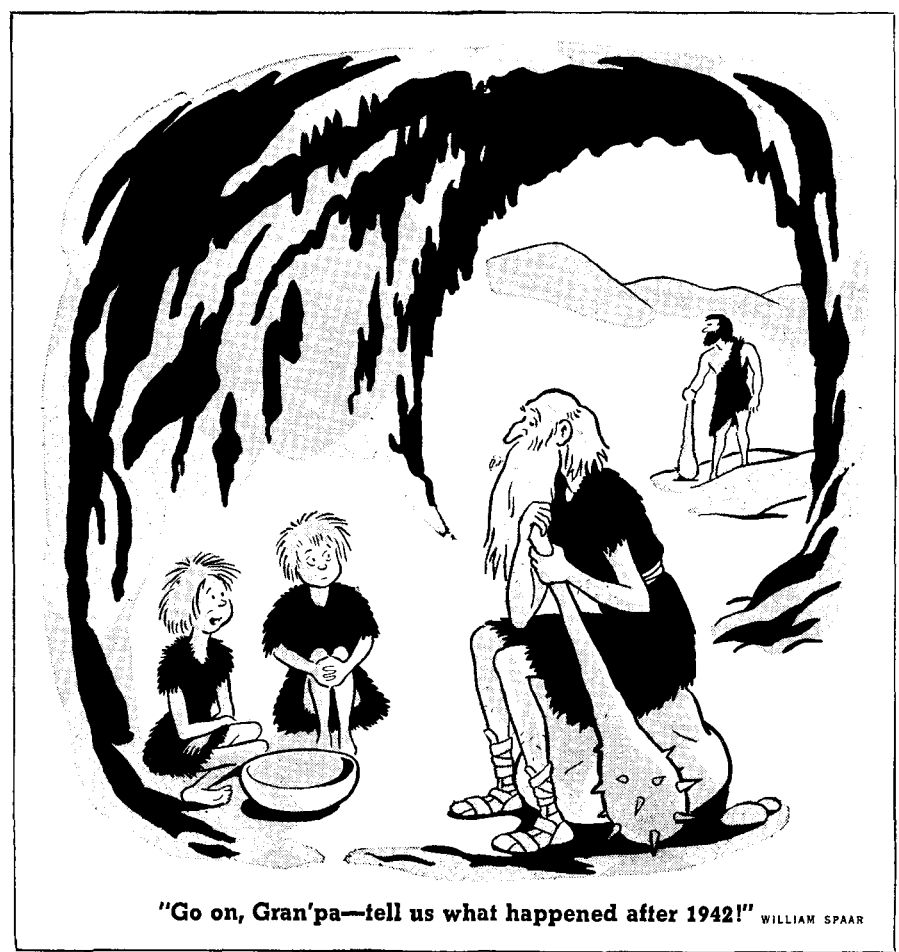
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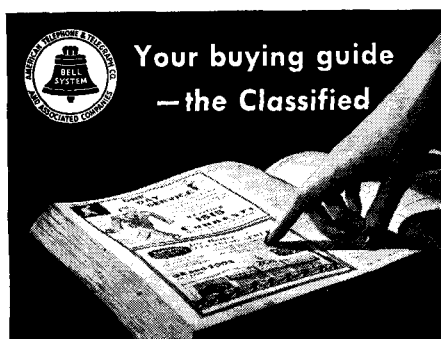
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tically raised me. I talked it over with Wang. He agreed that a young widow can't properly wait at the prison gates to greet the man who was convicted of murdering her husband. So Wang said he would find out your plans, and that we would help you some way while keeping under cover."

Evan looked at her and the bitterness melted from his eyes. He said "Thanks, Mrs. Bruce," and it sounded flat and stupidly inadequate.

"But Wang," she said, "phoned me that you were trying to get a job at a hotel. He said you had called at seven hotels and had been turned down, and now you were cooling your heels at the Presidio. I knew the manager of the Presidio quite well. So I rang him and asked him to give you a job."

Evan stared. "So that's why I got a break there!"

"An hour later he called me back," Pamela said, "and told me you hadn't asked for a job. He said all you wanted was to see his registrations for three old dates. They were the dates I had sent those gifts—"

"So you knew exactly what I was after!" Evan exclaimed. "And that I'd find the name Wallace K. Wharton registered on all three dates."

"So I sent Wang to find out what you'd do about it. He reported that you'd bought a secondhand pistol. And that you had then booked as a wiper to Honolulu. I guessed what for."

"You thought I'd walk in on Wharton, and start shooting? Why didn't you cable the Honolulu police?"

"And say what? That a man who has just served a prison term for the murder of my husband is on the war-path after a third man who, during the prison term, has been trying to marry me? And that the police must stop him, and take away the gun?"

Evan laughed uneasily. "You're right. It couldn't be handled that way."

"So Wang and I clipped over to handle it ourselves."

"And now that you've handled it, what else do you want?"

"Justice," Pamela said, "for both you and Wharton."

"That's exactly my ticket," Evan said. "A cleared name for me and conviction for Wharton."

"You're sure he's guilty?"

"I'd bet my right arm on it."

"So would I," Pamela said.

"So let's nail him," Evan said.

"How?"

A polite voice intruded: "For you, Mrs. Bruce." An attendant was standing there with a telephone. Its long extension cord reached halfway across the garden.

Pamela took it and answered the call: "Hello. This is Mrs. Bruce."

THEN Evan saw her expression change. And uneasy tension was in her voice as he heard her respond, successively:

"How did you know I was in town? . . . The evening paper? Oh, of course; they publish the names of all clipper arrivals. How are you, Mr. Wharton? . . . Dinner tonight? Please, I've hardly unpacked yet. . . . Well, tomorrow, then. Goodby." She hung up and turned troubled eyes to Evan.

"You're right," Evan said grimly. "He hasn't any conscience."

"I detest seeing him," she said. "But we'll have a better chance, don't you think, if he doesn't guess I suspect him?"

Evan approved with decision: "Keep him on the string. Call him Wally. Have him all softened up by the time I get back from San Francisco."

Pamela agreed. She knew, of course, that the Matsonia made a round trip between Hawaii and the mainland once each fortnight.

Exactly two weeks later Wallace Wharton answered the telephone at his Honolulu residence. He brightened at the sound of Pamela's voice.

"Can you drop by this afternoon, Wally? There's something I want to talk about."

Wharton exulted. She was calling him Wally again, just as when they'd been tennis partners ten years ago. And three times during these last two weeks she'd dined with him.

Everything comes, Wharton thought, to him who counts ten. Even if you have to count ten long years while you wait for a woman.

He drove to Pamela's hotel and parked his car in the drive there. At the desk he announced himself and the clerk rang Pamela's suite: "Mr. Wharton calling, Mrs. Bruce."

Pamela's voice said, "Send him right up."

Her second-floor suite consisted of a sitting room, a balcony, a bedroom and a bath.

Sam Wang answered Wharton's knock. Wang bowed, took the caller's hat and cane. Then he ushered Wharton through the sitting room and out upon the balcony.

Pamela stood up to greet him and her face seemed serious. Troubled, rather. "I'm afraid we're in for something unpleasant, Wally," she said. "I'm all upset about it myself."

Her manner confused him. "What's up, Pamela?" Then he decided she was embarrassed rather than troubled.

"You'll promise not to be offended, Wally?" she asked anxiously.

When she spoke to him like that he was willing to promise anything. Wharton sat down on a rattan settee. He brought out a cigar, trimmed it, and a smile creased his broad, pink face. "I like a good mystery, Pamela."

She sat down, facing him, and asked suddenly, "Do you remember a man named Evan Keith?"

He stiffened. One could almost hear the watch in his pocket tick ten times before he answered, "Keith? He was the man who killed Ronnie, wasn't he?"

"He's the man they convicted for it," she said, "and now he's been released from San Quentin. He seems to have a job on the Matsonia."

"He hasn't annoyed you, I hope?"

"He came here," she admitted, "just

after his boat docked today. And he has an obsession, Wally."

"A what?"

"He thinks you murdered Ronald."

Again the ten-second wait. Wharton was deciding whether to say, "I know it; he called two weeks ago and accused me to my face," or "That's too ridiculous!" He compromised by saying, "What makes him think I did it?"

"He claims you had a motive, for one thing. He thinks I'm the motive."

"He's what they call stir-crazy," Wharton said.

"Still, I think we should be kind to him, reason with him. You can listen to the case he thinks he's built up, then show him that it's all illogical and impossible. Don't you see?"

Wharton moistened those thin, tight lips of his. "I see," he murmured.

"So I asked him to call again at five," Pamela said. "You don't mind talking to him, do you?"

WHEN the house phone rang, Wang brought it to Pamela. The desk clerk's voice announced, "A Mr. Keith calling on you, Mrs. Bruce."

"Send him up, please," Pamela said.

Wharton braced himself. His best line, he decided, would be to patronize Keith. Treat him politely, but like a child.

They heard a knock and Wang went to respond. Then Wang returned to the balcony ushering Evan Keith. Evan bowed stiffly to Pamela, then stared at Wharton like a man with a chip on his shoulder.

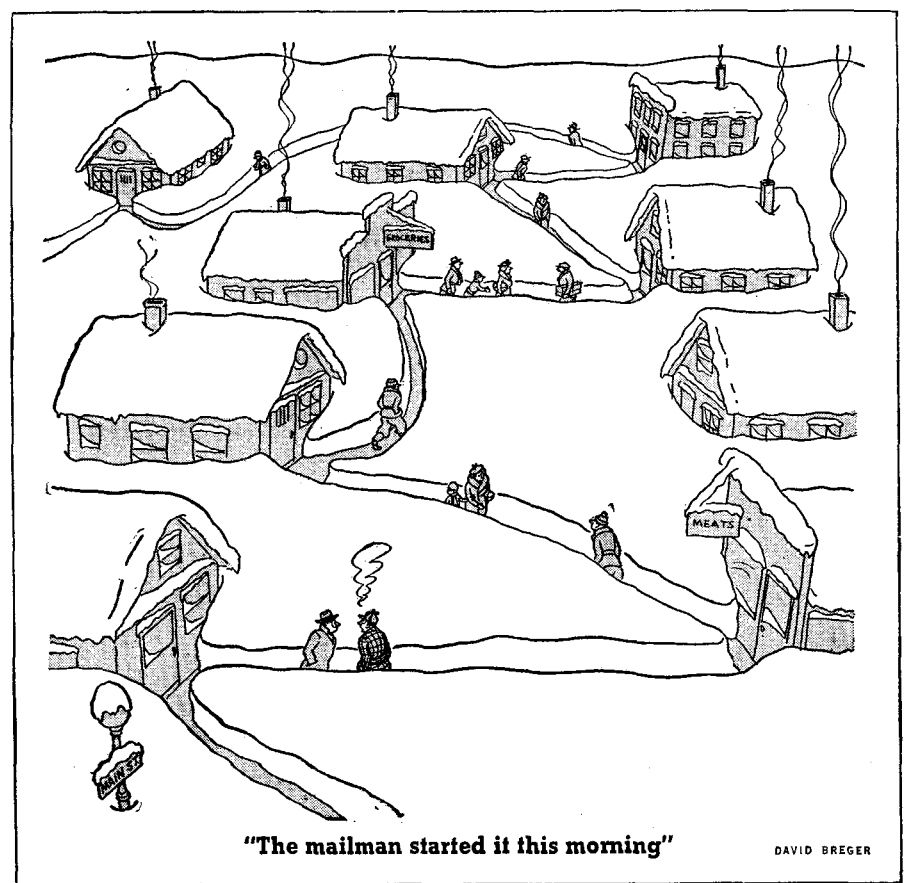
Pamela was gracious: "Won't you sit down, Mr. Keith?" Wharton liked the way she met this difficult situation. She was humoring this fellow, smoothing down ruffled feathers. Wharton tried to adopt exactly that attitude himself.

"Suppose we talk this thing out, Keith," he suggested throatily. "I mean about this obsession of yours that it was I who killed Ronnie Bruce." Evan took a seat near Pamela.

"I'll reconstruct the crime for you," he proposed bluntly.

"Go right ahead." Wharton's tone was expansive.

"On that day in 1931," Evan said, "there was a collision out in your street. Two drivers quarreled about who was to blame. Bystanders gathered, yourself among them. You heard me say to



DAVID BREGER

Bruce, 'If you don't pay the damage, I'll take it out of your hide.'

"You hoped I would. You wanted Bruce out of the way for a motive we'll not mention now. After dark that evening you saw Bruce walking among the shrubs of his front lawn. You went to the street and picked up a wheel spoke—debris from the wreckage of my car. You used it to kill Bruce. That's the outline."

Wharton waited ten beats of his heart. Then, with a tolerant unctious, faintly satirical, he answered, "And of course I knew you were on the way there from a garage with a repair bill in your hand, and that—"

"I can't prove you knew I was coming," Evan broke in. "What I can prove is that you found out, too late, that your crime had been witnessed."

Wharton felt hot stings spreading on his face. He brought out a silk handkerchief not so much to mop at them as to hide them from Pamela. Somehow he managed to respond, not too angrily, "The crime was witnessed, you say? By whom? Please don't keep me in suspense."

Then Wharton turned to see how Pamela was taking it. Her look reassured him. It seemed to say, "Be patient with him, Wally. The poor fellow."

"If there wasn't a witness," Evan countered, "why did you leave town in such a hurry? With me booked for the murder you had nothing to worry about—unless you were afraid of some witness."

The man was bluffing on some rank guess, Wharton decided. He assured himself that bluffers never win at a showdown. All you need do is sit tight and call them.

So Wharton put a tongue in his cheek. He asked Evan, "But who was this witness, if it's no secret?"

Evan chose to ignore him and explain directly to Pamela: "While my ship was in San Francisco this last trip I had a day or two ashore. So I went to the police with a list of three dates. June 19, 1934; June 6, 1937; August 2, 1940."

Wharton knew that those were the three dates that he had registered at the St. Francis Hotel.

Pamela asked Evan, "But why would the police be interested?"

"They weren't," Evan said. "Then I asked them if any unsolved crime was committed on any one of those three dates. They looked up the first date and said no. They looked up the second date and said no. Then they looked up the third date and said yes, on August 2, 1940, a little ambulance chaser named Moses Ginsberg was found murdered in his office. The homicide was still unsolved."

WHARTON sat perfectly rigid, like a pillar of ice. It was more than ten pulse beats before he could challenge, brassily, "All right. I was in San Francisco that day. And so were a million other people."

Evan continued speaking directly to Pamela: "The name meant nothing. But the man's profession jolted me. Ambulance chasers follow car collisions. The Bruce homicide followed a car collision. The connection was still thin, but it jostled my memory. It made me go back to the garage which repaired my wreck ten years ago. The same man still runs the place. I rehashed the old incident with him and we supplemented each other's vague recollections of it."

"We recalled that while I waited for the estimate, a shifty little lawyer came in. He saw the wreck and asked me if I was hurt. I said no. That disqualified me as a possible client. So he asked who was the other party in the colli-

sion and I told him. He left and I forgot all about him. Soon I left myself and went to Bruce's house. I didn't know that Moses Ginsberg, preceding me by ten minutes to inquire if Bruce had been hurt in the collision, and if so would he care to file suit, had arrived on the lawn just in time to witness Bruce's murder by Wharton."

Wharton stood up and his knees almost buckled. "I think this has gone far enough, Pamela. Don't you?"

The fact that she didn't answer him, or even look at him, frightened him more than anything Evan had said.

EVAN went on: "So I looked up Ginsberg's family and got the name of his bank. At the bank I said I was checking up on the Ginsberg murder. I handed them a list of three dates."

"The same three dates?" Pamela asked.

"Only two were the same. The first two. For the date of Ginsberg's murder in 1940 I substituted the date of Bruce's in 1931. I asked the banker to see if any unusually large deposits were made by Moses Ginsberg on those three dates. It wasn't easy. At first the banker wouldn't show me a thing. So I went to the judge who had sentenced me to prison ten years ago. He's retired now—I found him at his club. I told him what I'd uncovered so far. And did I get action! That old judge drove me back to the bank in his own car and he had a heart-to-heart talk with the banker."

"Then the banker looked up the old Ginsberg account. He found that on the day following the Bruce murder, Ginsberg had deposited three thousand dollars in cash. And on the 1934 date, Ginsberg banked one thousand in cash. And on the 1937 date he again banked one thousand in cash."

Evan turned to Wharton and continued: "You got tired of those pay-offs, Wharton. So on your 1940 trip to the mainland you put a stop to it. Yes, there were a million other people in town. But of all that million, only one left town on the first of four dates and returned on each of three others."

"A coincidence," Wharton pleaded desperately.

"A triple coincidence," Evan derided, "like having three wild-goose feathers fall in the same chimney on the same day every third year."

Even then Wharton didn't see just how tightly it wove a noose for him. He heard Pamela say, "Tell him where you next took your list of dates, Evan." Pamela's look was different now. Wharton realized that she'd been conniving with Evan Keith all the while.

"With that square-shooting old judge still batting for me," Evan said, "I went to the Trans-Pacific telephone people. What calls from Frisco to Honolulu on or near those three dates? I found that just before the murder of Ginsberg, Ginsberg called Wharton at Honolulu. Wharton immediately clipped to San Francisco."

Wharton said hoarsely, "What are you going to do about it?"

"It's already been done," Evan told him. "The warrant's been issued. Police are waiting at your car now."

Wharton stepped to the balcony railing. He looked down and saw his car parked in the hotel drive. Four policemen stood by it. Three were of the local force; the other wore the uniform of a San Francisco inspector.

Evan Keith moved over to stand by Pamela. Wharton looked at them and counted ten—not ten pulse beats of discretion, but one for every year he'd stolen from Evan's life; and one for each year he'd waited for Pamela.

Then Wharton turned to see Sam Wang holding out his hat and stick. "You go, please," Wang said.

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Louise passes some of her famous d'oeuvres (see text for details) group of highly appreciative guests including, extreme right, the IFOR T

SHE LIKES TO COOK

BY HELEN HILCKEN LITTLE

Friendly Louise runs one of the most unusual restaurants in New York. But don't let the simple, home-like atmosphere fool you. The most glamorous people in New York eat there, and the food is delicious

THERE is no sign on Louise's place. You'd never know that the brownstone house on East 58th Street is a restaurant unless you walked through the basement door some evening around seven o'clock.

Then you would see a small, intimate room with a bar at one end crowded with friendly groups, tables with red-check covers, and some of the smartest-looking people in New York. Louise with her merry smile and dark eyes circulates among them, stopping to chat with those she knows. When she tells you who dines there regularly you'd think she was reading from the Social Register.

Barbara Hutton, Brenda Frazier, and among the band leaders, Pancho, to mention but a few. And the town's most beautiful glamor girls. When the models began to haunt Louise's a few years ago the debs picked up the trail.

So there you have it. A restaurant with the most homelike atmosphere you can imagine, with a distinctly sophisticated clientele who like the food, the informality, the absence of cameramen, but most of all Louise.

No ordinary restaurant proprietor, Louise found herself in the business quite by accident. And she still treats her customers as though they were guests of the house.

Louise used to do embroidering for a large dress shop, but when this kind of handiwork passed out of the picture, she had nothing to do. In the summer of 1933 she and her husband, Nick, rented a bungalow at Long Beach, N. Y. Pancho, who had his band at the Atlantic Beach Club, used to come over to their house to eat. Soon he began bringing friends along, and Louise fixed dinner for them, too.

That winter Louise took a house on East 58th Street and let out some of the

rooms. The people who lived there came downstairs to eat with her family. Word traveled fast about her wonderful cooking and she found herself feeding twenty-five and thirty each night.

Across the street was a speak-easy and, with repeal, the owner wanted to retire. The real-estate man who handled her house suggested Louise take over the bigger place and open a restaurant. He offered her a month's concession. She decided to take a chance, rent out the two upper floors and try her luck with a restaurant on the two lower floors.

No Vacations and No Chef

With a smile Louise says, "I thought with that month's free rent I could afford to go to the country for a rest, but I never got there. The first day forty people came to dinner and every night there were more.

"For a couple of years I cooked for a hundred every night to save the expense of a chef. After closing time, around two or three o'clock in the morning, we'd go down to Washington Market and get all our fresh vegetables for the next day. "That's a wonderful place." Louise's

eyes light up when she tells you. "Some Italian officers and officials were eating here one night after visiting the World's Fair, and they wanted to go down to the market with me. This was more thrilling for them than anything they had seen out at the Fair.

"But you should see my farm," Louise tells everyone. "The house is 125 years old, all tumbling down, but I like it that way. And my vegetable garden! String beans, tomatoes, spinach, cucumbers, lettuce, broccoli, cauliflower. And we have our own chickens too, and eggs," Louise announces proudly.

"You know, I have a country maid who has taught me to preserve. You must taste the apple-quince and the plum and grape jelly we made last summer. It is delicious. We still have 500 jars left."

Louise takes pride in her cooking. She started doing it for friends when she was about 17, when she used to invite the girls from the dress shop to her house for dinner. She never took a lesson and doesn't consult cookbooks. She doesn't measure amounts, but uses her own judgment, as most real cooks do.

Louise loves to fix hors d'oeuvres, and

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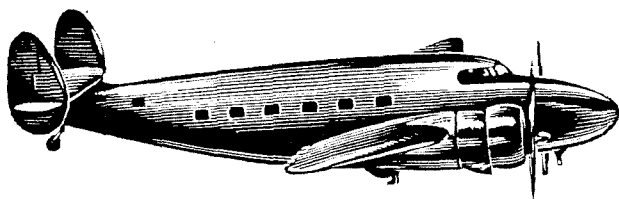
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back in the days before she had five chefs, fifteen waiters and three bartenders, she used to fix them all herself. The recipe for her delicious shrimp salad has always been a secret till now. Louise boils the shrimps with salt until tender and then cleans them. She chops celery, chives and hard-boiled eggs very small, adds a little lemon juice, chili sauce, mayonnaise, a dash of A-1 Sauce and a bit of horse-radish. The shrimps then go into the sauce, and the whole is stirred and chilled.

Another favorite hors d'oeuvre of Louise's is sliced ripe melon or fresh figs wrapped in presciutto, Italian ham.

"Pickled mushrooms make nice hors d'oeuvres too," Louise says. "Take sliced fresh mushrooms, or leave them whole if they're small. Boil five minutes in half vinegar and half water to which sliced onion, bay leaves, a sprig of garlic and some chopped parsley and celery have been added. Strain, pour over the mushrooms a little olive oil, salt and pepper and serve very cold."

And Louise's stuffed celery is really something! Gorgonzola cheese and butter are creamed together, sherry added and the whole mixture used to fill tender celery stalks. Sprinkle paprika over the top as a garnish.

What is Your Favorite Dish?

After the hors d'oeuvres you proceed to your favorite dish. Maybe it's Chicken Cacciatore, which Louise says is most popular. To prepare it yourself, take a nice frying chicken and cut it into small serving pieces. Brown in olive oil and meanwhile prepare the sauce. Chop onion, green pepper, a garlic sprig and fresh mushrooms. Fry in half olive oil and half butter. Add a wineglass of sherry and some fresh, peeled tomatoes. Pour this sauce over the chicken and simmer slowly for a half-hour. Just before serving add a dash more sherry and some salt and pepper.

Or maybe you'd rather have Veal Scallopini. The veal must be cut very thin and in small pieces. Flour it on both sides and sauté in butter. Add sliced fresh mushrooms and when the meat is brown (about 5 minutes) add a half wineglass of sherry or Marsala. This she always serves with plain, buttered spinach. Louise likes all her vegetables simply cooked with only the addition of butter.

If it's spaghetti you want, try Louise's Spaghetti with Meat Sauce. Chop onion, celery, parsley and carrots very fine and add a little garlic. Fry in pure olive oil and when this is all brown add your chopped beef. (If you have leftover roast, grind that up—it will do just as well.) Then put in $\frac{3}{4}$ tomato paste and $\frac{1}{3}$ regular peeled tomatoes, salt and pepper. Simmer this slowly for at least an hour and a half. The longer the sauce cooks the better it tastes. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over your spaghetti and sauce after serving.

For those who like spaghetti without a heavy sauce, Louise devised Spaghetti with Green Sauce. Melt some butter in a frying pan and add a sprig of garlic, lots of chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Bring this to a boil, but don't let the butter brown or burn. Pour this over your strained spaghetti, which is always cooked to order, and serve at once.

Louise has some good tips to offer on the preparation of delicious roasts. She says a rump of veal is improved when sprinkled with rosemary and that it adds to the flavor of lamb too. And both should have some kernels of garlic inserted into them before roasting.

For stuffing a pocket in roast veal she takes spinach, a chopped onion, hard-boiled egg, some grated cheese, bread, parsley, a whole carrot and mixes it all with a raw egg. "When you slice this it is very pretty," she says. "But

never carve a roast the minute you take it out of the oven. Put it on top of the stove for about fifteen minutes. Then it is never soggy and is also easier to carve."

Louise prefers a simple mixed salad.

Chopped peppers, radishes, chicory, tomato, water cress, escarole, all kinds of lettuce. For the dressing she rubs the bowl with a little garlic, then adds $\frac{2}{3}$ olive oil and $\frac{1}{3}$ vinegar, a bit of salt and pepper.

Both Louise and her husband say dessert should consist of fresh fruit or cheese, although Louise thinks zabaglione is good. For one serving take a tablespoon of granulated sugar to one yolk of egg and beat it well in a double boiler. Add a little Marsala or sherry just as it thickens. This can be served hot or chilled.

Louise is a shrewd businesswoman. From a neighborhood success she has become the owner of two restaurants within a few blocks of each other, both operating to full capacity every night. She opened Louise, Jr., partly to handle the overflow from Louise's, but also because the city may take over her property on 58th Street to expand the entrance to the Queensborough Bridge. "If they do this, I'll have the other place on East 53d Street, and besides, it gives all of my family work," she adds complacently.

There are seven members of her family helping between Louise's and Louise, Jr. They all know that the harder they work the more they get for themselves. "I could rent my cloakroom concessions," she points out shrewdly, "but I'd rather have my niece and sister as coatroom girls."

Louise was born in France of Italian parents. She came to this country when she was fourteen with her mother, sister and two brothers. But her cooking leans heavily to the Italian side.

Last winter Louise was in Key West

managing a big restaurant in Boca Chica that was threatened with failure. She enjoyed her Florida jaunt, but Louise says she wouldn't have gone but for her son who was ill and needed to be in a warm climate. She lifted the Southern restaurant out of the red. People came from all over Key West, Palm Beach and even New York. She learned to do the rumba and had a grand time.

Where Clothes Don't Matter

"I don't care anything about clothes. I used to have expensive ones. Now I buy cheap ones," and Louise giggles, "but here's what I do with them." She shows you the inside seams of her dress. "I cut off all the hanging threads and overcast the seams, so the inside looks as good as the outside. I even finish my house dresses that way." She laughs.

"You see youngsters coming in here with their hair mussed and not caring how they look, but their eyes are shining and they have a wonderful time. Then you see women with beautiful dresses and unhappy faces. They don't know how to have a good time. It's being with people you like that counts. I love my friends and want to have them around me," and she sighs happily.

Louise knows about the limited budgets of the college boys who bring their young ladies to dinner. When they ask her to suggest a wine she says, "The California wines are best. And, anyway," she observes, "when you're in this country you should drink American wine."

Now Louise wants to take driving lessons. "When I learn to drive it will be fine. I can bring the vegetables from the farm down to the restaurant in my station wagon."

And somehow you wish you could see her with sparkling eyes transporting the precious load of wonderful vegetables and chickens for her friends to eat.



"Can't you ever forget you won that bathing beauty contest?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Cunningham's Cats

Continued from page 14



How to go shopping in an arm-chair

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The sky was full of the swine. But we gave them plenty. Rawley put on a wizard show all right. Hey, Rawley, I saw you drop one. Tell us about it."

"I got on the tail of a Hun and gave him a long burst and he came apart." Rawley was a small slim youngster with curly golden hair. He looked twelve. But he was nineteen. "Then as I watched the Hun go down, I felt something popping around me and damned if a Hun wasn't on my tail. I slipped away and almost ran head-on into another one. I gave it to him good and he went down. Then I saw you were in trouble, sir, and I hustled over but you'd gotten the Hun you were after before I reached you."

The sun was high now and it was time for lunch. I thought I'd try the army mess this time; they might have some water. I went to the public-relations tent where senior officers guide the correspondents away from military subjects which for the moment the army considers "hush-hush." I stayed there until, in resigned discouragement, they asked me to lunch. The lunch was cold bully beef with Worcestershire sauce, but there was tea. The tea tasted as though it had been used to wash down a truck.

"That's the chlorine in the water," the chief military press censor said. "Tastes awful but it keeps you from getting typhoid."

There was news of the tank battle. It was going well because of the amazing efficiency of the American tanks. They had completely routed a Nazi tank force superior in numbers, using tanks superior in armament. The American tanks weighed about twelve tons and carried a thirty-seven-millimeter cannon that plowed through seventeen-ton Nazi cruisers.

During the afternoon the desert lived up to advance notices. The sun poured down and baked the sand to a fiery whiteness. Some German airplanes had been over the night before, dropping flares, and there was some reason to believe that they had located our airdrome. If so they'd be over in force to bomb it, so it was suggested that we dig some slip trenches alongside the truck that we called home. Two other American correspondents, Ken Downs and Bob Low, suggested that the three of us dig a trench. It would afford some protection if the Hun came over. We went to work with pickax and shovel and it wasn't long before I was questioning whether there wasn't some more pleasant way of earning a living than mine. The work went slowly and finally we abandoned it. It wasn't more than two feet deep.

"Deep enough for a grave," I told my two pals. "I'll be happy to bury either or both of you in it."

Low said, "Thanks, sweetheart."

America's Hand Shows Here

Out on the airdrome things were buzzing. Six huge Bombays dropped very slowly from the sky; they looked slow and leisurely alongside the quick, deft fighters. Bombays are really troop-carrying airplanes. They are of the type used by the Nazi parachute troops. I talked to the squadron leader who had flown one of them. A feature of this desert battle is the amazing co-operation and split-second co-ordination between the army and the air force. As this fight here develops it becomes more and more evident that America is having a big part in it.

Airplanes took off, airplanes landed.

At no time during the day was the sky free of them. One Tomahawk came back with its undercarriage smashed by a Nazi cannon. Quite calmly, the young Australian landed the Tommy on its belly. It raised a mountainous cloud of dust as it hit the ground, completely hiding the aircraft. Gradually the dust settled and then we saw the slight figure of the pilot emerge. The airplane was sitting quite unharmed on the sand and the pilot was cursing softly because it might be another twenty-four hours before he could get another one.

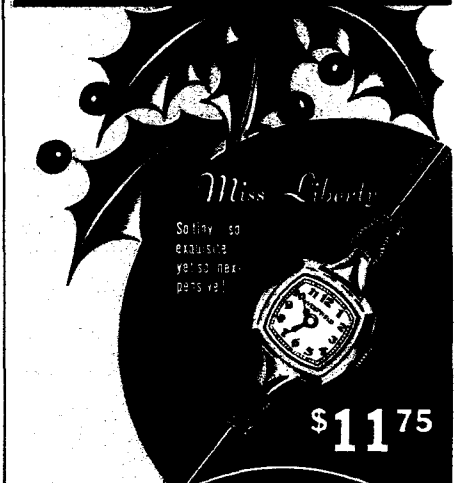
I was with the Australian squadron commanded by Rosie when it was ordered up. A road had been observed filled with armored cars rushing up to support the Nazi tanks. The boys hopped into their Tomahawks and away they went—twenty-one of them. They were due back in an hour and a half. The sun began to climb down toward the horizon and then suddenly, as happens in the desert, it plunged below it. Five Tomahawks came out of the semidarkness to land. They had been jumped by a whole wing of Messerschmitts. It had been a dogfight all over the sky. They had knocked down plenty of the Me's all right but the fight had lasted too long. These five had petrol enough to make our home port. The others? By now their gasoline would be exhausted. Somewhere or other, sixteen Tomahawks and sixteen pilots were down in the desert.

Six Who Didn't Return

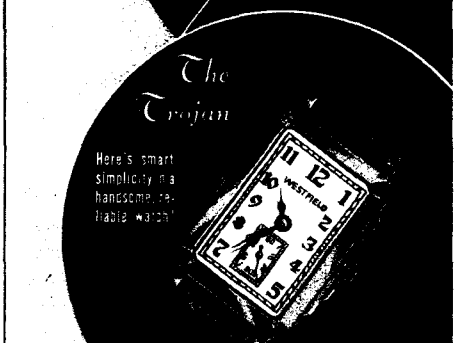
At dinner, which was bully beef and, incredibly, a sardine, we didn't talk much about the sixteen who were missing. Cold comes with the night. We had dinner in a tent but the desert night air seeps through the strongest tent and you long for the comparative warmth of your sleeping bag. We sat there smoking and then we heard the sound of airplane motors. The thoughts we'd kept to ourselves tumbled out now. This must be Rosie and his crew. The throb of the motors grew louder. Sound plays queer tricks in the desert. This may have been one airplane; it may have been fifty. The still, cold air was throbbing with the sound of airplane motors. Then two miles away something flashed through the night and for a moment banished the night. It was a flare and we knew that this was a Hun looking for our airport. Soon the sound died away.

Because the sun awakes us when it rises in the morning we go to bed early in the desert. But it was hard to sleep that night, knowing that sixteen pilots were out there beyond the horizon somewhere. Even if they landed safely, they'd be suffering from this same cold. The roar of planes woke us early the next morning. I looked up and against the deep blue saw a dozen flashing shapes—unmistakably Tomahawks. They had come back. It was news good enough to banish any resentment at such an early awakening. The pilots looking a bit blue with cold, hopped out. All of them had run out of petrol and had then made for emergency fields where petrol was stored. In all there were ten pilots. Six were missing. Six are still missing; six pilots who were alive and vital and smiling only yesterday. Perhaps some bailed out on this side of the line. Rosie, who worried so about the pilot with the broken wing, is one who didn't come back. But he may walk in this afternoon or a week from now. I hope so. Anyhow, that's a day in the desert. If you're foolish enough to wish you were here, why, come along.

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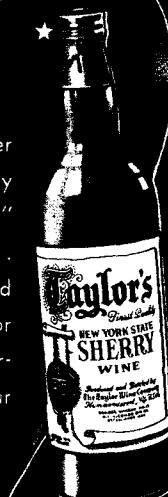
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Can Berlin Take It?

Continued from page 19

For the Holidays—
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for themselves in choice restaurants by passing on the confidential information they got from the Propaganda Ministry.

If a raid threatened, the restaurants would quietly warn all their customers to rush their kraut, pony up, and *schnell nach Hause gehen*.

Average Berliners don't relish public shelters. They have, for reasons you shall presently note, a fondness for their home *Luftschützräume* like that shown by household pets for familiar mats. Public shelters are plentiful. Seldom in this blacked-out city do you find yourself unable to spot at least one of the special blue lamps that mark their entrances.

What Shelters Are Really For

The German official view of shelters is realistic. They know that shelters—except those made with especial design, care, reinforcement and depth—are largely pap, if direct hits on them occur. And direct hits on public air-raid shelters have occurred—in Germany, as well as in England. "Yet," a German police authority told me, "they have certain disciplinary, sanitary and protective values. During a raid the whole city's under a hailstorm of our own anti-aircraft shell bits and flying wreckage and bomb fragments. In a shelter you're safe from that. Also, shelters keep people from messing around in the streets, impeding firemen and rescue squads. And they prevent bodies being smeared all over. If a shelter is hit—you can just seal it up until after the war, or whenever it's convenient to clean it out."

The cops, if they catch you roaming, will shoo you into a shelter unless you have a special pass. Thus, in the hour before the "scheduled" time for raids, you find Berliners hurrying along neighborhood streets from car, L and subway lines, while the darkness resounds

with "Ach Gotts" and "Donners" and "Schrecklichs" that attest to many collisions with objects animate and inanimate. Downtown, scores are legging it hell-bent on Friedrich Wilhelm and Hermann Goering Strassen or den Linden, toward the central hotels. Most cunning, from all sides hundreds of paired dark shadows are flitting into the Tiergarten and lesser parks where they disappear like holing woodchucks. Love in gloom!

Oddly, you don't see as many hand flashlights, or buttonhole *Gluhwürmchen*, now as in the first and second winters; partly because the novelty has worn off and people have grown used to darkness, but chiefly because batteries and such things can't be got.

Anyhow—this evening you've got a "feeling"! The maid comes in. Mousy, good-hearted, patient Rosa. "Verdunkeln!" she explains, then goes about her small part in the sad daily rite of darkening Europe; of shutting the light of civilization indoors, while the world outside goes back to the Middle Ages. She rolls down the closely slatted wood blinds, pulls the heavy draperies together. She pauses at the door and smiles without optimism:

"I hope our English cousins won't pay a call tonight." This is a little nightly joke between you.

All belligerent Europe today is divided into two classes: those who go into air shelters and those who don't. Lest you gain a wrong impression, let this veteran of air raids in China as well as in Europe assure you that courage has nothing to do with the classification.

In Germany, unless you are in the streets, no one will force you into a shelter. For any who have the slightest touch of claustrophobia—that morbid and quite prevalent dread of confinement that is sharpest in small, crowded places—a session in an air-raid shelter is agonizing. German doctors recognize

this; recommend that claustrophobes be kept out of shelters because of their bad effect on morale—and because acute cases might conceivably start panics. On the other hand, for those with a noise phobia the flaming din above ground in a raid is unbearable. Many, unaffected either way, decide they'd prefer to be hit by a bomb than by a building; rather be killed pronto than buried alive.

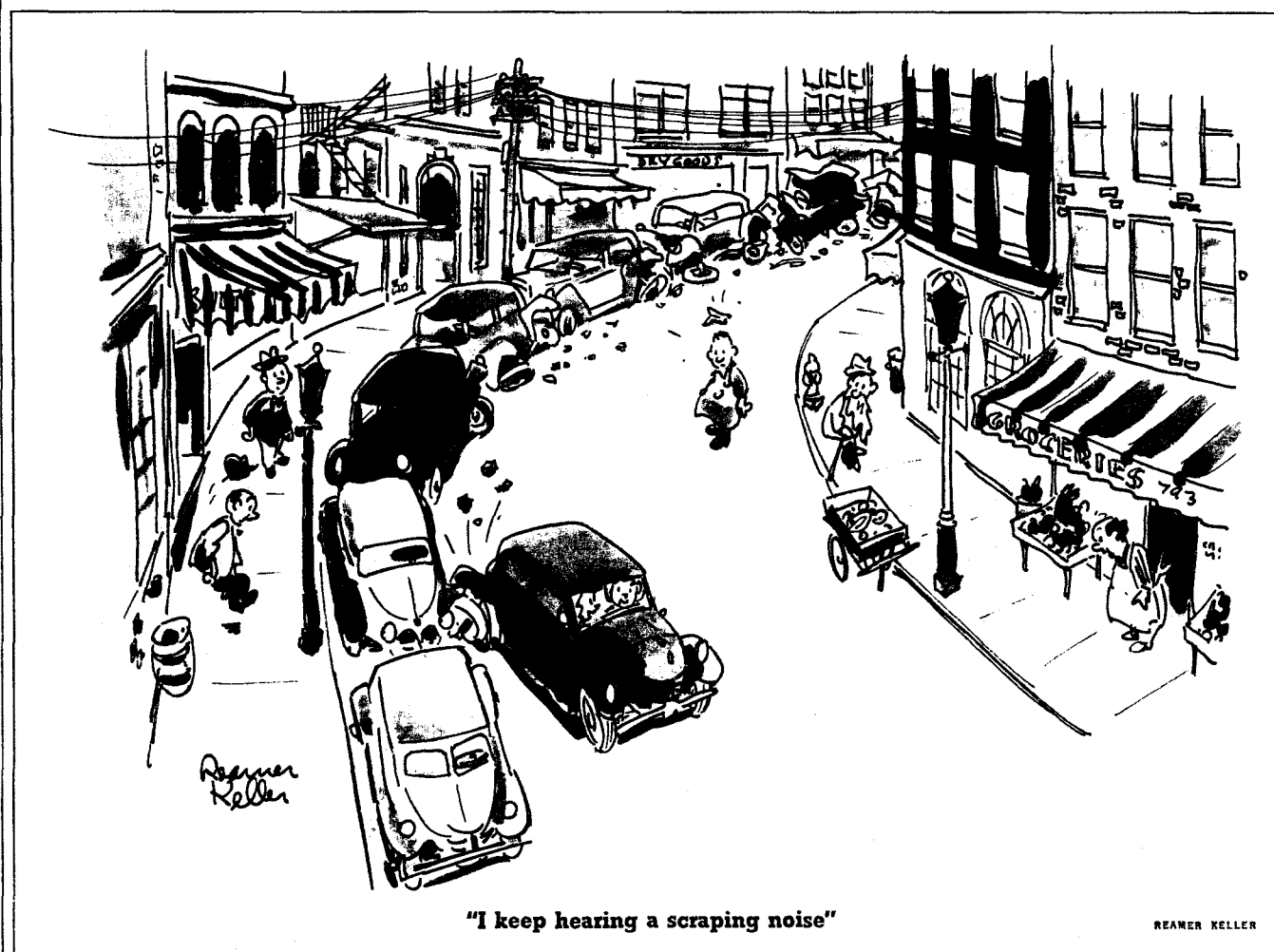
So you're a "don't"—and this has at least one advantage: you can see the show. And when you are ready to turn in you have a routine to follow:

It's better to dress, in case of fire. Therefore, you leave your clothes as handy as a fireman's, being careful to include sweater and overcoat. You leave the things you would most want to save, in a pinch, handy in a small bag. Passport and other papers are stuffed into pockets. A blued flashlight is placed beside your watch on the bed table.

Now you can switch off the room lights, and open the windows and shutters. Breaking glass is one of the most common sources of bad injuries. You swing the windows to right angles with the wall; from this position the glass is not so apt to fly across the room. You unlock the door to the hall.

Significant Tip-offs

A brief look from the balcony into the cold, bright night. There are ominous signs. First, the lights have been turned off on the big construction job that has been proceeding, night and day, next door. And the usual glow from the night working lights in the big railroad yards a mile or so away is missing. Second, there are no searchlights and no sound of fighter planes practicing aloft. All this means that enemy planes have been reported from the first zone of Germany's network alarm; probably over the East Frisian Islands, or Wesermünde, or the



REAMER KELLER

Elbe Mouth—the shortest overland route from the North Sea to Berlin for British airmen. You figure in advance that you aren't going to get much sleep.

You don't. The wail of an air raid at midnight in any land is not of this earth. It's a throwback to the night sounds that carried fear into primeval caves. Strangest note is that sirens actually have national accents. There is the shrill, jckling din of China; the emotional complaint of Spain; the dignified banshee of England—and here the siren is guttural.

If the siren doesn't get you up, other things will. German thoroughness provides. The telephone rings; a reminder that you ignore. The elevator man comes along the hall banging upon a dishpan. He stands outside each door, shouting and whamming. All warnings over, the hotel is alive with muted stirrings: Doors opening; low expletives in the darkness; the employees taking up posts at the sandboxes in each hall; slippered feet of guests hurrying to the cellar.

At this time, if it's your first raid, you will probably do what many persons who are honest as well as intelligent admit privately they have done. You will go into the bathroom and have a look at yourself in the mirror to see how you're taking it!

Soon the folly and madness of a modern European night break up your introspection. When you reach the balcony the sky has already disappeared beyond a nearer firmament arched by the searchlights and starred by the jagged gray and red ulcers of exploding anti-aircraft shells.

Hide and Seek with Death

In the British night-raid technique over Germany it is usually the task of their squadron commanders to locate the objective and make the first "run-up"—that is, the straight approach of the last few miles necessary for the bombardiers' sighting purposes. Over the place he decides is "it" the commander drops parachute flares which light the surroundings for several minutes for the benefit of his squadron members, who tail him and lay their eggs.

Searchlights—hundreds, literally—beam up from the perimeter of Berlin. The wonder is that all raiders are not always picked out. One reason may be the seeming inability of light pointers to resist temptation to gang up when a plane is caught. A hundred will instantly fasten on him, where ten would do; and other parts of the sky are neglected. The raiders, of course, break formation and scatter to bedevil ground opposition. In raids over Berlin I have never seen more than four planes "netted" by the lights at one time; and those widely separated.

Tonight, directly overhead, scores of lights suddenly focus into one great misty blue-white splotch in the center of which you see a plane. To a naked eye it appears just a glistening midge. With your binoculars, you judge its altitude to be 18,000 feet or more. Its motor exhausts trail breath on the frosty air as it banks and dives in a futile effort to escape the lights and the flak.

You have heard talk in Berlin that flak marksmen don't try to hit a bomber when it is over the city, but rather endeavor to push or drive it away and take a chance of hitting it above open countryside—the idea being fear of the damage that a plane loaded with gasoline and explosives could do falling in a congested area. But I never saw evidence of such tactical composure nor met a flak officer who didn't agree he would fetch down a plane any time, any place he could. Indeed, bombers have been knocked smack-dab into Berlin. Gunfire kept up while it falls so disintegrates the load and structure of a crippled

plane there isn't much left to make a dent when it finally hits ground.

On surrounding roofs, on the courtyard flags below and in the trees, an uneasy patter begins. It sounds like the first large drops of a summer shower. This is the terrible "dry rain" of the flak-shell fragments. "Flak" is specifically the abbreviation of "*Fliegerabwehr Kanonen*"—cannon warding off fliers. Flak comes down in chunks varying from the size of a penny to that of your closed fist. It may be fused. It certainly will be red-hot, as you'll find if you pick it up too soon. Everybody collects flak souvenirs. But flak can mutilate and kill. So when you hear it beginning to fall close, it's a cue to lose interest in the spectacle and beat it indoors.

It's a good time, moreover, to see what's happening to morale in Berlin under these perils of the night. For this is what it might be like in your home town—when and if—

Examination of morale probabilities in any country involves a large military question, on which this war already has provided much evidence but no conclusion. Some German airmen told me they believed this winter's exchange of *Luftstrafen*, or air punishments, between England and Germany might very well provide a definite answer. Can air power on its own value, by throwing heavy punches into their bodies politic, civil, social and industrial, soften any great nations for easy final knockout by combined military arms?

Specifically applied here, this question is conditioned by two important factors: What are the difficulties, opportunities, advantages and disadvantages facing the attacking force—the R.A.F.? What are the precautions, both military and civil, taken by the defensive side to safeguard its civilian populations, hence its morale.

European airmen say that London and Berlin are the two primary "morale objectives" of this war. As distinguished from industrial and military objectives (although both cities possess certain of these qualities), the capitals are the heart and brains of each nation, from which morale decline would begin. Morale, at least in the opinion of German war psychologists, plays follow the leader; it decays from top to bottom, rather than the other way. Thus, raids on the capitals get most publicity. Of 6,000 British raids over Germany up to this autumn, only one per cent were on Berlin; the rest mostly against the Ruhr-Rhineland industrial, the Hamburg-Bremen sea areas.

Bombs on Morale Objectives

Cologne is the most frequently raided German city; it is hit more than twice as often and each time more heavily than Berlin. Kiel has suffered the most casualties; Münster is the German Coventry. Of approximately 10,000 German raids to date over England, little more than two per cent have been against London; the rest chiefly against the Birmingham-Sheffield industrial areas and the Cardiff-Bristol sea areas, plus such ports as Hull, Newcastle, Plymouth, Southampton. All these, German airmen told me, have been hit oftener and more severely than London. But they, like their German equivalents, are "purely" military objectives, and the governments don't talk much about them. It's the morale objectives, London and Berlin, you hear most about; and with regard to which is written what the Germans call "*Kinderwagen*," or baby carriage, atrocity propaganda.

Therefore, to weaken German morale the R.A.F. must consider Berlin, and possibly such cultural and nationally beloved centers as München and Dresden. It's twice as far, roughly, from



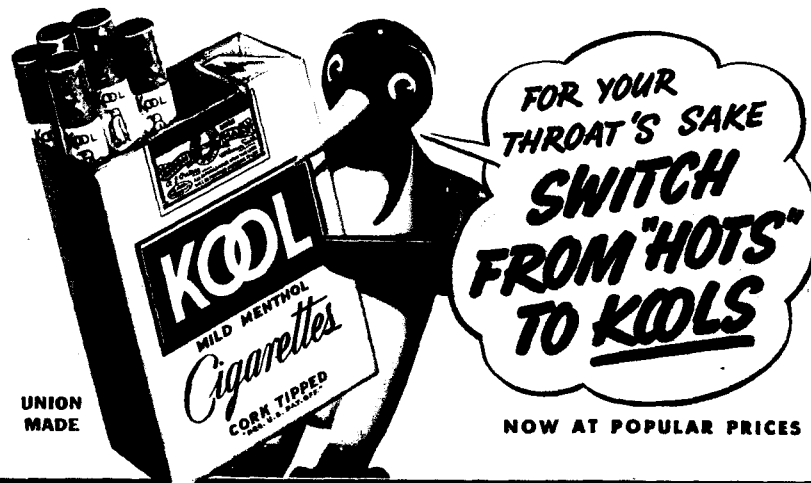
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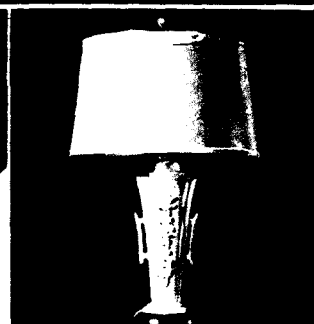
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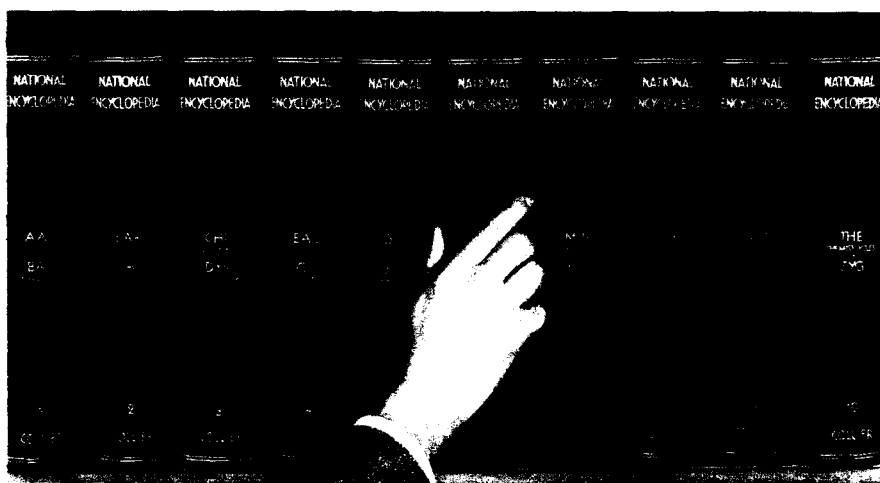


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England to Berlin as from England to Cologne and the military-objective western section of Germany. It's 600 miles each way for a bombing of Berlin; more if the longer but safer North Sea route is followed. For the most efficient and latest-type bombers, when heavily loaded and at cruising speeds, that's a three-hour trip each way, not counting the actual time spent above the objective for the purposes of the raid. Bombers should be clear of enemy land before daylight makes attack by fighters easy. That's why British raids on Berlin on and near June 21st, the northern hemisphere's longest day, are scarce. It's barely possible for them, eggs laid and throttles all out, to reach the sea before full dawn. There is approximately fifteen hours of pitch darkness today in northern Germany, as compared with five hours in early summer.

Discussions of the R.A.F.'s ability to meet these conditions is a technical problem that does not belong in this article. We are now just interested in Germany's ability to protect her morale heart.

Fundamental, of course, is her scheme for detecting the approach of raids and their probable destination. So-called "air-raid-alarm networks" are pretty much the same in every country. The reporting organizations set up and the maneuvers held in the United States, especially in the East, this autumn are in general similar to those in Germany. The "Paul Revere Men" and women of the New England hills have counterparts in the "Air Watch Sentries" of Westphalia, Schleswig and Rhenish Prussia. However, the German system offers two novelties:

First, watchers are sent out each night in small power boats, far off the European mainland coast, into the North Sea and the upper Channel. These "avant-guard" boats are equipped with listening devices and radio. Second, other watchers are placed in *Horchgraben*, or secret trenches, along the shore rims. They do not watch the sky. They sit in ditches six feet deep and depend upon their ears, not their eyes; for soil conducts sound more quickly than the air, and approaching planes can be heard sooner in a trench than upon the surface. Practiced *Horchgraben* sentinels, even without mechanical aids, can accurately tell altitude, speed and direction of planes.

Germany has certain natural advantages in building her military defenses against raids—one being spaciousness. England, caught on islands, cannot move her industries or population far out of the way. She must depend on deception and guns. Germany has a whole continent at her back and her left elbow as she faces west.

The Flight of the Factories

More important to any long-range ideas of this war is the great but completely unpublishable movement of heavy industries from the Ruhr and Rhineland, where the British can get at them, to eastern Germany and Poland, where they can't. Regardless of what else you've read or been told, part of the *first* purpose of the Russian campaign was to make sure the Russians couldn't endanger them, either. Poznan and Cracow, particularly, already have the appearance of Rhineland industrial cities. Moreover, they bulge with German technicians as well as ordinary workers and have a housing problem similar to ours in Washington or in defense mushroom towns. It takes an authentic big shot to get you a seat on a train to Poznan, or a hotel room when you get there.

So Germany's industrial west has been destructively punished, but this is the little-known fact: the blows tonight are falling there on at least some empty

ness. Naturally, an entire industrial area cannot be transplanted in a year. But it is a factor to be considered in discussion of Germany's defense and morale that *raids on Cologne, Essen, Dortmund and Düsseldorf are not so important this winter as they were last.* Also that coal from the Ukraine now supplies Germany's steel industry in the east in place of coal from vulnerable Belgium and France.

Germany expected this winter's R.A.F. onslaught would be "the works." All spring and summer we observed her twofold preparations for them: military and civil defensive measures, constant press and radio propaganda to warn and instruct the population. Construction of great new deep shelters near official quarters were rushed.

Most interesting and spectacular to watch of the preparations was the process of altering Berlin's face. In the last war camouflage was more or less confined to military equipment and field operations. Now it embraces whole cities, even countryside.

Cities in Hiding

It is well known that every important raid-objective city in warring Europe has a "false" city built somewhere near it. One alleged spy case in Berlin involved a foreigner who, according to Wilhelmstrasse gossip, revealed to the English the location of the false Berlin.

Berlin has undergone plastic surgery on a huge scale. Berlin lies in a district of dense pine woods and numerous lakes. It is bisected by a river, the Spree, that is almost as much a giveaway as the Thames is of London. But woods have been made to appear like open ground by the spreading of painted nets on the treetops. Lakes (which are particularly revealing because they act as reflectors for moon or flares) become woods through floats spread with green netting. Whole bends and reaches of the river are hidden by the same process; while main boulevards are painted with special pigments to resemble water under all conditions, and green netting is suspended on poles over the sidewalks, to resemble wooded banks.

Parks are tenement districts, and vice versa. Rooftops are painted in various deceptions; shiny tops, as of memorials, are blacked; warehouses have phony steeples; factories have no chimneys; there are trees on roofs. Fountains and dwellings and shrubbery, which can be wheeled offside exactly like stage drops, are set in the middle of airfields. There are runways that can be rolled up; others of wire mesh that allows grass to come up and grow tall and uncropped in the interstices, yet keeps the terrain firm and with good traction. Railroad yards are ponds. Railway tracks run where there aren't railroads; and where there are, there ain't. Smoke issues from phony chimneys; none from real ones.

"All this camouflage has certain military values, of course," a German officer told me. "It really fools everybody part of the time, especially under some atmospheric conditions. But it frustrates no military efforts all of the time. The main importance of camouflaging great cities, like Berlin or Manchester, is not military, but the boost it gives civilian morale. It adds a bizarre touch to daily life that stimulates interest. You feel as though you're living in a Hollywood movie set. You're sharing an exciting game of outwitting the enemy. Every citizen talks about the camouflage in Berlin; many make suggestions. A feeling of security is nurtured."

But camouflage alone won't help morale if heavy casualties are suffered. Actual physical cover and protection must be available for those who want

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them; especially in congested areas, and for the poor and hard-working. Here German methods of city planning, also the modern housing program that she pushed during recent years in common with other socially minded countries—notably Sweden, Finland, Austria—must be recognized as giving her still another morale advantage.

No resident of Berlin, permanent or transient, is without air-raid shelter. Children and expectant mothers are especial pets of the morale builders; and this gives rise each twilight to striking and dramatic scenes.

An hour or two before sunset, dozens of the huge double-deck busses of Berlin's surface transportation system are diverted from their regular work and trundled to various points in the city's vast industrial areas. On every bus are at least two social workers or trained nurses. To appointed stops, parents come with their children who are between the ages of two and ten. Babies under two are better off left with their mothers in the home shelters, it is assumed. Children over ten have in great numbers been permanently evacuated to the country.

A ride on a collection bus will provide you with heartache. Here is a father, probably a night-shift worker—the mother absent in daytime on a munitions job—hugging two children until the last moment, then running half a block tapping on the bus window to them. Neither kids nor father says a word; and only the father sniffs. Here is a mother shooing three aboard while she keeps clinging to her fourth child, a favored or timid one she won't trust away for the night.

From Berlin's metropolitan area of more than 300 square miles, from its population of five millions, the busses gather each afternoon thousands upon thousands of children to designated *Kinderbunker*. There are upward of a hundred of these children's shelters, many of them deep underneath great public buildings, all of them in the safest possible locations and elaborately and thoroughly fitted.

Just at dusk the busses disgorge their young cargoes upon the sidewalks outside the buildings. Here they are lined up, counted, double-checked. Each

child has a card hanging around its neck, giving name, age, parents' address, bunker. At a signal from the head worker, gates swing open, or hatches rise, and the children break into step and song.

The children pick names for their bunkers. This one, into which we follow, has the name "*Maulwurfshaus*" scrawled over its main door. Molesville. It is seventy-five feet below street level, under two garage stories, and several thicknesses of concrete and steel. Inside, everything is carefully regulated. There are separate dormitories for boys and girls, and for age groups. The bunks are two-layer, similar to our camp styles. They were, it is said, designed by Der Fuehrer himself—whose interest in architecture is pursued to the degree that no public building, and no furnishings therefore, can be undertaken without his scrutiny.

Everything is done in singsong and step: before eating their soup, the children must sing that unless they "finish it all up" it will rain tomorrow. The toilets are in long batteries, and the kids march to them, again singing, in numbers equivalent to the accommodations. Air-raid uproar does not penetrate down here; but in the morning the children are warned if there have been casualties or damage in their home districts. A guard against unpleasant surprises.

Another moving experience of twilight in Berlin can be seen at the Chancellery of Hitler and several other places. Here accommodations are provided for expectant mothers from the poor districts. Like a file of grotesque and misshapen bats in reverse process, they flit into the shadows at nightfall and out at dawn. The cloakroom where the fashionable women of European diplomacy once powdered their noses is now a dormitory for women from the humblest circumstances.

More than two hundred children have been born this past year under the Chancellery. Often at night Hitler, when he is in residence, descends into the shelter and inspects this especially favored project. Under certain conditions, he is godfather to babies who enter Reich life in his cellar.

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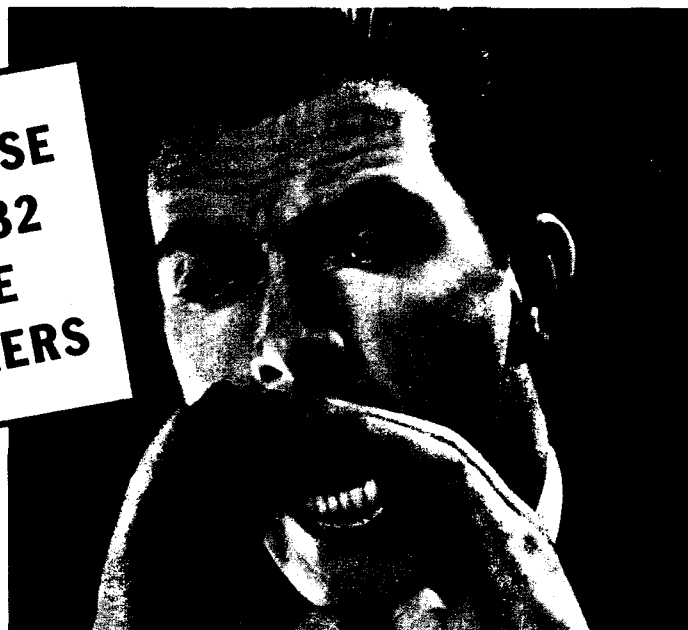


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Berlin has a raid-proofed cellar. These must have connecting doors, through and around the whole block, for greater safety if one is hit or if water pipes burst. Drowning is an air-raid hazard. Berlin is largely a city of attached housing. However, in districts of detached houses, air-raid shelters are conveniently spaced.

Families in each apartment take weekly turns in charge of shelters; the man as warden, the woman as hygienic caretaker. District party workers see there is no shirking. Sleep being important to morale, preference is rigidly followed where there aren't enough cots to go around. New and expectant mothers; and hard workers; in that order. The cots in most of Berlin's tenement shelters, by the way, are from the Maginot Line.

The home shelter *Luftschützräume*, has become the most important feature of Berlin's wartime social life. It exactly suits the sociable instinct of the German, the comfort he takes in company. This is why he dislikes to be caught in an *öffentlich*, or public, shelter. Talkative, he does not enjoy sitting tongue-tied among strangers. In the home shelter you meet your friends, exchange gossip. It's better than newspapers.

If party workers may "plant" some items for gossip—for example, that England provides no such comfortable shelters for its people; that bodies of women pilots have been found in wrecked British raiding planes—it's also true there are no secrets in the close, warm, friendly quarters of neighbors sharing peril. The official police report can say there were only two casualties in all Berlin; but the folks down here know there were eight killed in their block alone. The British Broadcasting Company says that "Anhalter Station was destroyed, and all our planes returned safely"—but the Berliners know Anhalter Bahnhof wasn't touched and

that wreckage of two British planes lies in the Tiergarten in the morning for all to see. Then sitters in the *Luftschützräume* laugh and say there isn't any difference between official liars.

The morale of Berlin is immensely served by the endless stories that come from the *Luftschützräume*. Berlin newspapers recently carried the romance of a Hans Muller, who lent an embarrassed girl streetcar fare. In the excitement he forgot to get her name or phone. He dreamed of her but could not find her again. One night eight months later he was caught in an *öffentlich* shelter; and there was the girl, and her parents. Clinch, fade-out.

In one fashionable west end apartment an officious young male air warden heard the flak die away, so he told the people they needn't wait for the all-clear, but could return upstairs. Later the flak started again; everybody rushed back to the cellar—and roared when a girl who lived on the top floor ran in. She had forgotten to put her clothes on. One fat and famous Berlin journalist habitually lives in his apartment's shelter because his wife, who won't let him drink at home, has no objection to his keeping schnapps, for moral comfort, downstairs. He loves the winter raids, with plenty of time to get the schnapps cold on the cellar windowsill; he hates the brief summer nights.

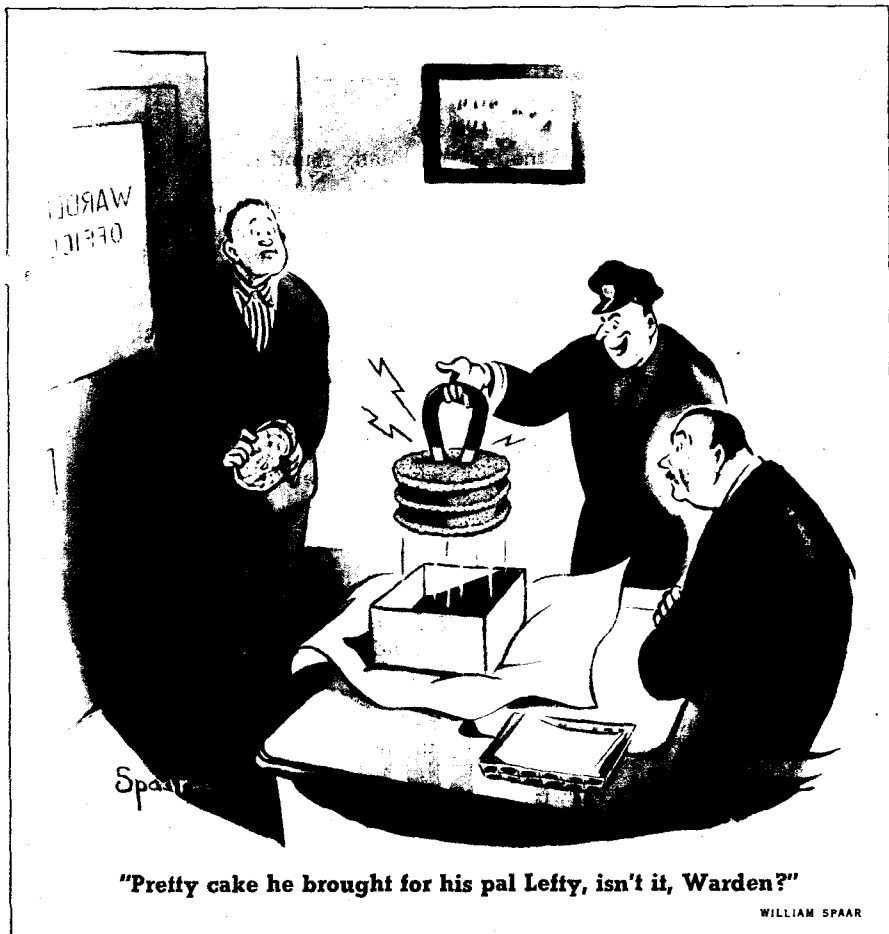
All is not amusing. A young couple in the Reich's diplomatic service returned from Tokyo, where they had lost their first-born and could no longer bear the associations of that post with their tragedy. On their first night in Berlin their home was burned in a British raid; and in the morning their second child was stillborn.

That's the raid background in Germany. People in the United States and England have said "the people of Berlin won't stand up under punishment as the people of London have." The fact is



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why doesn't it use its own money—not ours?"

GARRETT PRICE



that certain German cities—notably Kiel or Hamburg, where the mayor always publishes in the daily press a list of civilian victims of “English barbarism,” and other eastern towns—have been raked quite as severely as Coventry or London.

Germans, like all Continental Europeans, are great Sunday promenaders; a weekly diversion unknown in the United States, where automobiles are so numerous. The objectives of these walks has become a visit to the latest bombing scene. Huge throngs mill around each ruin. If fear, rather than idle curiosity, is the dominating expression, I have not detected it.

Courage—the Common Virtue

In general, neutral observers in Germany agree with those in Britain who declare that air raids harden rather than imperil morale. No valid reason has been advanced why it should be different in one country than in another. The first winter of the war I pointed out in Collier's that two factors which might weaken German morale are heavy slaughter at the front, and the entrance of the United States into the war. These still hold good; and are still in suspension. Cold has joined them. Winter in Germany is bitter, and there is practically no heat for homes.

Food is not a factor in this war, as it was in the last, because it has been more soundly and thoughtfully organized. The well-noted apathy of the Germans toward the war has been present from the very beginning; apparently it is not a morale factor. On the other hand, these dangers to German morale are countered by other things. One was the dropping of millions of chemically treated incendiary cards by British airmen. These ignited upon being picked up, severely burned the hands of thousands of German peasants; aroused suspicions of British humanity. Another is the fear, constantly thumped home by the propaganda ministry, of dismemberment and oppression by England, if Germany loses. Every time a fire-eater in Britain or the United States opens his mouth, his threats are magnified in the German press. A third is remembrance of the blockade, main-

tained for a year by England after Versailles. This is called by the Germans the “hunger blockade,” and the Goebbels bureau constantly reminds Germans that hundreds of thousands died of starvation, while England kept German ships from the high seas until she mended her own international commerce fences.

It's an old axiom among militarists that “No great war was ever lost by the cowardice of a whole people, for courage is the commonest human virtue. Only it is expressed in different ways in different races and conditioned by certain things such as climate.” It is fashionable to cast doubts upon Italian courage, for example. Yet in the mountains of Ethiopia I saw Italian boys express fortitude and devotion; and British officers, captured in Greece, told me there was nothing wrong with Italian bravery in Libya, only with Italian organizational efficiency. The historical lesson is that Italians—the first to feel the Renaissance, inhabitants of a mild climate, living for centuries side by side with the Vatican, the Christian ideal of peace—long ago had war lust civilized out of them.

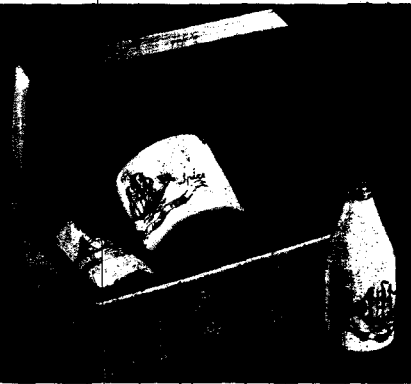
For evidence of German ability to take it, here is the famous Englishman, Colonel T. E. Lawrence of Arabia. At the end of the Near East campaign in the last war the Turks were retreating. Lawrence's Arabs, in vengeance for atrocities, were slaughtering them systematically and mercilessly as fast as they could be overtaken. The Turks, commonly acknowledged excellent fighters, were in wild panic. Then, writes Lawrence on page 643, Book Ten, Chapter 117, of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*:

“Exceptions were the German detachments; and here, for the first time, I grew proud of the enemy who had killed my brothers. They were two thousand miles from home, without hope and without guides, in conditions mad enough to break the bravest nerves. Yet their sections held together, in firm rank, sheering through the wrack of Turk and Arab like armored ships, high-faced and silent. When attacked they halted, took position, fired to order. There was no haste, no crying, no hesitation. They were glorious.”



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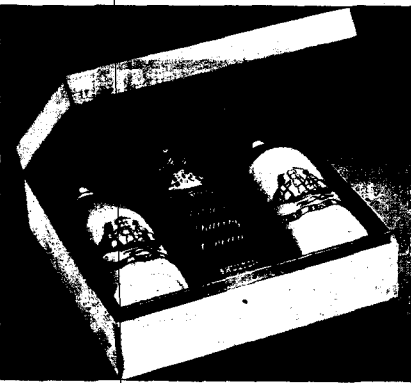
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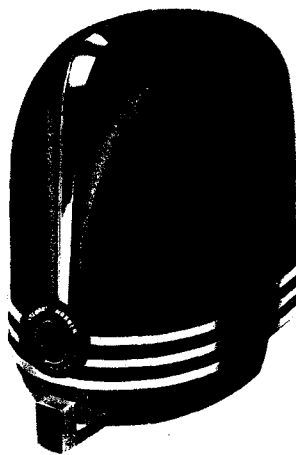
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Water Gals

Continued from page 21

the Pacific Coast, the Far West, the Pacific Northwest and the state of Oregon. Their speediest time was at Buffalo in the spring of this year when they set an American mark of 4 minutes 12.4 seconds. The 400-meter relay being practically a twin event, they also hold the national record for it.

"Say," a rival coach asked Jack Cody, "The four girls on that relay outfit of yours aren't by any chance related to your Columbia River salmon, are they?"

"I don't think so," laughed Jack, "although sometimes I wonder myself."

Tops on the Coast

The first time he saw Nancy Merki in the Multnomah Club pool he called her a minnow. The comparison has stuck. Nancy is still "Minnow" to a lot of her friends. Carrying the analogy farther Jack says, "If Nancy's a minnow I guess Brenda and Susie are Dolly Vardens and Joyce, being the biggest, is a Royal Chinook. A creel full of them, I tell you, is all any swimming coach could ask."

Today Nancy Merki is one of the greatest swimmers in the world and, far and away, tops on the Pacific Coast. She recently was individual high-point winner in the 1941 national women's swimming championships of the United States, the second time she accomplished such a feat. More than 20 different aquatic records have been credited to her. And she has just been selected the outstanding woman swimmer of 1941 by the National A.A.U., having earned her All-America in three events—the 400- and 800-meter free style and the mile free style. Of the seven final candidates approved by the A.A.U. for the James E. Sullivan award, Nancy is the only woman athlete. National honors also went to her teammate, Brenda Helser, who made the swimming All-America in the 100-yard free style and relay.

Yet seven years ago Nancy was stricken with infantile paralysis. Doctors feared she would have to depend on braces or crutches the rest of her life. At the age of eight she exercised hour after hour in swimming tanks trying to restore stamina and agility to her crippled legs. Her father and mother helped with constant massages. So like President Roosevelt and others who have suffered with the dreaded polio, Nancy

gradually found swimming a route back to health. Now her legs are straight and strong and nimble and they push her through the water with the zip and kick of an outboard motor. Children in many countries write Nancy asking how she regained her strength and vitality. These letters Nancy painstakingly answers, often taking them to local consulates and language teachers to be interpreted.

Some swimming events require endurance; others call for quick bursts of speed. Nancy excels at both. In 1939, when she was barely 13 years old, this invalid turned champion set American records in the 200-meter, 400-meter and 800-meter swims. Her marks will stand, the 800-meter having been lowered since, but by Nancy herself. Her dashing long-course sprint of 2 minutes 30.9 seconds in the 200-meter event is a world record as well, nearly four seconds better than the best time ever made by another woman swimmer. Last summer, at the A.A.U. meet in the North Carolina town of High Point, Nancy set her first distance mark. She stroked 1,500 meters, which is nearly a mile, in 22 minutes 12.2 seconds to trim an astounding 27 seconds off the national record registered five years earlier by Lenore Kight Wingard.

"Did I honestly and truly break the record?" asked a surprised Nancy as Joyce, Brenda and Susie pounded her joyously. "I was afraid I was poking along too slow even to place."

So far as Nancy and her teammates are concerned, Birthday No. 17 is an important line of demarcation. Nancy and Susie are the frisky members of this championship swimming combination. High school sticks out all over them. On trains they clump noisily through the aisles wearing wooden shoes. They like to sit in the soot and cinders of the observation platform, and sleeping in berths and eating in dining cars is a great lark. At way stops they have to be restrained by Mrs. Jack Cody, who is the team chaperon, from using up all their spending money for Indian dolls, jingling bracelets and other souvenirs.

But Brenda and Joyce, having reached the ripe old age of 17, are the team's sophisticates. This semester they are high-school seniors, a status invariably looked upon as the year before college rather than the final year of high school. To the dismay of Jack Cody, they also have arrived at the point where they



"Let's go, dear. This is where Junior had his first drink"

JAY IRVING

have steady boy friends and on trips to swimming meets must write voluminous air-mail special-delivery letters back home. However, love's young dream has not impaired the speed with which Joyce and Brenda clip through H₂O, and they wear shields on their blouses emblematic of selection on America's mythical Olympic Games team of 1940.

Dancing as well as swimming is a specialty of Brenda's. She can conga and rumba as dexterously as she swims, and for two years in a row she has been the 100-meter swimming champion of the United States. She also holds the American 220-yard record and has set Far Western records in five other events. Brenda excels at short distances and she gets under way like a corvette. She has an athletic legacy, for her father was a football star at Stanford. Her ambition is to go into the theater.

Poet laureate of the Pacific Coast's swiftest mermaids is Joyce Macrae, although only a slight portion of her verse concerns swimming in particular and athletics in general. Her English teachers think she has great promise. Joyce's favorite author is Edgar Allan Poe and right now she is trying to follow in his footsteps by writing mysteries.

All four girls are great competitors. To this, Jack Cody attributes many of their championships and records. In a close race, when blond Susie Zimmerman's shoulder strap slid off and dropped perilously low, she attended to first things first and won the lap before fixing her suit. Against the speedy Los Angeles relay team last year the girls thrashed from 12 yards behind to win decisively. At Buffalo in March, Nancy helped set a new national record in the 400-yard relay and won a pair of individual American titles. But on the journey back to Portland, Nancy said she didn't feel so good. She even noticed a few spots on herself.

"H'mm, young lady," said the doctor who came aboard the train at Pocatello, Idaho. "You are at the tail end of an attack of German measles. I imagine you were right at the peak when you won those swimming championships that I've been hearing about."

Receptions Must Go On

Complications, however, immediately followed this revelation of Nancy's Spartanism. The doctor wanted to keep her in Pocatello until all danger of communicating the disease had passed. "You can't do that," protested Jimmy Richardson. "They've got a big reception waiting in Portland—bands, cameramen, the mayor, and all that."

"She can't ride with the other passengers," the doctor insisted.

The Pocatello station agent finally solved the dilemma by pointing out that No. 17, Nancy's train, was dead-heading an empty sleeping car to Portland. "If she's not afraid to travel all alone in a 24-berth Pullman the problem's settled," said the agent. And it was.

Nancy, Brenda, Susie and Joyce are heroines in Portland. Twenty-five thousand people saw them get their badges when, along with Jack Cody, they were commissioned honorary captains in the local police force. As a result they have motorcycle escorts with sirens and brass buttons in nearly every city they visit. This is especially thrilling to Nancy and Susie. Nancy always reminds Chief of Police Niles of Portland when they are making a trip so he can wire chiefs along the route to be ready and waiting.

The girls are known in their home state as "The Cody Kids." They are the most successful athletes in Oregon's history, in addition to possessing far more eye appeal than the customary performer of feats of physical prowess. This makes them prize attractions wher-

ever they appear. They wear the colors of the Northwest's oldest athletic organization, the Multnomah Club, which is named for one of the early Indian tribes along the Columbia River. Nancy and Brenda are honorary life members of the club, and Jimmy Richardson announces that Joyce and Susie soon will be, too.

In the winter the girls train in the Multnomah pool; during the spring and summer months they swim at Jantzen Beach, a few miles north of Portland. Jack Cody does not believe in overlong practice sessions. He thinks they are too exhausting. A vital factor in swimming, he declares, is to keep in top physical condition. About four fifths of the average restaurant menu is taboo, says he.

Watch That Bulge

For breakfast, when the swimming season is under way, Jack prescribes orange or grapefruit juice and toast. The noon meal is the big one—a thick steak, baked potato, carrots and cup custard. A chop and vegetables at supper complete the fare. "This isn't a lot to eat in a land of plenty," explains Jack, "but girls being girls, they're eventually going to bump and bulge, and while it may give them an alluring appearance, those curves are liable to cut down their speed in the water. And don't forget that extra calories add extra curves."

Jack is impressed by the fact that women swimming stars are not only slimmer these days but also younger. None of his four champions are yet 18. Nancy was barely 13 when she sliced more than 13 seconds from the American 800-meter mark set by the Florida nymph, Katherine Rawls Thompson. "Swimmers used to be older and some of them were shaped like dirigibles," comments Jack. "Today swimming records are set by slim high-school girls such as Helen Crlenkovich, Gloria Callen, Nancy Merki and Brenda Helser. And by girls like Anne Cooney, who at seventeen holds the Far Western woman's swimming record for 100-yard and 200-meter back-stroke races. These girls are easier on the eyes, but they're harder on the records. New marks used to be set by a second or so. Now when Nancy Merki breaks a record she frequently knocks off 10 seconds or more."

Although Brenda is a rug-cutter par excellence and Joyce, Nancy and Susie enjoy tripping the light fantastic in the proper company, Jack believes dancing is bad for twinkling young swimmers. His four naiads cannot dance as much as they would like to. "Dancing stiffens the leg muscles," he says. Jack also frowns on tennis. He thinks the racket arm tends to become stronger than the other.

Jack will have his four American relay record holders on hand for at least another year of swimming together. After some of them start college their competition as a team probably will be considerably less frequent. There is no prospect of forestalling this through flunks in school, for despite 25,000 miles of traveling in two years the girls are honor students. Absence from classes has never brought down their grades.

The girls have had a lot of exciting experiences since they started shattering aquatic records two years ago. They have been shown around the national capitol building by Charles L. McNary, Oregon's famous senior senator. They have seen most of the United States. Their names have been in big black headlines. They have been welcomed by thousands on their triumphant return from swimming meets. They have dethroned the queens of America's tanks and ruled in their stead. But girls will be girls, and they are sure that either the Stork Club or Nancy's private Pullman car has been the most exciting of all.

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They talked of this for a little time. Then Nicole got up from the table. "I must go and see the children in their beds," she said. "Madame Arvers has been very kind, but one should not leave everything to her."

"I will come too," he said. "They have been very good children all day, and no trouble."

The children were all sleeping in one room, the two girls in the bed and the three little boys upon a mattress on the floor, covered with rough blankets. The peasant woman was tucking them up; she smiled broadly as Nicole and the old man came in.

They went downstairs again and out into the garden until supper was ready. The old man said, "Have you ever been to England, mademoiselle?"

Nicole shook her head. "We had arranged that I should visit John in England in October, when he could get leave again. I think he would have taken me to see you then, perhaps. But the war came, and there was no more leave... and traveling was very difficult. I could not get a visa for my passport."

He said gently, "Make that trip to England now, Nicole."

She shook her head. "No, monsieur. Why not?"

She said, "Are you going to America with the children?"

He shook his head. "I would like to, but I don't think I shall be able to. I believe that there'll be work for me to do when I get back."

She said, "Nor would I leave France."

He opened his mouth to say that that was quite different, but shut it again, without speaking. She divined something of his thought, because she said: "Either one is French or one is English, and it is not possible that one should be both at the same time. And in times of great trouble, one must stay with one's own country and do what one can to help."

He said slowly, "I suppose so." Pursuing her train of thought, she said, "If John and I"—she hesitated—"if we had married, I should have been English and then it would be different. But now I am not to be English, ever. I could not learn your different ways, and the new life, alone. This is my place, this I belong to, and I must stay here. You understand?"

He said, "I understand that, Nicole." He paused for a minute and then said, "I am getting to be an old man now. When this war is over I may not find it very easy to get about. Will you come and stay with me in England for a little? Just for a week or two?"

She said, "Of course. Immediately that it is possible to travel, I will come."

THEY walked beside each other in silence for the length of the paddock. Presently she said, "Now for the details of the journey. Focquet will take the boat tonight from Le Conquêt to go fishing up the Chenal as far as Le Four. He will not return to Le Conquêt, but tomorrow night he will put into l'Abervrach to land his fish, or to get bait, or on some pretext such as that. He will sail again at midnight of tomorrow night and you must then be in the boat with him for he will go direct to England. Midnight is the latest time that he can sail, in order that he may be well away from the French coast before the dawn."

Howard asked, "Where is this place l'Abervrach, mademoiselle? Is it far from here?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Forty kilometers, no more. There is a little town behind it, four miles inland, called

Lannilis. We must go there tomorrow." "Are there many Germans in those parts?"

"I do not know. Aristide is trying to find out the situation there, and to devise something for us."

The boy Marjan passed through the paddock on his way to the house. Howard turned and called to him; he hesitated, and then came to them.

The old man said, "We are leaving here tomorrow, Marjan. Do you still want to come with us?"

The boy said, "To America?"

"First we are going to try to get away to England. If we do that successfully, I will send you to America with Pierre and Willem, to live with my daughter till the war is over. Do you want to go?"

The boy said in his awkward French, "If I stay with M. Arvers the Germans will find me and take me away. Presently they will kill me, as they killed my mother and as my father will be killed, because we are Jews. I would like to come with you."

"All right, Marjan," the old man said. "We start in the morning; be ready to come with us. Now go and have your supper, and go up to bed."

He stood watching the boy as he made his way toward the house. "God knows what sort of world we shall have when this is all over," he said heavily.

Nicole said, "I do not know. But what you are doing now will help us all, I think. To get these children out of Europe must be a good thing."

Presently they were called to the kitchen for their supper. Afterward, in the salon, Arvers talked to them.

"Listen," he said, "and I will tell you what I have arranged."

He paused. "Lannilis is full of Ger-

mans. That is four miles from the coast, and the places at the coast itself, l'Abervrach and Portsall and places of that sort, are very lightly held or even not occupied at all. They do not interfere with the traffic of the country, and this is what I have devised for you."

He said, "Three miles this side of Lannilis there is a farmer called Quintin, and he is to send a load of manure tomorrow to a fisherman called Loudeac, the captain of the lifeboat at l'Abervrach, because Loudeac has a few fields on the hills and wants manure. I have arranged all that. The manure will be delivered in a cart with one horse, you understand? You, m'sieur, will drive the cart. Mademoiselle and the children will accompany you for the ride."

Howard said, "That seems sound enough. Nobody would suspect that."

Aristide glanced at him. "It will be necessary that you should wear poorer clothes. That I can arrange."

Nicole said, "How do we get into touch with Focquet tomorrow night?"

THE horse dealer said, "Tomorrow night Focquet will come at nine o'clock to the tavern upon the quayside. He will appear to be slightly drunk, and he will ask for Pernod des Anges. There is no such drink. In that way you will know him. The rest I will leave to you."

Howard nodded. "How can we get to Quintin's farm?"

"I will take you myself so far in the car. That will be safe enough, for it is this side of Lannilis and there will be no questions asked. But there I must leave you." He thought for a minute. "It will be better that you should not start from Quintin's farm much before



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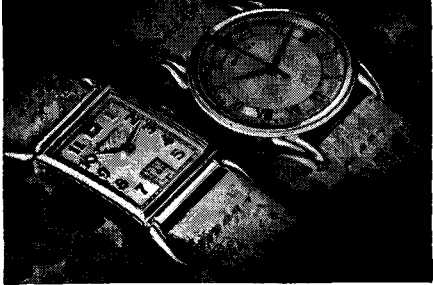
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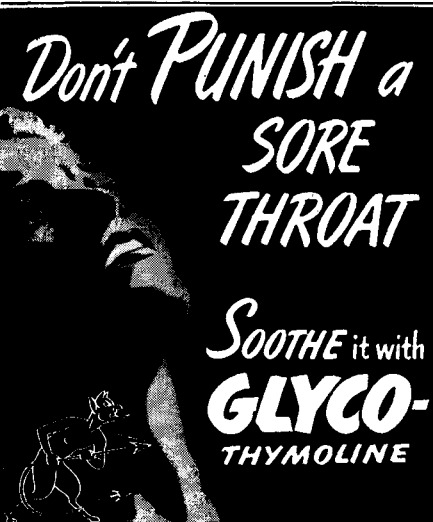
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THYMOLINE**



five o'clock," he said. "That will make it reasonable that you should be in l'Abervrach at nightfall, and even that you should spend the night there, with Loudeac."

Nicole said, "What about Loudeac and Quintin, monsieur? Do they know that Monsieur Howard and the children will escape?"

The man said, "Have no fear, mademoiselle. This is not so uncommon, in these times. They know all that they wish to know, and they have been paid. They are good friends of mine."

Howard said, "I must now pay you, monsieur."

They settled down together at the table.

Soon after that they went to bed; refreshed by a restful day Howard slept well. In the morning he went down for coffee feeling better than he had felt for some days.

Aristide said, "We leave after luncheon. That will be time enough. Now, I have borrowed clothes for M'sieur. You will not like them, but they are necessary."

The old man did not like the clothes at all. They were very dirty—a coarse, stained flannel shirt, a pair of torn blue cotton trousers, a dirty canvas pull-over that had once been rusty pink in color, and a black, floppy Breton casque. Wooden sabots were the footgear provided with this outfit, but the old man struck at those, and Arvers produced a torn and loathsome pair of boots.

It was some days since he had shaved. When he came down to the kitchen Nicole smiled broadly. "It is very good," she said. "Now, Monsieur Howard, if you walk with the head hanging down, and your mouth open a little—so. And walk slowly, as if you were a very, very old man. And be very deaf and very stupid. I will talk for you."

Arvers walked around him, studying him critically. "I do not think the Germans will find fault with that," he said.

They spent the rest of the morning studying appearances. Nicole kept her own frock, but Arvers made her dirty it a little, and made her change to a very old pair of low-heeled shoes belonging to his wife. With a shawl belonging to Madame Arvers over her head, he passed her too.

The children needed very little grooming. During the morning they had been playing at the duck pond and were sufficiently dirty to pass muster without any painting of the lily.

THEY started after lunch. Howard and Nicole thanked Madame Arvers for her kindness; she received their thanks with calm, bovine smiles. Then they all got into the little old van that Arvers kept for the farm, and drove off down the road.

Presently the car slowed, turned off the road, and bumped to a standstill. Arvers swung around to them from the driving seat. "This is the place," he said. "Get out quickly; it is not wise to linger here."

They opened the door at the back of the van, and got out. They were in a very small farmyard, the farmhouse itself little more than a workman's cottage of gray stone. The air was fresh and sweet after the van, with a clear savor of the sea. In the warm sun, and looking at the gray stone walls and roofs, Howard could have thought himself in Cornwall.

There was a cart and horse, the cart half loaded with manure, the old gray horse tied to the gate. Nobody was to be seen.

Arvers said, "Now quickly, monsieur, before a German passes on the road. There is the cart. You have everything quite clear? You take the dung to Loudeac, who lives up on the hill above

l'Abervrach, half a mile from the port. There you unload it; Mademoiselle Rougeron must bring back the cart tomorrow to this place. Focquet will be in the tavern tonight at nine o'clock, and he will be expecting you. He will ask for Pernod des Anges. It is all clear?"

"One thing," the old man said. "This road leads straight to Lannilis?"

"Assuredly." The horse dealer glanced nervously around.

"How do we get through Lannilis? How do we find the road out of the town, to l'Abervrach?"

Nicole said, "I have been this way before. I think I know the road."

The horse dealer said, "I will not linger, mademoiselle. And you, you must move off from here at once." He turned to Howard: "That is all that I can do for you, monsieur. Good luck. In happier days, we may meet again."

The old man said, "I shall look forward to thanking you again for so much kindness."

ARVERS swung himself into the seat of the old van, reversed out into the road, and vanished in a white cloud of dust. Howard looked around; there was no movement from the house, which stood deserted in the afternoon sun.

Nicole said, "Come, children, up you go."

The children swung themselves up into the cart.

Howard untied the bridle from the gate and led the horse out into the dusty road. He fell into a steady, easy shambling beside the horse, head hanging down.

For an hour and a half they went on like that before they reached the first houses of Lannilis. In the cart Nicole kept the children happy and amused; from time to time the old man heard a little burst of laughter above the clomp of the hoofs of the old horse. La petite Rose walked on beside him, barefoot, treading lightly.

They passed a good deal of German transport on the road. From time to time lorries would come up behind them and they would pull into the right to let them pass, the gray-faced, stolid soldiers staring at them incuriously.

On the outskirts of Lannilis they were stopped. There was a barricade of an elementary nature, of two old motorcars drawn half across the road, leaving only a small passage between. A sentry strolled out sleepily in the hot afternoon, and raised his hand. Howard pulled up the horse and stared at him, and mumbled something with head hanging and mouth open. An Unteroffizier came from the guardhouse and looked them over.

He asked in very bad French, "Where are you taking this to?"

The old man raised his head a little and put his hand to one ear. "Eh?"

The German repeated his question in a louder tone.

"Loudeac," the old man said. "Loudeac, outside l'Abervrach."

The Unteroffizier looked at Nicole. "And Madame goes too?"

Nicole smiled at him and put her hand upon Pierre's shoulder. "It is the little one's birthday," she said. "It is not easy to make fete these days. But as my uncle has to make this trip this afternoon, and as the load is only half and therefore easy for the horse, we make this little journey for an outing for the children."

The old man nodded. "It is not easy to make a treat for children in times like these."

The Unteroffizier smiled. "Proceed," he said lazily. "Many happy returns of the day."

Howard jerked up the old horse and they passed up the street. There was little traffic to be seen, partly because



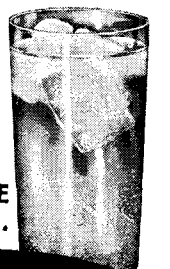
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

the French were keeping within doors, partly no doubt because of the heat of the afternoon.

They paced steadily through the town, past shops and residences, past German officers and German soldiers. At the outskirts of the town they took the right fork at the advertisement for Byrrh, and left the last houses behind them. Presently, blue and hazy in a dip between two fields, the old man saw the sea.

His heart leaped when he saw it. All his life he had taken pleasure from the sight and savor of the sea. In its misty blueness between the green fields it seemed to him almost like a portion of his own country; England seemed very close. By tomorrow evening, perhaps, he would have crossed that blue expanse; he would be safe in England with the children. He trudged on stolidly, but his heart was burning with desire to be at home.

Presently *la petite* Rose became tired of walking; he stopped the cart and helped her into it. Nicole got down and walked beside him.

"There is the sea," she said. "You have not very far to go now, monsieur."

"Not very far," he said.

"You are glad?"

He glanced at her. "I should be very, very glad, but for one thing," he said. "I would like you to be coming with us. Would you not do that?"

She shook her head. "No, monsieur."

THEY walked on in silence for a time. At last he said, "I shall never be able to thank you for what you have done for us."

She said, "I have benefited the most."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She said, "It was a very bad time, when you came. I do not know if I can make you understand." They walked on in the hot sun in silence for a time. "I loved John very much," she said simply. "Above all things, I wanted to be an Englishwoman. And I should have been one but for the war. Because we meant to marry. Would you have minded that very much?"

He shook his head. "I should have welcomed you. Don't you know that?"

She said, "I know that now. But at the time I was terribly afraid of you. We might have been married if I had not been so foolish and delayed." She was silent for a minute. "Then John—John was killed. And at the same time, nothing went right any more. The Germans drove us back, the Belgians surrendered, and the English ran back to their own country from Dunkirk and France was left to fight alone. Then all the papers, and the radio, began to say bad things of the English, that they were treacherous, that they had never really meant to share the battle with us. Horrible things, monsieur."

"Did you believe them?" he asked quietly.

She said, "I was more unhappy than you could believe."

"And now? Do you still believe those things?"

She said, "I believe this, that there was nothing shameful in my love for John. I think that if we had been married, if I had become an Englishwoman, I should have been happy for the remainder of my life."

She paused. "That is a very precious thought, monsieur. For a few weeks it was clouded with doubts, and spoiled. Now it is clear once more; I have regained the thing that I had lost. I shall not lose it again."

They breasted a little rise, and there before them lay the river, winding past the little group of houses that was l'Abervrach, through a long lane of jagged reefs out to the open sea. The girl said, "That is l'Abervrach. Now you are very near the end of your journey, Monsieur Howard."

They walked in silence, leading the horse, down the road to the river and along the water front, past the cement factory, past the few houses of the village, past the lifeboat house and the little quay. Beside the quay there was a German E boat apparently in trouble with her engines, for a portion of her deck amidships was removed and was lying on the quay beside a workshop lorry; men in overalls were busy upon her. A few German soldiers lounged upon the quay, watching the work and smoking.

They went on past the tavern and out into the country again. Presently they turned up the hill in a lane full of sweetbrier, and so came to the little farm of Loudeac.

A peasant in a rusty red canvas pull-over met them at the gate.

Howard said, "From Quintin."

The man nodded, and indicated the midden. "Put it there," he said. "And then go away quickly. I wish you good luck, but you must not stay here."

"That is very well understood," Howard said.

The man vanished into the house, nor did they see him again. It was getting toward evening; the time was nearly eight o'clock. They got the children down out of the cart and backed the horse till the load was in the right place to tip; then they tipped the wagon and Howard cleared it with a spade. In a quarter of an hour the job was done.

Nicole said, "There is time enough, and to spare. If we go now to the tavern, we can get supper for the little ones—coffee, perhaps, and some bread and butter."

Howard agreed. They got into the empty cart and he jerked up the horse; they moved out of the stable yard and down the road toward the village. At a turn of the road the whole entrance to the harbor lay before them, sunny and blue in the soft evening light. In the long reach between the jagged rocks there was a fishing boat with a deep brown lug sail coming in from the sea; faintly they heard the putter of an engine.

The old man glanced at the girl. "Focquet," he said.

She nodded. "I think so."

They went on down to the village. At the tavern, under the inquiring glances of the German soldiers, they got out of the cart. Howard tied the bridle of the old horse to a rail.

Ronnie said in French, "Is that a torpedo boat? May we go and see it?"

"Not now," said Nicole. "We're going to have supper now."

"What are we going to have for supper?"

THEY went into the tavern. There were a few fishermen there standing by the bar, who looked at him narrowly; it seemed to Howard that they had divined his secret as soon as they set eyes on him. He led the children to a table in a far corner of the room, a little way away from the men. Nicole went through to the kitchen of the place to speak to Madame about supper for the children.

Supper came presently—bread and butter and coffee for the children, red wine mixed with water for Nicole and the old man. They ate uneasily, conscious of the glances at them from the bar, speaking only to assist the children in their meal. It seemed to Howard that this was the real crux of their journey; this was the only time when he had felt his own identity in question. The leaden time crept on, but it was not yet nine o'clock.

Their meal finished, the children became restless. It was still not nine o'clock, and it was necessary to spin out time. Ronnie said, wriggling in his chair, "May we get down and go and look at the sea?"

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It was better to have them out of the way than calling fresh attention to the party in the tavern. Howard said, "Go on. You can go just outside the door and lean over the harbor wall. Don't go any farther than that."

Sheila went with him; the other children stayed quiet in their seats. Howard ordered another bottle of the thin red wine.

At ten minutes past nine a big, broad-shouldered young man in fisherman's red poncho and sea boots, rolled into the tavern. One would have said that he had visited competitive establishments on the way, because he reeled a little at the bar. He took in all the occupants of the tavern in one swift, revolving glance like a lighthouse.

"Ha!" he said. "Give me a Pernod des Anges, and to hell with the *sale Boche*."

The men at the bar said, "Quietly. There are Germans outside."

The girl behind the bar wrinkled her brows. "Pernod des Anges? It is a pleasantry, no doubt? Ordinary Pernod for m'sieur."

The man said, "You have no Pernod des Anges?"

"No, m'sieur. I have never heard of it."

The man remained silent, holding to the bar with one hand, swaying a little.

Howard got up and went to him. "If you would like to join us in a glass of the rouge," he said.

"Assuredly." The young man left the bar and crossed with him to the table.

Howard said quietly, "Let me introduce you. This is my daughter-in-law, Mademoiselle Nicole Rougeron."

The young man stared at him. "You must be more careful of your French idiom," he said softly out of the corner of his mouth. "Keep your mouth shut, and leave the talking to me."

He slumped down into a seat beside them. Howard poured him out a glass

of the red wine; the young man added water to it, and drank. He said quietly, "Here is the matter. My boat lies at the quay, but I cannot take you on board here, because of the Germans. You must wait here till it is dark, and then take the footpath to the Phare des Vaches—that is an automatic light on the rocks, half a mile toward the sea, that is not now in use. I will meet you there with the boat."

Howard said, "That is clear enough. How do we get onto the footpath from here?"

Focquet proceeded to tell him. Howard was sitting with his back to the tavern door, facing Nicole. As he sat listening to the directions his eye fell on the girl's face, strained and anxious.

"Monsieur..." she said, and stopped.

THERE was a heavy step behind him, and a few words spoken in German. He swung round in his chair; the young Frenchman by his side did the same. There was a German soldier there, with a rifle. Beside him was one of the engineers from the E-boat by the quay, in stained blue dungarees.

The moment remained etched upon the old man's memory. In the background the fishermen around the bar stood tense and motionless; the girl had paused, cloth in hand, in the act of wiping a glass.

It was the man in dungarees who spoke. He spoke in English with a German-American accent.

"Say," he said. "How many of you guys are Britishers?"

There was no answer from the group.

He said, "Well, we'll all just get along to the guardroom and have a talk with the *Feldwebel*. And don't let any of you start getting fresh, because that ain't going to do you any good."

He repeated himself in very elementary French.

(To be continued next week)



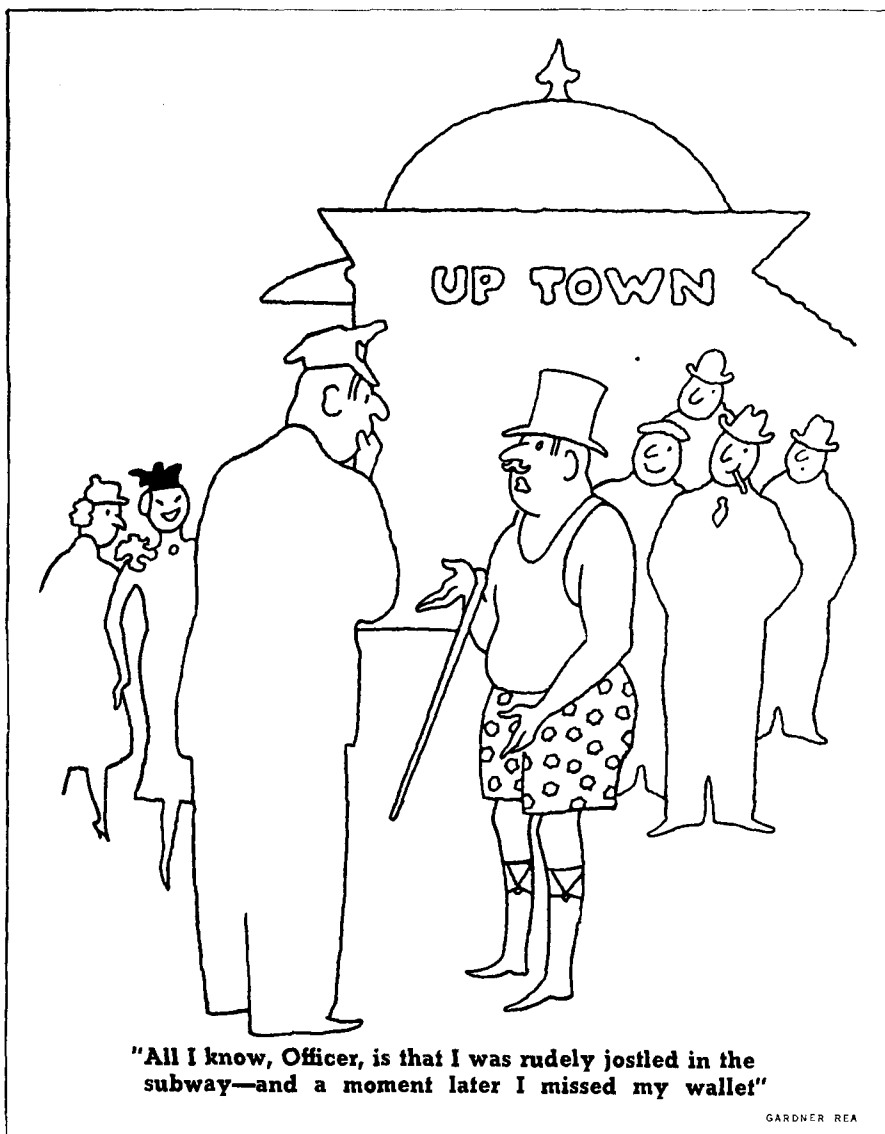
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The Bounding Fathers

WE THINK the nation has now heard enough concerning what hard-shelled provincials the Founding Fathers were—how they spent their lives exhorting their fellow citizens to look in and not out, to forget that Europe existed, and so on.

The fact is that these men were alive to everything that cooked in the Europe, Britain and America of their times; that they changed policies to meet changing conditions; that consistency was among the least of their worries, except that they consistently lent a helping hand to democracy wherever it reared its then ugly head; that, in a word, Bounding Fathers would be a better name for them than Founding.

Washington's advice to Americans against entangling alliances is famous and often quoted. Not so well remembered but fully as significant, is his expressed willingness to form "temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies."

Thomas Jefferson, too, was against entangling alliances on principle; but he could relax when he saw a chance to win something for his country by so doing. Witness a letter Jefferson wrote in 1802 to Robert Livingston, our minister in Paris:

The cession of Louisiana and the Floridas by Spain to France works sorely on the United States. . . . It completely reverses all the political relations of the United States, and will form a new epoch in our political course. . . . The day that France takes possession of New Orleans seals the union of the two countries who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation.

The marriage was postponed by the Louisiana Purchase, which was a distress sale by Napoleon Bonaparte of the last of the French empire in North America because Napoleon needed some cash. But in 1803 Jefferson was again seeking some foreign alliances, this time

against the Barbary pirates who for centuries had preyed on Mediterranean shipping. Eventually we had to clean them out by ourselves.

George Washington himself was the first Father to sound the proposition that American democrats ought to help other democrats anywhere in the world. In 1796, upon receiving the colors of the new French republic, Washington declared:

My anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings and my best wishes are irresistibly excited whensoever in any country I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom. . . . In delivering to you these sentiments I express not my own feelings only, but those of my fellow citizens in relation to the commencement, the progress and the issue of the French Revolution.

The first President wasn't talking to enjoy his own voice, either, since France was then at war with England, Austria and Sardinia.

President James Monroe was equally sympathetic with democratic upsurgings in Europe or elsewhere. The post-Napoleonic Holy Alliance of Austria, Russia and Prussia devoted itself to stamping out all such aspirations toward liberty in its domains, and then conceived the idea of crushing Spain's rebellious colonies in South America.

Great Britain offered to join the United States against this New World invasion plot. Monroe consulted Jefferson and Madison on the British proposal.

Jefferson wrote in part:

By acceding to her (Britain's) proposition, we bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a government at one stroke. . . . Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of anyone or all on earth, and with her at our side, we need not fear the whole world. . . . With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause. . . .

James Madison was as enthusiastic as Jefferson over the British offer to help the United States keep the Holy Alliance out of the New World:

With the British power and navy combined with our own, we have nothing to fear from the rest of the world, and in the great struggle of the epoch between liberty and despotism, we owe it to ourselves to sustain the former.

Daniel Webster, proposing that we help the Greeks by recognizing their revolt against the Turks, commented:

The great political question of this age is that between absolute and regulated government. . . . Our side of this question is settled for us even without our volition. . . . Our place is on the side of free institutions.

It may now be required of me to show that interest we have in resisting this new system (the Holy Alliance). What is it to us, it may be asked, upon what principles or what pretenses the European governments assert the right of interfering in the affairs of their neighbors? The thunder, it may be said, rolls at a distance. The wide Atlantic is between us and danger, and however others may suffer, we shall remain safe.

I think it is a sufficient answer to this to say that we are one of the nations of the earth; that we have an interest, therefore, in the preservation of that system of international law and national intercourse which has hitherto subsisted so beneficially for us all. . . .

Some of our most convinced nationalists—Washington, Jefferson, Monroe and Madison among them—were willing in their time to turn internationalist if to do so would help the United States on its own territory or democracy in the world.

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